

The Lost Stories of Warwick Deeping

Volumes I-IX

Published by Expert Technology Studios, LLC

Melbourne, Florida

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024945908

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Hardcover and Softcover published editions of Volume I – IX are available from Amazon.com.

## VOLUME IX

## THE LOST STORIES OF WARWICK DEEPING



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The Grant.

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Copy of Original Courtesy of

Sir Reginal Worthington

## I

Silas Bawterey took up his hat & stick from the oak table in Farmer Ransome's dining room, glanced at himself in the mirror over the carved mantelpiece, & cleared the throat complacently. He was a bulky - bull-necked - cumbersome man with a hairy red face - & a capacious mouth. Silas Bawterey was a gentleman who could not permit himself to be contradicted. There was <sup>an</sup> a suggestion of arrogance about his ponderous feet, & about his great bony hands that looked red & raw even in summer.

"Well - Ransome" he said in his bullying way "I suppose we understand each other pretty completely. I think I have given you the plain hard truth."

"You have - Mr Bawterey - you have."

"And we're none the wiser friends for knowing what's the matter, - eh?"

The old man seated in "the Sheraton arm chair" near the window looked at the stout - plump gentleman in the black tail coat with dead grey eyes. There was many lines upon his face, & the early light & stormy sea shone in his deep-set eyes & short white beard. He was a mild & kindly being, sensitive as a woman in many ways, & like a child of gold before Silas Bawterey's heavy hand. He sat there with his hands pressed feebly on the rails of the chair, looking like a man whose misfortune was being white-washed to the grave.

"I understand you, Mr Bawterey" he said very slowly, "the money's over due - I know; you shall have it, within a week."

"Seven days, Sir, & no more."

"Seven days, Mr Bawterey. There shall be no mistake."

The old man rose from his chair & stood with his hands in his coat pockets, looking out into the garden - before the house. It had been his father's house, & his grandfather's before him. Whatsoever memories the old red range, polished was bound up in Geoffrey Randome's heart with all that was dear & worthy of remembrance.

"I suppose you have plenty of stock" said Sals Bawther patronisingly, looking round the polished room & scrutinising the furniture.

The farmer of the old school turned his head wearily as though the words were too burdensome.

"I have three racks in the yard" he said "a two good stacks. I see there are the boats, & the machines. Don't you worry about your money. I have paid the interest on the mortgage for five years - have 'nt I?"

The big man cleared his throat, & stood with his hand on the handle of the door.

"I have heard rumours, Sir" he said significantly.

<sup>But</sup> Geoffrey Randome's grey eyes twinkled for the moment.

"What rumours?" he asked.

"Every body knows every body else's business in 'Shyde-mare, Sir'."

"How a good deal too much" said the old man hotly.

Sals Bawther settled his tie, smoothed his white waistcoat, & looked at the gentleman farmer scrutinisingly. They had been rivals of, old, the Bawthers & the Randomes. There was some satisfaction in patronising the man who had once posed as a petty squire in the neighbourhood.

"You must know, Randome" he said "that people have lost money. I have no intention of losing mine."

"I don't doubt it" retorted the other with some bitterness.

"I'm a wash, Sir."

"Very good, Mr Bawther."

"And fifteen per cent. mind - for the delay. Don't you forget to let ~~that~~ in."

"I shall not forget it."

"Good morning to you - Randome."

"Good morning, Mr. Bawther."

The big knock-kneed man swung out into the back, tramped across the flagged floor, opened the mail-studded door for himself, went out, & drew it to with a bang. He stalked down the path between the standard rows in bloom, waving his stick, & strolling like a great turkey. He lay open the white gate at the end of the path, he cast a glance over his shoulder at the old house with its high gables, its chimneys unclouded, & towering chimney stacks. The place pleased him, had pleased him for many years. There was a greedy look of longing about his great slit of a mouth as he crossed the paddock with its chestnuts & its bushes, & made for Kingsmore across the fields.

Gruffing Randome watched Bawther's departing figure with a gleam of hate in his grey eyes. The year had been disastrous for him. Bad weather & bad crops had brought him to the brink of bankruptcy. His grandfather had formed a thousand acres in his day, kept his own coach, & hunted his own hounds. But the Grange lands had dwindled with the fall of wheat, so that Gruffing Randome had been compelled five years ago to arrange a mortgage on his property. Lawyer Bawther had advanced him money at the time, money that he had hoped would weigh its weight in gold.

As the old man stood before the open casement, a pathetic figure enough with his bent back & bowed grey head, he heard the porch door open & light footsteps cross the lawn. A girl in a blue cotton dress stood framed - a streak of colour - by the

dark shadow of the hall. She was a tall woman, big - & comely, with black hair waved over her forehead & drawn back to be knotted over the curve of her goodly neck. Her face was a fine oval - wherein were set two very willful eyes, & a somewhat quick tempered mouth sunny above her fair white chin. There was an air of strength & alertness about her as she stood with one hand on the handle of the door, the other holding a straw hat trimmed with red velvet.

~~Joseph~~ <sup>Peter</sup> Randome turned & looked at her - almost tenderly. His eyes were full of tenderness for the girl about whose young life his misfortune seemed to cast so sad a shadow. He was the only child that her mother had born to him, & if he had slighted her somewhat - there was some excuse for such ungraciously affection.

"You are back early," he said to her.

The girl had been looking at him steadily with much thought in her dark eyes. She closed the door behind her with a suggestive deliberation, & moved forward into the room.

"That man Brewster has been here <sup>again</sup>," she said.

"How did you find that?"

"I met him in the meadows."

The man in his grey Chester suit turned from the window - & the circle & green of the garden - to where his arm chair stood beside the table that held his books. He appeared unwilling to face his daughter for the moment - although his courage was at low ebb. He looked older & more weary than when she had left her two hours ago, more bent - & more decrepit. The expression on her face changed, & her eyes grew full of silvery light as she marked his grey hair - & his groping hands.

"What did Brewster want with you?" she asked more gently, throwing her hat upon the table, & standing before her father looking down into his wrinkled face.



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"Nothing, child, nothing," he answered her.

"Sister Bawtry had never loved us much."

"Perhaps not."

"Well, father, had he taken a sudden liking to our company?"

~~Joseph~~ <sup>Peter</sup> Ransome shifted uneasily in his chair. The girl was utterly ignorant of the part to which her fortune had brought them, & he - her father - checked the truth more for her sake than her own. For two years he had toiled - & laboured, & now bearing his burden of trouble secretly, unwilling to darken his radiant face with care.

"Sister Bawtry," he said slowly, "must be treated with respect."

The girl glanced at him in some surprise.

"What is he to us?" she asked with all the pride of youth budding at such a bondage.

"Sister Bawtry obliged me," with many years ago "the old man went on."

"Need we know & care of that red faced - & payed belly?"

~~Joseph~~ <sup>Peter</sup> Ransome's right hand was playing restlessly with the beads & said that hung from his watch chain. His eyes gazed past his daughter, thoughtfully, blindly - into space as though he knew not how to answer her.

"Mayay," he said slowly as though compelling himself, "we are not so well off as we used to be."

"Father!"

"Sister have been bad, labour early, expended heavy."

"Ay!"

"It is possible that we may have to leave this place."

The girl had given many pale & thoughtful of a father, yet there was no despair of her firm & bright eyes, no weakness of her determined mouth. However strange the revelation was to her, however baffling & full of bitterness, she looked more capable than her father of bearing the burden of misfortune.

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"So," she said musingly as though she began to comprehend what was passing in her father's mind, "you have kept this trouble from me - till today."

"Ah - child -"

"Could you not have troubled me?"

"I did not want to trouble you with my card -"

"I am strong," she said - with deepening colour - "I can bear such things - I am strong - look at me - father."

"It is not strength we need," he said bitterly -

"Not strength."

"No, but money - & the cunning to meet the man who can juggle with the law."

The girl went forward suddenly, & knelt down beside the old man's chair, clasp his thin hands in between her. There was a fine light upon her face as the sun-beat in & she smelted its lustre about her hair.

"Tell me the worst," she said very gently.

He looked at her very sorrowfully, very longly, & bending - kissed her upon the forehead.

"We are Sir John Bantley's debtors," he said.

"Debtors to that great bully!"

"It is the truth."

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## II

Salad Bawtry was a hard & ambitious man, holding the village of Thymore as it were in the hollow of his great red hand. For many a year he had added farm to farm, acre to acre, till he had become the wealthiest landowner in the neighbourhood, a man whom none dared flout, none dared contradict.

In the old days the Ransomes of Thymore Grange had headed the village folk, & looked it in the country round. There had ever been rivalry & no little bitterness between ~~the~~ <sup>them & the</sup> Bawtrys - who hated those who were better dressed & more wealthy than themselves. Then in Squire Peter's day had come bad times & cruel harvests; many a small landholder had had the road to ruin, while the bigger farmer struggled on. Salad Bawtry had possessed all these years, more as a money lender & a provider of mortgages than as a professor of the law.

Just years ago Squire Bawtry's great opportunity had come. Only one man stood out to him in Thymore, & that man was Peter Ransome of The Grange. One morning the once wealthy farmer had come half & haine faced into the lawyer's private room. Peter was near at hand, & Peter Ransome needed new capital to keep him from insolvency. Bawtry, smiling discreetly behind a mask of bluff urbanity, had treated the old man humbly & advanced him with protestations. He had suggested that it would be easy to procure a mortgage, & to advance £3000 upon the Grange estate. Peter Ransome had clutched at the proposal, & being a somewhat frank & butiful soul had taken the lawyer at his word. Bawtry had put forward a creature of his own as a formal puppet in the transaction. It was months before Squire Ransome had discovered that the mortgage lay in the lawyer's hands, & that he was at the mercy



of a man who had no reason to be generous.

Now Silas Brewster had hated Peter Randome for many years, hated him with a grim whole heartedness that was not difficult to understand. The farmer was loved, the lawyer feared. Hereditary prejudice was upon the latter's side. Moreover a more subtle cause had deepened the gulf between the men, since the day some thirty years ago when Peter Randome had married Brewster's chosen bride. The man had sworn to himself from that day that he would ruin Peter Randome if the good chance came.

For years he had kept this hatred in the background of his mind, living by the knowledge that Peter Randome was the more loved man. He had worked & plotted while his wealth increased, till the Grange estate stood like an island amid Brewster's spreading lands. It was <sup>ever</sup> his great hope to drive the Randomes out of Idylmore, & now had been his joy that day when Peter Randome, while a careworn, had come like a needy client to his house.

Despite the new official that had been advanced to him Peter Randome's affairs had never flourished under his hands. Every trick of fortune seemed to have conspired to drag the old farmer deeper into the mire. He had heavy interest to pay upon the money Brewster had advanced to him. Moreover he was no longer young, with the vigor of manhood strengthening all his efforts. He had lost his nerve, his enterprise, his daring. Trouble & care bore him down. Too cautious & too careful of defeat he discovered that younger men outgained him everywhere, using new methods, - while he of the past generation, clung to the old.

The day after Silas Brewster's visit to the Grange, Mary Randome, more serious & preoccupied than was her wont, came over the meadow <sup>fields</sup> from Idylmore. The cow was waving blue throated in the fields, & the sky stretched clear

above the towering woods. Overhead the larks were singing, but Miss Maynor was not as blithe as they. The girl had met a host that could surrender easily to fate, even though it threatened her in the person of Mr. Silas B. Austrey. She had been pondering many things for her father's sake, coming many mad schemes with a passionate earnestness that had suggested no escape. She hated Silas B. Austrey with a thoroughness that did her conscience credit, & was loath to believe that that the man had them in his power.

As Maynor crossed the paddock she saw a man's head bobbing above the hedge that sheltered the private roadways leading to the house. It was someone on horseback riding towards the old house lodged deep in the green shadow of its trees. Maynor coloured slightly, & hastened her pace, having a shrewd suspicion as to the identity of the rider. As she came toward the white fence sheltering the paddock she saw a man on a bay horse. Riding in from the road, dismount before the gate, & throw his bundle over the palings.

Maynor, smiling to herself, crossed the old wooden postern, spanning the stream that ran through the paddock. Her dog, a great setter, who had labored - snuffing at many a rabbit - hutch for rabbits, came galloping in - barking at the man by the fence. He turned at the sound, saw Maynor coming over the grass towards him in her white dress - & raised himself. The dog had recognized him by this time, & was leaping about him - betraying the fact that the master of the bay horse was no stranger at the house.

He strode over the grass to meet Miss Maynor, a square built - strong faced fellow with a red mouth, blue eyes, & a carefully trimmed moustache. His fair hair curled prettily about his head, & he was somewhat vulgarly yet smartly dressed in a black & white check suit,



yellow gaiters, & a red waistcoat. The man had a heavy bushy head  
 with him that suggested that he was by no means ignorant  
 of his own good looks.

"Good afternoon" he said cheerfully, taking off his hat with a  
 fine sweep, "old Ben recognised me before you did - I believe."

Margery held out her hand. The colour in her cheeks had  
 deepened, feelings more from the significance of the man's presence  
 than from any great good-bye he had as yet uttered in her.

"I have been to Longdown" she said.

"Glad I did at last see you."

"It would have been a long ride for nothing!"

"I see you set a great value on your presence."

They both laughed, & stood looking at each other half  
 awkwardly like a boy & girl. The man tapped his leg with  
 his riding whip. He was quite one of the gay gentlemen of the  
 neighbourhood, & was moreover much admired by many of the  
 gay damsels of Rockinghurst. Mr Charles Carter, for such  
 was his name, had the reputation of being one of the  
 most pleasant gentlemen found in that quarter of the  
 county.

"Suppose I may come in to tea?" he asked.

"Please do."

"The roads are really dirty" he returned - flicking his  
 gaiters with his red & green handkerchief.

"I will send Sam round to stable your horse."

"Oh - he'll do that all right."

"And so" she said "the horse must be probably just as  
 thirsty as his master."

They turned together towards the garden gate, & Mr Carter  
 held it open for Miss Margery with an exaggerated attitude of  
 respect. He guided himself, upon his fine manner, & believed  
 himself one of those splendid gentlemen whom no ordinary  
 woman can withstand.

"Beauty first" he said with a smile.

"And then - the heart."

"I had a lovely time of you."

"I have a tongue with a tongue - Mr Carter."

"I don't doubt it" he said with a glimmer of suppressed assurance.

Mary looked at him - & walked on with much dignity. She was surely to know it, & was not to stand a person as to deprecate a gift with so magnificent a beam. Mr Charles Carter always smiled her with his grand air & his too palpable vanity. Yet he was the most interesting thing in town the neighbourhood could provide, & Miss Mary was very much a woman.

I had fallen in under the tiled & timbered porch to find old Peter Ransome sitting reading in the dining room in his Sheraton arm chair. The master of the Grange turned back, & was no mean water colour painter in a simple English way. He greeted Mr Carter with mild benediction, & strove to throw off for the moment the struggles of care that of late had smothered him.

Sea was brought in by Sam - Mary's old nurse, who had been a servant at the Grange for forty years. Mary in her white dress appeared charming enough as her plump hands fluttered over the tea eggs, & her red lips & rich colouring contrasted with her coal black hair. Mr Charles Carter was loquacious & important. He was a prominent politician in the neighbourhood, & loved to propound his views on all matters of national interest. As for Peter Ransome he listened to the going round babbling, sitting sad & silent through the meal, leaving the conversation to his daughter. His mood affected Mary in measure, & she began to wear somewhat of Mr Carter's elegance. That veritable gentleman did not fail to remark the air of gloom that filled the panelled room as with a winter twilight. Possibly Miss Mary's melancholy made her appear the more interesting in Mr Carter's eyes. He was indeed that there might be some subtle

sentiment - troubling her thoughts, & that her friend would wash a  
 conj. heart to her own personality.

After tea they went out into the garden together, leaving  
 Peter Randome to the company of Butler's analogy. The garden  
 with its great clipped yews, its beds of lavender & thyme bordered  
 with hore, its pyramids of roses red & white, was in line harmonizing  
 with the antique house. Mr Carter began to drift into a  
 sentimental mood. He was an expert in these delicate  
 recreations that provide much subtle pleasure without giving  
 too compromising a record in the matter of honour.

"What a gem of a garden" he said - thinking his Grecian  
 nose into a <sup>the face</sup> ~~shape~~ of a <sup>red</sup> ~~leaf~~.

Maryam smiled somewhat sadly - as she remembered Silas  
 Bawthorpe - her father's difficulties. It was hard for her  
 to realize that the old house might not be there for very  
 long. She fought against the conviction in her heart, & kept  
 a clear countenance towards Mr Carter.

"Do you manage all this yourself?" he asked.

"Does the garden look like mine?"

"It is certainly - charming" said Mr Carter - with a  
 significant light in his blue eyes.

"It is a clear place" she said.

"And the roses wear your colours, white & red."

Maryam held her head a trifle higher, & passing through a  
 tunnel of yews, led Mr Carter to where a silver sheet  
 of water bordered the garden from the fields. The pool  
 had once formed part of the ~~the~~ moat that had circled  
 the Grange in the days of old. Water lilies & golden  
 flag & was growing there, & willows trailed their green  
 branches in the water.

"Your father looks worried, doesn't he?" said Mr Carter  
 suddenly - with an air of fatherly sympathy.

The expression of sadness on the girl's face deepened. "I should  
 seemed to fall before her eyes, drawing them by their, & making

her & even more a woman, less a child. Mr Carter noticed the change. He was a kind hearted creature for all his vanity, & undoubtedly became Mistress Maying's warmest well.

"I hope I am not presuming" he said with the air of a man who was conscious he was doing nothing of the kind.

"Father is not as well as he ought to be" she answered.

"I am sorry to hear it."

"He has been much worried lately."

"Indeed?" said Mr Carter.

"I think the pain is getting too much for him."

She had rounded the angle of the house, & passed under the shadow of a great yew tree to the garden that fronted the paddock. Maying's hands were clasped behind her back. Her lips quivered wetfully, & she looked for the moment in 'peil of tears.

"I have always thought" said Mr Carter authoritatively "that your father tried to do too much."

"Farming does not pay as it used to."

"That I agree" observed the man tentatively "on methods."

Mrs Rankine was not wholly pleased with the remark, nor the tone in which Mr Carter had adopted. She would have no young man patronising her father.

"Probably that's also a matter of opinion" she said, tightening her mouth, & holding her head a trifle higher.

Mr Charles Carter did not notice the snub. His self assurance prevented him being sensitive on such points.

"Excuse me" he said "but may I ask where your father banks his money?"

Maying was surprised, & did not conceal the feeling.

"Why?" she asked.

"I should like to know."

"I believe it is at Ballantrich - at Perthshire."

Mr Carter pulled up his lips, looked wide, & bent his brows.

"Why do you want to know?" she asked, looking curiously in his face.



"You might save your father a hunt" he said - <sup>glancing</sup> ~~glancing~~ meaningly  
in her eyes.

"A hunt!"

"Yes. I have heard remarks that Ballards are not too safe. This  
is in confidence - mind you."

The girl's face grew graver than before. She looked quite the  
woman, firm, happy & resolute, ready to meet life as it came in its  
new, troubled guise. Mr. Carter drew out his watch, decided that  
it was past six, & time for him to be departing. He went &  
brought his horse out from the stable, shouted goodbye to Peter  
Randome through the open window, & prepared to take leave of  
May by the gate.

She just went with him a little way down the road, &  
faded the horse's mane with her long white hands.

"Thank you for your advice" she said - as Mr. Carter  
swung himself into the saddle.

He bent down, looking significantly into her eyes.

"Remember" he said somewhat <sup>firmly</sup> ~~firmly~~ "that I am  
always to be relied upon."

"Thank you" she answered looking away over the meadows.

"Charles Carter's words are worth weighing."

## III

Fabey trace the cobbler stumbled into the parlour of the Unicorn Inn at Idyngme, his face a white circle, above fringed by red beard & whiskers. His ragged boots - & Sunday trousers were covered with dirt, & beads of sweat glistened on his forehead. For the moment the heavily glassed, the polished mug, the bottles, - the very dandied floor seemed in fantastic motion before the cobbler's eyes. He clutched at the rail of one of the benches, looking like a man sick & faint with the summer heat.

Mr Scumble of the Unicorn Inn, a tall, thin & half-nosed gentleman, who had been reaching the darky paper behind the bar, glanced in some astonishment at Fabey trace's suggestive misery. The man was as sober a fellow as there was in Idyngme, otherwise Mr Scumble would have charged him with having loitered unnecessarily upon the road. He tossed his paper aside, whipped off his spectacles, & stood up with his elbows resting on the bar.

"Hallo, Fabey, what's gone wrong?"

"Pheir" said the cobbler, making use of the spittoon, & looking huffily on to a bottle.

"Not the heat - is it?"

"Heat be damned!"

"Seen a ghost?"

"For God's love - Mister Scumble - give me a bite, of brandy!"

The innkeeper stared, & seeing that the man looked ready to faint, reached for a spirit bottle, & measured the cobbler a generous draught. Fabey trace had put his head between his knees, & Mr Scumble - turning back the flap of the counter, came out into the room & bent over the huddled figure.

"What's wrong with ye, Fabey?" he asked.

The man lifted up a white-washed face, reached out a shaky hand for the glass. He gulped down the brandy, coughed, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, & set the glass down with a bang on the wooden table.

"Ballard's busted" he said briefly.

"What?" quoth the innkeeper - jerking up his ear, "Ballard of Rochester?"

"Aye, busted - sure. Went in today to draw two quids out of the Savings Bank. Shuttled down, notice on the door, crowd outside.

"Well I be blowed" said Mr Scumble briefly.

The innkeeper leaned against the bar, & stood <sup>stubby</sup> with a dirty hand, & stared vacantly a several children who were running on the chairs looped from the white-paths of the Inn. So smitten was he by the news that he forgot to shout at the brats - & satle a footstool in the counter as was his custom. Fanny Mace was squatting with her elbows on her knees, gazing vacantly into a corner of the room where the foot-boy had swept yesterday's soiled saw dust. The cobbler's lower lip had fallen away from his yellow teeth. He looked dazed & shaken like a man who had had a fall.

"A hundred pounds" he said - as though speaking to himself, "a ole hundred pounds."

Mr Scumble jerked up suddenly.

"What's that, Fanny?" he asked.

Mace started, blinked as though he had been asleep, & glanced up at the innkeeper with a rude fathom in his eyes.

"No money's gone" he said.

"How much, Fanny?"

"All I saved this ten year. A hundred golden sovereigns. Damn me - it's wicked."

He drew out a dirty red handkerchief, & began to snivel, & mop his eyes. Mr Scumble stared at him open mouthed,

not knowing for the life of him what to say. It was bad enough to see a wench weeping, but a man - blubbery - that was worse."

"Look 'ee, Jabez" he said suddenly, "it mayn't be as bad as all that."

"It be" quoth the other dazedly.

"How I 'you know?"

"Every body knows of it in Rotherhithe. There be plenty of men and women enough there, I can tell ye. There'll be many a poor face in Rotherhithe too - I reckon."

Mr. Scumble stroked his chin, & gave thanks inwardly that he was not among the victims.

"Square Rantome will 'ave lost money, I guess?"

The cobbler did not rise to the suggestion. He was too busy with his own trouble for the moment to give much heed to the misfortunes of others.

"It be wicked" he said suddenly "I was a 'margery my daughter come Michaelmas. I was a 'goin' to give her a parlour furniture, - I was. Devil of a trick the lady will get - know."

"Dear, dear" said Mr. Scumble sympathetically "'ave another drink - Jabez."

"No - thank ye" said the cobbler wearily "I must save my copper."

The umbrella waved benevolent.

"Come, a friendly glass, no harm done."

"I don't mind a mug of better."

"That's the song; you'll come round in a quarter. What's Ballard been drivin' to go down?"

"Spending other folk's money, - I reckon."

"That's it" said Mr. Scumble bitterly, "'is a country gentleman is Ballard. Must be keep 'is wheel & 'is wine, & run 'is motor car. I don't 'old with these poor folk; I don't care a fig for your fine gentlemen. Give me an 'onest name, I won't bow or scrape



the biggest land in England."

"Maybe you're right" said the cobbler ruefully, "any way it be wicked to lose a poor man's money."

As John Mace left the Vicar for his own cottage, George Banters came strolling down the village with the air of a man who owned every house & cottage in the place. His white waistcoat bulged like a sail - was his fourth person. He wore his great bowler hat pushed down over his head, & carried his <sup>gloves</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>under</sup> his arm behind his back. Since Banters's parade through Thingmere Street was always a stale affair, the progress of power, - reached hushed yet potent, - through the hearts of the parish. No man in Thingmere was so bold as to refuse to touch his hat to the lawyer. Children stood in awe of his red face & terrible whiskers, & bobbed reverentially whenever the great man's glance happened to fall upon them. Ushers bowed but in hand, but spread their fingers behind his back. School Banters was dreaded as a landlord, but little love was harbored for him in the hearts of the people of Thingmere.

The lawyer's house fronted one side of the village green, & was closed in by a brick wall, with green gates hung upon tall wooden pillars topped with gilded finials. It was a great red house with many windows, one or two hunched up - & looking like black patches shadowed beneath. The blind bands were of brass, the chimneys fat & short, the <sup>white</sup> cornice topped in the center by a scrolled pediment. There was an air of solidity about the house, of flat faced arrogance that harmonized with the character of its owner. Even the closely cut grass, cropped after the Dutch fashion, had an air of stout & big, fenced firmness.

School Banters stopped before his own gate, & looked at his watch reflectively, & turned off across the green in the direction of the Vicar. Several children running in the

gall fled away from before his frowning feet. The lawyer frowned at them, & looked pleased when a well-dressed infant began to cry. Even such unmelancholy adulation pleased S. J. Bawter's love of tyranny.

He closed the road, & blocked the doorway of the library with his hand - threatening figure.

"I could -- man, -- what do you."

Bawter's deep voice made the glassed jingles. He stood on the threshold with his hat on, sniffing suspiciously at the odour of stale beer & tobacco. The innkeeper, the very picture of built security, came forward again with, smoothly his officer's bobbing like a doll upon a wire. He was S. J. Bawter's tenant, & appeared to have forgotten somewhat suddenly the socialite bearing that had inspired him twenty months ago.

"Good afternoon, Sir; beautiful weather, Sir; how can I serve you, Sir?"

S. J. Bawter frowned.

"Why don't you keep your bar clean?" he said.

The innkeeper whistled & - nervously, ran round the place, & - changed apologetically.

"The floor is dirt enough for a daughter's horse. Sweep it, man, sweep it."

"Such a lot of custom, Sir. So many people bringing in & out."

"Don't argue with me, Sir. Water 'd cheap, eh?" said he, receding a dozen of Bawter's throttled throat.

"Yes, Sir, that's true. - Sir"

"And tell your boy not to knock my side, or to open any more - or there'll be trouble."

"Very sorry, Sir; these boys will be the death of me, they're no holding on."

"Black" said Bawter smiling, "you're no man, innkeeper, if you can't make a boy trouble under."

The potentate prepared to depart. The innkeeper, hiding his dirty hands under his apron, sidled towards the door, & looked up, glancing into Mr Bawter's face;

Seems to be a missing page here just before Chapter 4

Found it - it follows this page

"Excuse me, Sir, but have you read the

"What news?" I asked the lawyer.

"About Ballard, Sir, at Rockinghurst."

Charles Bawthrey viewed his carcase  
full in the face.

"Gone dead?" he asked.

"Colborne Moore just brought the news in."

"He did - did he?"

"I lost a hundred pounds, Sir."

"More fool he - I know Ballard."

"Of course, Sir," said Mr. Bawthrey  
all such are righted men as you are, Sir."

Charles Bawthrey stalked out of  
the room & entered his own gate.

Smile upon his face, a cheerful

Once within the house he went to the

living room where he kept his sword, &

~~both~~ decanter of fine port, & drank

Ballard of Rockinghurst.

"So much for Peter Paul and his  
think it is about time I gave a

There were the voices of girls laughing in the paddock  
at the Grange where the tennis court lay fenced round  
with white posts & the tennis court covered with green grass  
& a running stream. I saw figures moved hither & thither  
over the freshly mown grass, girls - mostly faced  
a cress, playing with a ball & a bat & a net  
among the border of health & youth. Many a bravely  
light the young blood of spring, the marble feet of beauty  
over the green grass.

Mary, in a pink cotton dress, her black hair  
in two braids over her forehead & ears, & a band behind the  
back her - ready with her service. Her face was rosy,  
her eyes laughing with the joy of the game. Gone for  
the moment were the cares of life, the ignominious  
that were at dark about the bright ardour of  
youth.

"Fifty - fifteen, are you ready Joan?"

I had reached the end in the run. There was the sweep  
of a pink shirt, the flash of a white ball down a  
and the sound of the net. Her foot stumbled forward  
the return. I had got in a pink ball up her hand for a  
deep stand from the house.

"The end - " five - five. Shall it be  
all. I have got the tea bell."

"My word of you" said one of Miss Randal  
laughing, "still, tea is not to be deferred"  
out of you? he "quite Mary blithely.  
"I will wait for you the house. What do you say,  
"

"It's jolly hot" said the young lady with  
frankness  
"I returned from the court forthwith, & strolled  
paddock laughing & chatting, four emblem of



A girl friend had come over to the house that afternoon to "make a favor" with Mrs. Mary Jones. Peter Rand said he had been glad of the bright faces, for he had been enjoying all the evening over his father's difficulties, & needed some such distraction to ease his heart. She was as good a friend of Ray as the neighborhood could boast, & very active; yet in her feet, graceful as a young dove. It was a pleasure to watch her move swiftly & lightly, & the fine life she infused into every face & gesture.

She went forward in the gate, rounded the angle of the house, & found that old Sarah had been busy in the room above the meat. A table with its white cloth & flowers was pleasantly there, & only like a great mother busy in the midst of the black night. Strawberries, freshly gathered, were piled high and bowls of red & white fruit of the old farm. Sarah had just set the great silver teapot upon the table, with a jug of cream, & a bowl of baked cake.

"They were very nice," were these four girls as they sat them down & prepared for the feast. "I like the dainty & cloud-like blue above," & Grace seemed to lay over the garden & old rock roofed house. "Daisy-flies were flitting blue & green - with shimmering wings over the water. But I am very like the happy flowers. I saw the meadow & hearing of cows as they turned homeward towards and before the be milked."

"How pretty the country is," said Joan Sabler, the older niece - daughter who had lived half her life in a suburb.

Grace smiled at her over the silver teapot.

"God bless me this Maymorn is beautiful," she said; "often I get artistic here in the summer."

"How nice such a lovely old house & garden," added Elizabeth with his brown eyes turned towards a great

of Strawberry.

"Dear, Betty?"

"I could, wait I just. I say May, you are a lucky beggar."

"Lucky!" said the girl in jest with sudden change of her eyes.

"Why - yes, such a home & such a garden, - & such Strawberry."

You must love it all.

"I should think I am dreaming, for you say, 'water'."

"Love it - well enough," said May with a

"I think I should break my heart if to leave the place."

seemed to fall suddenly about the table as

Miss Betty Sabers was busy with her

net with much wealth of cream & eggs. Joan

read half questioningly upon May's face. Then

a shadow came over the face that startled her

mother. For Joan Sabers was one of those

new - who much hated the shadow of

the great light & shadow - water.

"I am," said May calmly, & looked out her

the great light cup.

"May I have some fruit?"

herself. "By those on the other side, there are a

new - but; fruit have them."

"I am, & successful," said Miss Elizabeth sagely,

"I am still thirsty."

The girls laughed. Miss Elizabeth Sabers' ignorant

tongue had of said much amusement & not a little mischief

though the sound of Elizabeth. She was the idol of

the school children, & the dearest of friends from her

where she was in close proximity to their mother.

While Miss May & her friends were laughing over the

the table in the garden, & now a rough beam seat, for which  
 a rough board was being up the house lane in  
 a distant way. He turned in at the farm gate, & walked  
 his way to a gate, & went to the side door that opened  
 into the kitchen. Old Sarah was by the chimney before  
 the window, only waiting for that evening supper. The  
 man stood in the open doorway, drying his eyes, &  
 looking at Sarah in her apron white apron - a black  
 cloth dress.

"Hey, Job, man" she said "you're back early  
 from Ploughing!"

He rather looked restless - & answered. "I haven't been  
 far - covered with sweat."

"Be the matter in?" he asked

"He was this minute."

"I must 'ave a word with 'im."

"What's wrong, Job, you look white as a sheet?"

"Ballard's horse is broke" he said - wiping the sweat  
 from his forehead.

Old Sarah, looked at him, twisted her flowing hair into  
 a ring, & looked round at a sheep.

My word "he said" he it true?

It be, were back" quoth the sister suddenly.

You can't tell matter!

Can't you tell 'im" suggested the man eagerly.

I tell him!"

You 'ave got a softer tongue than me, Old Sarah. I  
 can't like the job."

It don't go like me either "said the woman.

Just you do it - nice & gentle."

Someone must tell him!"

And can't you tell, please - & I musted the milk on  
 a death bed."

I see 's well meaning."

Job's brown face brightened.

"I shall be it, Old Sarah" he said "she'll beat it right to the master - like the fine young lady she be."

The old woman smiled a moment.

"Any way, I'll ask her" she said.

"An - I'll go & get old Noble up."

Sarah, with her wrinkled face, as usual at things she was going to a funeral, supported her back on her fingers - stopped it, & prepared to do her duty. I Paul & woman hearted creature that, I do wish her courage hadn't failed her as she passed down the hill ground fullage leading to the garden. So he could hear the sound of laughter coming from the house - where she had laid the tea table so sleepily half an hour ago. She was not a woman who could bear back tidings easily - especially to Phill Maynard who was to her as a child.

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## V

Sarah unlatched the garden door & stepped out on to the gravel path with its luminous walk of bees, & the ranks of standard roses on either side. She could see the girls dressed & having thought the foliage of the front hedge, & could hear their voices & laugh as they talked around the table. How odd on her way with the sunlight beating upon her wrinkled face & she came to the lawn that was bounded by the moat.

None of the girls noticed Sarah till she had come quite close to them over the high grass. For was the first to discern the old lady's presence. She touched May's elbow, while her two eyes were fixed steadily on Sarah's troubled face.

"May I speak with you? - Miss May, a moment."

Peter Raymond's daughter looked round at her old nurse, over her shoulder. There was something in the woman's voice that startled her. She glanced round at the faces of her friends, asked them to excuse her, & then to follow Sarah round the lawn. The nurse walked sideways into

the wall with the sunlight rippling through upon

May's forehead as, suddenly by intuition that she had 'gallied' in the day, & it, Sarah? "she asked."

The woman stood with her back and folded over her bosom.

was difficult to tell you, said "she said" when she looked back & swept over the girls' faces my father. - "she asked."

Her two hands were twisting one within the other.

One of that kind, said "she said;" "God be, just to your Railing heart."

"Yes."

"He says that Ballard's bank has broken."

Margy, her eyes looking first at the old woman's figure into the glass of the glass wall, & then at the old woman's face, he said, "Margy, look at her eyes. Her face is so white & bloodless for the moment, the pallor & the cold will be her death - & think of this."

"Does my father know?" she asked suddenly.

"I am sure that in old Sarah's eye."

"Not, he said, Miss Margy. 'John' I thought of you might like to tell him."

"I - Sarah!"

"Yes, Miss; he'd take it more gently from you."

Margy stood for a moment with her head held high, her white throat & hair, as though she was gathering courage for the trial. The colour had been to her cheeks again. Her eyes were full of tremulous light as she thought of Peter Ransom - her father.

"I will tell him, Sarah," she said.

The old woman looked in her hand with her hand.

"Miss Margy," she whispered, "the old woman & by the way, whatever happens."

as it, Sarah. "Is he a father?"

the father, Miss."

"Is he a girl, Miss?"

he had touched the girl's hand cheek; the black hair was not together.

"I will tell the girl," Margy said.

old woman had been away, he was fumbling for her hand.

"I think that we have had bad news, & that I must tell my father. Speak to Miss Joan; she will tell."

and turned away her eyes, & leaving Sarah standing under the shadow of the glass, walked slowly towards the house. She went in by the garden door, passed up



the passage to the panelled hall, & right to the door of the chimney room that I stood again. I he stood for the moment on the threshold - biting, then gathered up her courage, & entered the room.

Peter Ransome was sitting by the window, reading. He looked up at his daughter entered, & looked with a frown that found any justification in her comeliness. She was wonderful <sup>what a beauty</sup> ~~she was~~ <sup>her mother</sup> ~~was~~ Margaret, like the red hypod black haired woman whom Peter Ransome had seen from Silas Bantons' glass dishes.

"Have the girls gone?" he asked her.

"They are gone," said Margaret wearily.

"I will come out to watch you go back."

The girl drew a chair close beside her father's, sat down, & rested her arm on the back of his arm chair. There was something in her manner, a special of restrained calmness, that surprised Peter Ransome with the suspicion that Margaret was troubled in her mind. As he looked up into her face, the smile died slowly out of his grey eyes.

"What's it, child?" he asked.

"I have bad news, father."

"Bad news?" he said - straightening in his chair.

"Job has come back from Rockingham."

"God - jist -"

"Ballard's bank -"

A spasm of pain - & blood passed over the old man's face.

"Ouch, child, the worst."

"The bank has broken."

"Ballard's Bank broken!"

"Be brave - father -"

"No, no, it's impossible!"

"I fear it is too true."

The book slipped suddenly from Peter Ransome's hand. He sank forward in his chair, his mouth gaping, his head

huddled into his bosom. Mayday, much afraid, thrust her arms about his father's body, lifted him up, & followed his head up on her shoulder. He was hardly heaved, & his white face with its open mouth had an expression of utter vacancy. His hands twitched as he lay in the girl's arms.

"Father" she said, putting her mouth close to his ear.

Peter Ransome faced no head to her. Pressing herself down to the couch, seized a cushion, & thrust it under the old man's head. Then - turning to a cupboard in the wall, she took out a decanter of brandy & a glass, clanking the one against the other in her distress. Bending over her father she touched some of the spirit between his lips. "I wanted with a species of anguish to see whether he would awake again."

The old man sighed deeply, turned his head to & for upon the cushion, opened his eyes, & looked up into his daughter's face. She sat down beside him with one arm under his head, the glass touching in her other hand.

"Father" she said in a whisper.

Peter Ransome's hands were groping over his breast.

"Is that you, child?" he asked.

"Yes, father," she said, "I found the brandy; now, let me give it you."

She held the glass away, & Mayday set it upon the table that held his back. She touched her father's hand with her finger, & lay over him the while like a young mother.

"Are you better?" she asked him.

"Winded" he muttered.

"Don't think of it, father."

"I must think, child, when all my money had sunk into the sea."

## VI

A dark haired, clean shaven man, in a Norfolk jacket, long knickerbockers & red topped stockings, dismounted from a dusty bicycle before the Elvish Inn at Ringmere, & leaning his machine against one of the white chain posts, stood gazing offensively at the sound antique front with its high gabled, carved barge boards, plaster work, & gravelled cadements. The place pleased him so mightily with its Elizabethan atmosphere that he entered the inn door, & glanced into the parlour with its great beams & rough settles. Mr Pemble was seated on a bench near the window, reading the "Rochester Gazette" wherein was a full account of the Ballard disaster.

Mr Pemble glanced at the intruder, & seeing the ageing costume, did not disturb himself hurriedly over a possible "gem" & "guy", or a ninepenny tea. The stranger on the threshold had a broad smooth face, heavy & almost threatening brow, & a pair of eyes that glared out frankly on all things that came within their compass. Though he looked young & almost boyish, there were lines about his face that suggested on closer inspection a dogged & clever determination, a stolid hardness that were incompatible with the mere circumstances of youth. There was something very calm & confident about the man, an air of undoubted yet marked energy that bespoke power - & the knowledge of power. To the mere casual observer he might have passed for a mere rugged face boy, one who was to be checked in the green bottle of the football field, or between the legs of a hard smiter.

Mr Pemble came forward languidly with one eye on the paper, & the angle of the other on the stranger.

"How far to Rochester from here?"

The imbecile stared. There was a ring of high authority in the voice, the tone of a man who was accustomed to being obeyed.

"Six miles, Sir," he said a trifle dubiously.

"I can put up here, I suppose."

"C.P.C." asked Mr. Scumblers.

"No."

"Any luggage?"

The clean shaven man smiled. Mr. Scumblers' extreme caution seemed to amuse him.

"Look here," he said bluntly, taking out his pocket book; "give me a deposit receipt for a five pound note, & I show you your best bedroom."

The imbecile eyed him keenly, & his face mellowed with remarkable rapidity. He was down on the bed till the receipt note between his fingers. He rang the stable bell with unusual vigour, & appeared as deferential as any Frenchman.

"You'll excuse me, Sir," he explained, "I have to be so careful in these days. I have your up stairs, Sir, immediately. Will you step into the private parlour?"

The stable boy appearing before the man, Mr. Scumblers harangued him with great effect.

"Now, take the gentleman's bike round to the stable, & clean it. No, fresh water, as I'll give you something to chew. Now, Sir; I am at your service."

Half an hour later Mr. John Salcove was standing in the doorway of The Unicorn listening to Mr. Scumblers' effusions on the antiquities & charms of Thymelaea. The imbecile had a ready tongue, & no little fondness for gossip. Given a description of Thymelaea in general he proceeded to the more particular interests of the place, reverting finally to that all absorbing topic, the failure of Ballantyne's Bank.

"A small business," he said solemnly, "something awful the number of poor folk as 'ave lost their savings."

I call it immoral - I do. They tell me Squire Randome 'as lost a thousand pounds.

"Who is he?" asked the dean I haven't seen casually.

"Squire Randome, Sir; why 'o was the big man 'as, 'e 'as fathered - made a year. But he been of an 'one, Sir, 'e was too mild & woolly a gent. 'e didn't jist 'and enough, 'e ad'nt enough gent.

"Oh!" remarked the dean sympathetically.

"They tell me 'e likely to lose The Grange estate. 'e 'as an old 'ouse, Sir, 'e 'as well built. 'e 'as grandfather, 'e 'as great grandfather lived there, a'fore 'im. You're fond of old 'ouses, Sir?"

The yeoman confessed that he was. The Dean tapped him affectionately upon the shoulder.

"Just you go down & 'ave a look at The Grange, Sir," he said warmly, "it ain't more than a quarter of an 'our walk. It's a chear, Sir; do the ladies say who come down 'ere to paint."

For Salome desired the yeoman to direct her, & that he would stroll there after dinner. The whisper did so, with much flourish of hands & many prophecies as to the aesthetic beauty of the place. He was wondering whether he could persuade the Salome to prolong his stay in Salisbury. If any man with five pound notes might be supposed sympathetically to the Salome's scheme.

At the stall where the yearlings of The Pinchpots of the yearling - some came down into the road. It was a black & white but as an every stall to him, he was a black & white. He came down with his back in his pockets, his black coat turned back from his head white waistcoat.

Across the road, & stopping before the vicar, he forced the yeoman with his small grey eyes, & cast a sad look at the young man in the Norfolk.

"Boswell."

"Yes, Sir,

do you, Sir?"

"That stout you sent across is low."

"Very low, Sir, I'm sure -"

"Get it back."

"At once, Sir."

"Don't send me any more much like that."

"Can't understand it, Sir."

"It's your business, I should, to sell best stuff!"

"Of course, Sir."

"Then do it, & I don't argue. It's an absolute insult sending me  
fish like that. Do you think I'm a fool?"

Sales Bawther swung round upon his heel, casting a side glance  
at Salcove. "id though a stranger had no right to enter in  
his - Mr Bawther's village. The lawyer passed up the road  
a forehead & loose jointed faces of annoyance. Mr Lamb sighed,  
wiped the sweat from his forehead, & appeared much relieved by  
the tyrant's departure. There was a peculiar glint in John  
Salcove's eye, also a certain hardness of his mouth that, <sup>betrayed him as</sup> made  
him ~~look like~~ a man to whom insolence was insufferable.

"Who was that gentleman?" he asked gravely.

"Mr Bawther, Sir, from over the way."

"I said to be someone of importance."

"A great man, Sir, a very great man. 'e owned ~~all~~ the  
whole village."

"He behaves like it" said the young man drily.

Mr Lamb flicked his left eye, & cast a very eloquent glance  
at the signpost ahead.

"'s a very <sup>oughty</sup> man is Mr Bawther" he said with much  
significance. "I don't stand no nonsense. Why, Sir, there ain't a  
man in the village who dare say 'no' to him."

"Indeed!" quoth Mr Salcove.

"By Ginn, Sir, 's a Tartar. Don't you repeat it, for 'saul  
sake. Mr Bawther's my landlord."

"Pretty wealthy, I suppose?"

"Made of money, Sir."

"Married?"

"Not!"

"- gets much change out of him?"

"I shall have you, Sir, to plant a mortgage on the devil's tail.  
Mr Bawtree be a caution."

That same evening after he had dined John Falconer strolled out from the Ulm-cave, & took the road towards Blingmore Grange. The village with its red roofs & gay gardens, its timber walk - latter winded back beneath him in the green hollow. At the cross-roads he turned off by a lane that curled down the steep slope of a hill, its sandy surface covered with loose stones. Stretching towards the south he saw rolling woods & meadows by the evening sun, meadows green & lovely & it like emeralds under the cloudless sky. In the valley a river glimmered, flashing & foaming amid the darkening woods.

John Falconer stood bare headed & gazed over the landscape with a fine light upon his powerful face. Below him under the golden meadows & the farther trees he could see the tall chimney stacks of an old house rising towards the blue. He could see its garden spread about it with dim colour. Also the gleam of the old moat, the twilight sparkle upon the wave upon the roof. He doubted not that this was Blingmore Grange, the home of those about who heads unfractured gathered.

Winding in down the lane he passed through a bare wood black & cold against the gold of the west, & came to a stile & a path leading over the meadows. John Falconer vaulted over - & down the path. It was not long before he came close to the old house, bowered in its oak & beech, & splashed here & there with the dense green of a yew. The outer windows were deep & coloured, while over its roof & towered chimney the red brick & by & by streamed & splendored.

John Falconer perched himself upon the last stile, drew out his pocket book & pencil, & began to sketch the place. There was such an atmosphere of mystery about the old house, a rebellious & romantic pathos that the man lost his heart to it even as he might have lost it to a woman. He sat there half in a dream - with a hundred fancied may in his brain. So absorbed was he that he forgot the lane & the darkening sky, drowned in the magic of the meadows & the woods.



"Excuse me, will you let me pass."

John Falconer slipped off the stile, turned, & saw a girl in white standing on the other side. She had come across the meadow from Longstone, & the man had not heard her footsteps in the grass.

"Pardon me," he said <sup>in his deep voice</sup> "I am sorry. I did not hear you."

Falconer's eyes were studying the girl's face. He saw of a sudden that she had been weeping, & understood almost immediately that she was in trouble. Half ashamed of being caught staring at her at such a moment he stood aside & offered her his hand.

"Oh; thank you very much," she said.

"I hope I am not trespassing here."

Margery had climbed the stile, & was really for a woman, & stood close to the man, gazing intently towards the old house. John Falconer was studying her profile with an interest that was strange to him.

"You can go where you like," she said to him.

"Thank you."

"Goodnight."

The man bowed, & watched her as she walked away from him over the meadow. Her white dress dissolved into a grey streak over the dusky grass. He saw her enter the gate, & disappear round the angle of the house where a yew tree grew. So John Falconer, over the stile, the dark woods, the old by-lane & black against the path, were possessed of more mystery by reason of the young girl's presence there.

He crossed the stile & walked homewards & slowly over the fields. The thought that came into his mind that he had stumbled suddenly & unexpectedly upon romance. The look in the girl's eyes haunted him. Her face had appeared at the face of air wafted by the fallacious bitterness of Dorothy near with despair. The mystery of the old house deepened & mellowed. For him as he walked on with his head bowed in thought, & his manhood staring at the voice of sorrow.

## VII

The lights had been quenched behind the majority of the casements of Kingsmere, & a ~~full~~ moon rode in the summer sky. John Falconer was undressing in the beamed & varnished best bedroom of the inn. A candle in a great brass candlestick winked beside the mirror, & in the midst of the undulating floor stood a fine old footstool with carved pillars & a purple tester cloth.

The man stopped suddenly in the room to listen, for far away though the silence of the night he could hear the dull rattle of hoofs upon the highway. He had heard near the village recently, the clatter of a horse at a canter, seeming to thrill the night with a sense of stir & action. It was as though some Cavalier scout was riding for the old village under the moon to warn friends gathered there of the march of men in battle - in buff coats.

John Falconer swung one of the casements open, thrust his head & shoulders out, to see whether the "fire by night" was a mere summer gossamer - or the banner of grave tidings. The clatter of hoofs was almost in the village, while the watcher at the window saw suddenly of a peculiar glare in the southern sky. Suddenly a man on horseback swept out into the moonlit stretch of road, & reined up at the end of the green, glancing right & left as though to see whether there were lights still in the windows. He began to shout "fire" with much vigour & enthusiasm, & catching sight of Falconer at the window above, waved his hat to him as though for success.

Putting on his coat, & lacing up his boots Falconer thrust out into the landing with his lighted candle, & ran straight into the room who was climbing sleepily to bed. He had descended the narrow stairs in confusion, Falconer explaining the nature of the alarm to the master of the inn. The

unhappily unbolted the bar parlour door, letting in a stream of moonlight, & describing the horseman standing in the middle of the road still bawling "fire" at the top of his voice.

Galecross & Mr Soames ran out to him.

"What's wrong?" asked the unheeper somewhat unnecessarily.

"Fire -"

"Where?"

"Squire Ransome's orchard."

Galecross stood with his hand on the horse's neck.

"Have they an engine near?" he asked.

"At Rockingham, Sir. I be riding on to fetch 'er."

"We'll rouse the village for you, & get men together."

"Thank 'ee, Sir."

"Off you go, now, use your whip."

The fellow heeled his horse forward & went away at a canter, leaning clumsily back with the saddle. Sytles were jerking to a few yards behind the calverents. Cottage doors opened, & half-dressed men came out into the street. Galecross, about in the instant, took the leaden lip to himself with a calmness that seemed part of his character. He shouted the alarm to the men, bade them buy buckets, & offered a sovereign to the fellow who should be first with him at the "brandy".

They started up the street, Galecross & the tall black bearded village smith leading, the rest of the men following in two & three, black patched manes among the white road in the moonlight. There was a gathering place in the distance above the trees that lined the hillside. As they passed the Pineapple a window was thrown open in the front of the house, & a tailed head & a pair of white & black shoulders appeared <sup>over</sup> the sill.

"Hallo - there - you men, what the devil's all this noise about?"

Mr Soames halted with several others in the middle of the

road. I had Bawley's thinking 'wace' could even hold it in at such an hour.

"There be a fire in the Grange rich yard, Sir," I heard Mr. Scumble.

"The devil there is. What are you all after?"

"Goin' to 'elf, Sir."

"Get off good you'll be with half a dozen true fraud. Better go back to bed. Dare I say - old Square Rancune would rather have the endurance money than the stacks."

The men debated together in the middle of the road.

"We'll go on 'see what we can do, Sir," I heard Gabby Mace the cobbler.

"Go & be damned - then," quoth the launce & whiff.

Salmon & Jim Brent the Smith had far outtripped the rest in the race up hill. They trotted shoulder to shoulder, men grimly in earnest, wrapped with a sudden blunt respect for each other, with the red light beating up in the sky before them. Then they turned down the lane from the highroad the whole scene burst out before them, vivid & distinct against the dark background of the hills. In the valley the Grange rich yard was burning sending up huge streams of flame into the heavens. Matted of smoke was billowing over the meadows with a devil's dance of shimmering sparks. To the left the old Grange stood outlined like black marble by the glow of the fire, its chimney stacks wreathed round with of a silent light. A human form or two could be seen moving in the rich yard against the glow of the blazing stacks. The screaming of frame structures heaved, the deep baying of frightened cattle came up from the valley with the faint crackling noise of the fire.

Salmon & the Smith stood motionless a moment, and he the grim grandeur of the scene.

"Good good, Sir," said the man suddenly "I'm right glad it aint the house."

Salcum asked the South woads.

"I wonder if they have got the back out?"

"Can't tell, Sir. Poor old Squire Ransome, 'er 'ad back back for years."

"Is he married?"

"Don't know, Sir, I'm sure."

They plunged on down hill, reached the stile, & went at a fast trot over the meadows. The fire off the fire lit the valley with strange, disturbed, glowing the great trees, turning out the dense green glow of the grass. Tall flames were within upwards like giant snakes, rising at the clouds of smoke that rolled upwards to be lit by the light of the moon. The fire had gapped four out of the five stacks in the yard & Salcum judged that they all were doomed.

Coming to the stream & crossing the bridge they turned back from the house & ran up the lane leading to the farm building. The room of the fire was at the base of a waterfall. Smoke & sparks & steam overlaid, while above the house undulant of the flames rose the spray of the back & the burning of the water. At the end of the lane Salcum & the small boy fell off on the bloody, burning glass of the burning stacks. The place glowed like a furnace, flames & water over the stables meadows.

At the end of the lane by an iron gate a labourer was standing with a frightened look. The brute was leaning against the fence & seemed likely to knock the man down under its hoofs. Given Brent ran forward to the fellow's help. Together they managed to get the frightened brute down the lane, & behind a high hedge where the gate was held. They tethered the brute to an oak sapling & left him there.

"'ave you got 'em all out, mate?"

"There be two more in the stable."

"We ain't much time to take."

"Job Pyle be in the mill 'er. I'm all a'fraid of getting my leg broke."

"What about the beasts?"

"We must drive 'em out into the meadow."

The three men ran on into the yard, shading their faces from the glare of the fire. The burning stacks were at the far end of the enclosure; on the north stood the byre & stable, the granary & barn to the east. The labourer made a call the open ground for the stable, stopped at the doorway & called to Job's Pangle who was within. Only a cry for help came out to them where two black dogs were plunging & snorting in the stalls.

"Job's down" cried the man.

For Brent, quick & determined, pushed in front him, seized on a huddled figure lying near the plough harrow, & dragged the creature out towards the threshold. He was bleeding from a wound in the forehead, & left leg was broken below the knee. Salcove & the Smith lifted him up, & carried him whispering & groaning out into the yard. He laid him on a pile of straw at a safe distance from the fire.

"What about the beasts?" asked the gentleman.

"I have smothered the sweet from his forehead."

"They'll be done & away with them."

"We must get them out."

"I'm game."

"Good man. Get in there - get all down cloths from the house to wrap their heads in."

The labourer hurried off, while Salcove bent over the creature & asked him how he felt. The man was quite conscious - though hurried with fear.

"I be all right," he said, "get the 'olled out. I shant hurt 'em."

Now began to stream into the yard from the village with much shouting & clanking of buckets. Salcove & the Smith took command - for Peter Ransome himself was nowise to be seen. They set several men to look to the cattle in the byre, & to turn them out into the meadow. Others made for the pond beyond the stable, & filling their buckets began to douse the burning litter about the yard, & made some efforts to save the

last stack that stood nearest to the stable. Falconer, with a small & two other men had gone in with the slave of the fire. I went through every service & narrow loop. It was all by work, looking--the frightened beasts, but the men went through until it, & had the animals halted & muffled out of the stable. The cattle had been driven out of the byre & were lying in the meadows amid a clamorous concourse of geese & poultry. Meanwhile Mr. Pomeroy & the rearguard had come in from Stingsmere, & went to work to prevent the fire spreading to the out-hauld.

John Falconer & the small turned their attention to the carters who were lying on a heap of straw with a broken leg. They found a couple of hands in the wagon wheel, lashed them together over four staked posts, & laid Job Pingle thereon. Cudding the girl with their rough shetters they came to the high brick wall that parted the farmyard from the garden. The gate in the wall stood open, & Falconer who headed the shetters saw a girl with a red shawl over her head & standing there in the shadow. A black dog crouched at her feet. So intent, was she on watching the flaming light that she did not see the shetters breast for the moment.

"Can we bring the man into the house?"

The girl started, lit her shawl full back upon her shoulder, & showing the dark mass of her locked hair. She came out from the doorway, pale, new white & solemn, the light of the fire shining with a peculiar light in her eyes.

"Who is it?" she asked, not recognizing Falconer for the moment.

"Job Pingle," said the small from the rear.

"Is he all right, Miss?" asked the man in the shetters, "the 'oldest' brooked his skin; that, he all."

Margie let them pass in at the gate, her eyes fixed upon Falconer's strong face with some surprise. She had recognised him suddenly for the man she had met that evening in the meadows.

"Could you take him into the kitchen?" she said quickly. "Send the girl and three. They will look after you, Job. We must send you back for the doctor."



Falconer or Jim Brent carried the cat into the garden, & down the  
dark path under the egresses to the kitchen. Niagara remained by the door  
with the dog at her heels, watching the fun. The black figures  
flitted waddly about the yard.

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## VIII

When John Palemer returned from carrying Job Pines into the kitchen he found Mary Ann Randerson still standing in the doorway with the tall cypress leaning above her golden edged against the background of the fire. Her profile was outlined for the main by the burning stacks. He marked her slightly parting lips, straight forehead, & full rounded chin, the way she held herself with head thrown back, & the curve of her figure showing. John Palemer looked somewhat under the shadow of the cypress as though he was pleased with what he saw.

"We have put the man on the couch, Miss Randerson" he said as he drew close to her by the gate. "I don't think he is dangerously hurt."

She gulped suddenly, & looked like one who had beheld herself alone. There was a dazed look upon her face, a look of undiminished faith as though the darkness of the night had stunted her courage. The significance of those flaming stacks was very vivid to her. She planned to trace "him" upon the dark canopy of the sky.

I am glad the man is not much hurt, "she said turning back toward the door fast.

Palmer was looking at her with a grave interest in his eyes.

"I believe we met this evening" he said.

"Yes."

"I am staying at Kingsmore."

"Are you?"

"At the Museum on the green. I came down to see if I could give any help."

Palmer leaned his shoulder against the wall & gazed thoughtfully at the burning stacks. The fire was creeping toward the out-bushes, & he was wondering how long it would be before the engine from Rotherly had arrived. Mary Ann's eyes

were studying Falcon's face, considering its keen manhood of outline its fine nose, its air of magnificent self-trust. The girl had never seen so fine a face before, nor one that had impressed her with such a sense of strength & honor. For the moment in watching him she even forgot the burning stacks, & the old man sitting white & dazed in the dark dining room of the Grange.

"I am sorry for all this" said Falcon suddenly, his eyes still turned towards the fire.

Mary did not answer him for the moment. The sense of sympathy in his tone & presence were so novel to her that she was busy wondering over them in her heart.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

She went back against the doorpost & stared at the dark figures moving about the pick yard.

"I cannot tell" she said <sup>with much</sup> truthfully.

"I will do not begin without a cause."

"No."

"I hope you are injured."

"I am afraid not" she said miserably.

Falcon placed in her face & read enough more to show there to pierce the heart of even a meaner man. The girl was young & lonely, so sympathetic & yet so fine that the cruelty of 'misfortune' seemed foreign to her face. Her lips quivered as she stood there in the morning glow of the flames, her hands folded over the redshaw that was called upon her bosom.

"I am sorry for that" said the man very gravely.

"Thank you."

"You do not think that I am presuming?"

"No."

"You may trust my sympathy - I promise you."

The stern realism of the hour seemed to throw the minor affectations of life into deep shadow. In the red butte of the living rock the bold features of life, ~~stark~~ raw, & pitiless, & deep, stood out in stark relief. So Mary there appeared of a sudden a strange yet delightful naturalness in the maid nearest to her that night. She felt no shyness before

him. There was such a straight mouthed, steady eyed look to a man  
him that the claim of his sympathy banished all else.

"The fortune never seen to come singly" he said.

"I see."

"Only a few days ago -"

"I have heard about that," he interposed frankly.

"Have you?"

"Yes - enough to make me understand what that must mean to  
you. Do not pain yourself by repeating it."

"Oh - I can face things."

"I do not doubt it."

"But it is hard, hard for my father, - and -"

She faltered suddenly, turning her face away with a spasmodic  
shaking of her whole body that was strangely pathetic. Salcedo  
drew himself up, & grasped his shoulder, & stepped out two  
paces into the yard. He had conceived a sudden horror of  
pressing too closely upon the girl's sorrow. Now had the sad  
confidence of the moment justified his manhood in proceeding  
with too much kindness.

"Listen" he said suddenly, holding up his hand.

Margie had been leaning against the wall with her hand  
pressed almost fiercely over her mouth. She straightened at the  
sound of Salcedo's voice, & stood - listening. Above the roar of  
the fire they could hear the dull thump of hoofs & of heavy  
wheels upon the road. The girl moved forward & stood at  
Salcedo's side, her savage feeling at the sound wavered in  
volume each moment.

"Thank God" he said "they are coming at last."

The man was ~~looking~~ anxiously at the stack nearest to the  
outhouse. ~~It was~~ <sup>He was</sup> ~~looking~~ <sup>watching</sup> anxiously, & appeared in imminent danger  
of toppling towards the stable that was built largely of wood.

"They will have the shed?" said the girl at his elbow.

"Yes" he answered quietly.

"That will be something."

A still braver clatter & a peal of shouting the  
Rocky must fire engine <sup>came</sup> at the toll into the Gray.

richyard. The men in their brass helmets came lagging down; the fires were up, & steam billowing from the dome. The horses were taken out, while the brigade captain, a local pork butcher, went forward to reconnoitre the burning stacks. Falconer, leaning against the gate, crossed the yard to him, & pointed to the rich meadow to the stable.

"That stack looks like falling," he said bluntly.

The captain, a red faced fat, consequential little man, turned on Falconer with no great courtesy.

"You leave things to me, Sir," he said, "it's my business, ain't it!"

"I suppose you don't mind taking a hint."

"Darn me, Sir, if I took 'em from the 'ole crowd, a pretty lot of good I should do. Stand back please."

The butcher had hardly spoken when the dome of the stack lurched slowly, & half sliding, half falling, rolled in a blazing mass against the stable wall. A great wave of smoke & sparks rushed heavenwards, & there was a general scramble from the shower of burning litter, the captain of the brigade not being the last to retreat.

He ran back to his engine crew & began to give his orders in language that was not ambrosial. The feeding pipe had been carried through the barn & down behind the stable to the pond. Bead helmeted men were screwing up the hose pipes. Soon there was the thud-thud of the engine, & a silver stream flashed from the nozzle upon the burning pipe.

The sky, bright of the stable were already alight, & it looked for the moment as though the fire would spread by the building to the cattle shed & barn beyond. One of the grange labourers came up to the butcher with the news that one of the stalls was half packed with hay. Falconer heard the confession & realised its significance. With the hay in the stable the flames would find more inflammable material to help them towards the byre.

I saw the captain on this occasion he called to Jim Went the Smith & several other men, & made for the stable door without delay. The heat was almost unbearable, & smoke was surely inside, but the men could see their way. I was after this was noticed out & pulled a safety in a far corner of the yard. There were not six hundred remaining when I awoke, tipped over a loose cow machine, & fell heavily close to the wall. He was conscious of the moment of a sharp pain in his right hand, & a scumby of a hand was blood running down his finger. In his fall he had hit his hand upon a broken bottle, & the glass had gored him mortally in the wrist & palm.

Stumbling out of the smoke stable, with his throat & eyes smarting, he wound his handkerchief about his wrist. Chancing to glance across the rich yard he saw the girl Mayday still standing by the gate. He called over to her, the blood dripping from his finger as he went.

Another wounded one he said lightly.

She came forward a step to meet him, looking in his face.

"I have hit my hand -"

"Oh, - I'm 'sides"

"It's a mother's mischief."

"Set me 'tis, it's off for you."

"Will you?"

He stopped & looked at it, with his eyes very earnest.

"It's a blunderbuss handle" she said.

"Perhaps I ought to have it washed" he suggested.

"I'll come. How thankful I am, me. Please come into the house!"

Salomon appeared to be asked.

"It's a really very good of you" he said.

"Good indeed! How long have you been happy?" How did it happen?"

"Broken glass -"

"It must have hurt you."

She sucked in her breath with a quick sound of sympathy, turned, & pulled into the garden. Salomon, with a last glance at the fire, followed her. He saw that the stable was

likely to be saved, & with a clear conscience as to direction in the  
 hour of need he stands after Mayday down the path that led to  
 the better door.

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# IX

Galeener followed Margery into the old kitchen with its great beamed and brick floor, its huge fireplace with brass candle-holders above - a "beak" "dags" below. A lamp hung by a chain from a staple in the central beam. On the couch by the wall lay John Ringle, his head swathed in calico bandages, his beamed face white with pain & <sup>from</sup> blood. Old Sarah was sitting by him in an arm chair with a well worn bible lying in her lap.

The old woman started up at the sound of the girl's voice. She glanced at Galeener's face - a red hand, & ran into the scullery for a basin. Margery was turning back her sleeve over her shaggy forearm; a little steamed on the fire, & there was a roll of old linen in a basket on the floor.

"What about your coat?" she said, turning to Galeener with anxious yet steady eyes.

"Can I run them the other way back?"

She did so, deftly & busily while the man held his hurt hand towards her with the blood-stained handkerchief over the hand. Sarah had come <sup>back</sup> laden with a great white basin & a bottle of Candy's Ointment. She poured hot water from the bottle, touched some of the purple liquid into it, & began to rummage in the bag basket for linen to make a swab.

Galeener moved to the table, unwound the handkerchief, & thrust his hand into the bowl; after Sarah had tempered the heat with cold water from a jug. Margery stood close to him under the lamp, bending over the basin & the man's wounded hand.

"What a horrid cut!" she said, half shuddering, as the blood floated & played in the swabbing water.

Galeener smiled, with no great discontent in his eyes.

"Can you stand it?" he asked, "perhaps -"

He had glanced at Sarah whose rugged face was looking at him out of the shadows of the room. Mayon understood his meaning, & repelled his advances as to her eyes & steadiness.

"I have none enough" she said.

"Sure?"

"Yes, unless of course you would rather not rely on me."

"Pardon" said the man fearfully "I was only afraid of bothering you at such a time."

So he took a pad of linen from Sarah, & grasping Falconer's wrist with her left hand, began to bathe the cut gently, with her long basket weaving & hooded above her rounded cheeks. The man stood without a trace, a smile playing about his mouth as though the ordeal was by no means terrible. The light of the lamp streamed upon the girl's dusky hair, upon her white neck, & delicately shapely ears. There was a delightful intention in her whole attitude, a suggestion of a true compassion that was eye with charm.

"I wonder if there is any glass in the house" she said suddenly, looking up & laughing into Falconer's face.

"I had not thought of it."

"There may be."

"Prove it."

"How?"

"With your finger. Be careful of yourself - though."

Mayon thrust the tip of her little finger gently into the wound - & stood considering, with her eyes again into the fire.

"I can't feel anything" she said.

"So much the better."

"I wonder if I have washed it enough. There is a lot of blood; is it there?"

"There's plenty more left" said the man.

She smiled, her red lips curling apart alluringly; there was a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes as she looked back her hand from off her face.

"You bear it well" she said.

He had glanced at Sarah whose rugged face was looking at him out of the shadow of the room. Mayon indeed took his meaning, & repelled his advances as to her eyes & steadiness.

"I have none enough" she said.

"Sure?"

"Yes, unless of course you would rather not rely on me."

"Pardon" said the man frankly "I was only afraid of bothering you at such a time."

She took a pad of linen from Sarah, & grasping Falconer's wrist with her left hand, began to bathe the cut gently with her long lather, wearing a shadow above her rounded cheeks. The man stood without a trace, a smile playing about his mouth as though the ordeal was by no means terrible. The light of the lamp streamed upon the girl's dusky hair, upon her white neck, & delicately shaped ear. There was a delightful intention in her whole attitude, a suggestion of a true compassion that was eye with charm.

"I wonder if there is any salt in the wound" she said suddenly, looking up & looking into Falconer's face.

"I had not thought of it."

"There may be."

"Probe it."

"How?"

"With your finger. Be careful of yourself - though."

(Mayon thrust the tip of her little finger gently into the wound, & stood collecting, with her eyes gazing into the fire.)

"I don't feel anything" she said.

"So much the better."

"I wonder if I have washed it enough. There is a lot of blood; it is there."

"I have plenty more left" said the man.

She smiled, her red lips curling apart alluringly; there was a faint gleam of mischief in her eyes as she looked back at her hand from off her face.

"You bear it well" she said.

He had glanced at Sarah whose rugged face was out of the shadow of the room. Mayon looked too repelled to answer as to her eyes & steadiness.

"I have none enough" she said.

"Sure?"

"Of course, unless of course you would rather not see me."

"Please" said the man frankly "I was only looking at you at such a time."

So he took a pad of linen from Sarah, & with her left hand, began to bathe the cut on her forehead. She was wearing a hood above her forehead & stood without a tongue, a smile playing about her mouth though the ordeal was by no means terrible. The lamp streamed upon the girl's dusky hair, upon her delicately shaped ears. There was a delightful whole attitude, a suggestion of a brave combat with pain.

"I wonder if there is any salt in the wound," he looked up, & glanced into Falconer's face.

"I had not thought of it."

"There may be."

"Probe it."

"How?"

"With your finger. Be careful of yourself."

Mayon thrust the tip of her little finger into the wound, & stood calculating, with her eyes fixed on the wound.

"I can't feel anything" she said.

"So much the better."

"I wonder if I have washed it enough. Blood, it's all there."

"There's plenty more left" said the man.

She smiled, her red lips curling apart in a faint gleam of merriment, in her eyes her hand from off her face.

"You bear it."



"It is but a small thing" he answered gravely.

"I might bind it up now."

"Yes."

"Give me a clean towel, Sarah. Have you ready?"

The old woman began tearing the linen into strips that seemed to give vent to her varied & much Mary was drying the man's hand with the strips as Sarah passed them to her, & he about Galen's wrist & hand. Soon the clean unfolded by any staining thought of blood, & task finished.

"I suppose I must keep my hand up?" the

"A shug!" she exclaimed, "of course!"

You want a scarf. Sarah, there is a lot of mine in the cupboard chest in the hall."

"She is very good of you!"

"Is it!" she asked feebly, "I think lies on one side."

Old Sarah returned with the scarf, & she knitted the arm about Galen's neck so his hand hung close below his left shoulder.

"I think that will do" she said, sweetly.

"Thankfully."

"Would you have some wine or cake? I must bring you into the kitchen."

"Thanks" said the man, "to be frank with me, I am very hungry."

Mary led him out by the passage into black passageway, the stone flagged floor, the antique cupboard. A slit of light showed down the stair, & where the girl had left he found her father sitting in his arm chair the candle by him, & the angle of the room was dark. He had been in his bed for some time.

disturb her with a visitor at such an hour.  
close to her - she could not well draw back.

Peter Ransome glanced up at his daughter, to  
a man to whom an opening door brought tidings of  
I stood aside to let John Galester enter.

"This gentleman has been helping us in the yard  
said. "He cut his hand. I have brought him  
cane. Mr - "

"Galester, John Galester," said the man & then

"Mr Galester - my father."

Peter Ransome was in the act of going  
when Galester crossed the room to his  
left hand.

"Please don't bother to get up," he said,  
that I am intending unreservedly as it is."

"Not at all, not at all," returned the old man,  
into his chair.

"- cut my hand on some glass."

"I am sorry for that, Sir."

"And Mrs Ransome was kind enough to

the old man's head & brow white  
with peculiar force to Galester's chivalry.  
man well stretched in years when what  
were hurrying to the grave. Galester's  
which is strong in all magnanimous nature  
the weak against misfortune. He was  
manly defence & sought about it as  
Ransome, the night

Maynard, who had been searching the ditch  
looking somewhat distressed with an empty  
hand.

"There is no silver, father," he said.

"No, child, no," quoth the old man and  
we've had the last battle up."



"Is there any claret?"

Peter Randome was rubbing his hands together nervously.  
"I am afraid I must apologise, Sir," he said "our  
new waiter has, I think, left my memory."

Salcove, heartily angry with himself for having put  
in such a ~~mean~~ <sup>mean</sup> dilemma, broke in eagerly, flushing at  
look on the girl's face. The significance of this he  
had touched the sensitive part of him heavily. He  
well enough that Peter Randome's cellar had never  
of old.

"Really" he had protested with much fervour "as a  
fact I would rather not have any wine. It makes  
me, I believe. Some cake, anything - will do. I am  
of trusting myself to you at such an hour."

"You have found us rather in disorder, Sir," said  
Salcove.

"And I must apologise," said Salcove, "I feel  
no right here."

Margaret had brought out a home made cake from the  
H. a hand shook a little as she cut the cake, &  
died on the table by Salcove's chair. Even the  
nervous of poverty seemed to be rising up against her  
small shame that the grand poor house do well.

Salcove, sensible of the strained atmosphere about  
it his duty to depart as soon as courtesy would permit.  
Margaret, very aware, had sunk into a chair, her tired  
Salcove's face. His air of, courteous sympathy -  
candour appeared to have ~~noted~~ <sup>suggested</sup> a  
Randome with the desire to talk. The man did  
him to be a stranger; at least there was nothing  
about his presence in the room, but rather a special  
magnetism that invited confidence. Peter Randome  
to whom he could confide his troubles, no one that  
seemed capable of giving him advice. He was a



had stumbled upon a man incapable of mean sentiment.

"Stumbled, Sir" he said - with his thin hands moving restlessly "trouble always seems to breed trouble. We farmers have had rough deals for many years."

Falconer bent back in his chair with his eyes fixed on the old man's face.

"I am sorry about the fire" he said.

Peter Ransome nodded - although there was little need to say beside his misfortune.

"May I ask if you are insured?"

"No, not a penny."

Falconer looked grave.

"There were five stacks, were there not?"

"Yes, Sir, five. Two new hay ricks, & last year's corn - barley. I was keeping the grain off. The weather's expensive, I thought the price might rise."

"Have 'nt you any idea how the fire started?"

"Not a notion, Sir."

"The hay was 'nt damp?"

"Duff as could be" said the old man sadly.

Falconer stretched his chin, & frowned.

"Has any one a grudge against you?" he asked.

The old man looked at him in some surprise.

"As he, not as I remember. I have always treated my men well."

"Of course, Sir; you will call in the police."

"The police! What good would they do?"

"They might discover how the fire originated."

"Perhaps I'd better" said Peter Ransome hesitantly.

Falconer bent forward in his chair.

"I am going in to see the magistrate this morning" he said "shall I interview them for you?"

"I shan't say good of you" said the old man with a look of gratitude.

Falconer, glancing at the window, saw to his astonishment that the dawn was creeping into the dusk by & by. He rose up &



held out his <sup>left</sup> hand to Peter Rawson, causing my mind  
more sympathy than more words could have uttered.  
would have risen, but Falconer would not suffer  
her from her chair. She unlocked the front door  
went out with him into the garden. I saw and  
the sleeping roses, & upon the flowers. The meadows  
mist - half night - half dawn. In the east a  
of glowing gold banded the sky & the woods, dark  
stretching & hanging out towards the dawn.

Falconer stayed at the white gate & stood looking  
meadows towards the east. The thrush of the evening  
chance of many voices still came from the mill yard  
been beaten back - I had 2 weeks to an angry  
hissing curbs. Mary had left her shawl in  
dark black hair "fell in" marked about her face  
dark shadows under her eyes, faint lines about  
whole face was one of restless loneliness as if  
the fresh scent of the dawn sweeping with it  
over the meadows.

Falconer had turned a look looking gravely in  
night's turmoil seemed to have brought them  
other. He felt great pity for the girl  
there before her old home with the awareness  
into her heart.

"You look tired to death" he said now he

"I am" she answered.

"What you go & get some sleep?"

His eyes fastened up to her. They were very  
deep like the golden gleam of the dawn.

"Do you think it possible?" she asked  
drooping of her mouth.

Falconer held out his hand to her with a  
lighting his dark eyes.

"I am"

"I am"

"I can't have you breaking down - at such a time."

"I can bear it" He said roughly with his head kept a cold in his  
He passed through the gate - & looked back at her very  
suddenly.

"Goodnight, & get goodnight" he said.

"Goodbye" she answered him.

"No, not goodbye" he retorted "we have only just met."



# X

About eight o'clock that morning Mr. Charles Carter came up the Grange lane, calling one of the lads along with him, about to hold his horse, strode into the yard with an air of anxious importance. He strode into the middle of the yard the Reckington furnace about their engine, breakfasting on tea which old Sarah had provided for them.

Mr. Carter gazed round him critically, some yellow gaiters with his riding switch, & after about the engine. Mr. Baggs the pork butcher's help drowned in a cup of tea the captain with a familiarity that completely justified, for the pork butcher was no mean a well turned brawler.

"Good morning, Baggs. See you've saved the building, I observe."

The captain wiped his moustache on the back of his hand & appeared profoundly proud of himself. "Yes, we saved the shed, Mr. Carter. I was a bit of a workman. I turned out each one of us, & tumbled down here."

"Smart work" observed Mr. Carter, "you're just the man for this work, Baggs. Start?"

The pork butcher took the flattery to heart with self confidence. Mr. Charles Carter's presence in such society. He had such a way of always had the vanity to treat even a consideration & flaxid good humour.

"Can't tell, su" said Mr Baggs solemnly, "seem to 'ave staid in the far rich nigh the garden wall. Riches were 'nt dapp' either in the 'chad's' day. Can't know whether any tramp 'ar bump' playin' with matches?"

"I asured, eh?"

"Can't know, su" said Mr Baggs with a shake of the head.

Mr Carter nodded offably to several of the fine men, expectorated, & remarked "that it was a bad business". He crossed the yard, entered the garden & falling round the house, pealed loudly at the porch bell. Mr Carter was not a man who made his presence felt gently. Like a blue bottle his self-assertive conceit was ever noisy, jovial, & ~~back~~ full of the sterner babblings of youth.

Old Sarah opened the door to him, & her eyes brightened when she recognized Mr Carter's chubbily handsome face. The most women of her class she took bance for garter up-tance, & loud affability for good breeding. The old lady conscientiously believed Mr Carter to be one of the finest & gayest fellows that ever straddled a horse. He was so fresh & white, so merry, so successful.

"Good morning, Sarah," he said cheerily "long to hear about this fire. How's the matter, eh? Much cut up? Have ridden over to see Miss Mayoy. Nothing like a friend when cued in trouble."

The old woman beamed significantly as she stood holding the handle of the door. Peter Thorne & his daughter were at breakfast in the dining room.

"Come in, su" she said warmly "glad to see you, I'm sure."

"I thought I might be off some use" observed Mr Carter with an air of florid generosity.

"Oh how you kind I heart" retorted the old lady with a motherly snigger.

The dining room door opened at the same moment, & Mayoy herself came out into the hall. She looked white & tired, & her eyes brightened but little when she saw

Mr Carter. She was wearing a pink cotton dress, & the colour suited well the colour of her face.

Mr Carter's countenance was an expression of flattering concern. He pressed May's hand affectionately, & looked with familiar earnestness into her eyes.

"Awfully sorry, Madge" he said "to hear of this second misfortune. I took care at once, directly I had the news. How Mr Peter takes it."

"Very well" he said simply.

"You look washed out, & no wonder."

"I am tired" she confessed heavily.

Peccolichly enough Mr Charles Carter did not seem to her to be as polished & courteous as usual. She found herself ~~comp~~ thinking that he was somewhat blatant & officious, & less bearable than of old. Whether the gentleman had changed, or whether her own ideals had been brushed upon by some manner influence she could not tell for the moment.

"I was very glad of you to come over so soon" she said calmly, looking past him towards the golden meadow.

"May I see Mr Peter?"

"He is in the dining room."

"Thank you, Madge. Why don't you go & be down & get the sparkle back into those eyes of yours?"

May stood back with him - with an air of abjectness about her. She must familiarly greeted upon her more than she had remembered it to have done of old. His consequential & somewhat self-satisfied attempts at sympathy did not comfort her in the least. Feeling ungracious however & he consoled her for sentiments, believing that the man's motives were kindly enough, though his methods were irritating.

"Wait you come in?" she asked.

"With pleasure."

"Bring another cup, Sarah please. Mr Carter will have some coffee."

The gentleman farmer left his hat & riding whips on the hall table, & stalked stiffly down after Mary into the dining room. Peter Ransome was sitting in his chair, looking thinner & feeble, a man no longer equal to meeting & quare chatted the challenges of providence. He glanced up half timidly, & appeared shocked when he recognized the visitor.

Mr Carter held out his hand to the old man with an air of patronising kindness that was not lost upon the daughter. She could not help contrasting Mr Carter's effusive consideration with Salmond's dignified & manly courtesy.

"Hallo - Ransome" said the young man with easy kindness, "sorry to hear of this - you know. Bad luck, bad luck! How are you feeling?"

Peter Ransome appeared somewhat overweighed by Charles Carter's suffering sympathy. He looked dazed & vacant, & glanced appealingly towards his daughter.

"I am rather tired, Sir" he said, "want you & El down & have some breakfast?"

Mr Carter accepted the invitation, & smiled reassuringly at Mary as she waited upon him.

"I must ask you to remember, Ransome" he said with full-throated earnestness, "that you may rely upon me in every way. I have hidden away to see whether I can be of any use to you & Madge - here. I'm a busy man - you know, but a friend is a friend, & Charles Carter - knows a thing or two."

Peter Ransome smiled feebly, & looked vaguely at his daughter.

"It is very good of you, Mr Carter" he said, "I'm afraid we are in a bad way. The old story, Sir, bad luck & bad times."

"I don't know about that" retorted the gentleman farmer deliberately, "I've done all right, bad & bad as good. There's something in method."

"You're going, Sir" said the old man sadly, "wait till you have been fairly good through."

"I'm ready" quoth Mr Carter settling his tie, "I'm a man



of every, I grant you, Ransome. I can take the rough with any fellow."

"Doubtless, doubtless" replied the old man, patiently.

"Pity you did not let me give you a hint or two before."

There was the click of a gate, & the sound of steps upon the garden path, the brisk rat-tat of the postman upon the porch door. Mayag slipped out to take the letter. She came back slowly with a lay-a-pretentious looking envelope in her hand, bearing on the flap the monogram S. B.

The girl gave it to her father without a word, & watched his face anxiously as he tore open the envelope. Peter Ransome held the sheet before him with trembling hands. She saw the furrows in his brow grow deeper as he ran his eyes over the brief sentences.

"God helps us" he said suddenly, letting the letter fall, while his hand rested lightly on his knee; "this is the end of it. Charles, lad, read that letter."

Mayag had slipped round behind her father's chair, & placed her hands upon his shoulders. He lay back as though dazed, his eyes turned vacantly to the blue sky showing through the open casement. Mr Carter had picked up the letter from the floor, & sat reading it with his elbow resting on his knee.

"Sir" it ran

"I give you notice the according to the terms of the mortgage arranged between us Springfield the foreclosure within the stated time of three months. You are indebted to me to the amount of £3500, including both capital supplied - & the interest that has accumulated. Unless the money be forthcoming I shall enter into possession."

Silas Bawtree."

Mr Carter sat up in his chair, whistled softly & stared hard into Peter Ransome's face.

"By Jove, sir," he said "I never knew you had this side  
round your neck."

The old man did not answer him. He was lying back in his  
chair with his head on his daughter's shoulder, his breath coming  
flecking feebly through his parted lips. His right hand was gripping  
blindly along the polished hand rail of the chair.

Mr Carter jumped, & stopping - looked in the old man's face.

"Mr Randome," he said anxiously.

Peter Randome did not answer him. Mr Carter's eyes met his eyes.  
They looked at each other questioningly, mutely, & with an earnestness  
that was significant.

"He is tired," said the girl.

"He is -" began the man, & then stifled the words upon  
his lips, "by God, Madge, I will ride for Saunders at  
Rochester."

A sudden sternal bleanness had fallen upon the girl's face.  
She gazed at the man eagerly, her pupils dilating, her  
cheeks bloodless.

"What is it? Tell me."

"He is ill. I will go at once."

"No, no, it is only that he is tired to death."

"I tell you, Madge, it is worse than that."

She rose up from her knee & bent over her father with a  
look of pathetic uncertainty. The old man's mouth was drawn  
aside. His head rolled to the left; one arm hung down  
helplessly from the shoulder.

"Father," she said almost in a whisper.

Peter Randome neither stirred nor heeded her, & there was  
no intelligence in his half-closed eyes. Slowly, with her hand to  
her face, Madge rose up from off her knee, turned, & looked at  
Mr Carter helplessly. The man's swarthy face wore an expression  
of troubled pity. He stood stiff & forward, knowing not for  
the moment what to say to her.

"What is it?" he asked him very quietly.

"A stroke, I am afraid."

"I stood right with her hands over her heart, her eyes fixed upon

her father's face. As Carter turned his head aside, with a sense of anguish in his throat.

"For God's sake go at once" he said

"I'll ride for Saunders."

"Do - do"

"Keep of your ways, Madge."

"Don't speak to me" he said, "I can't bear it now."

Mr Carter could not look at her, then turned & left her alone in silence. He took his hat & whip, ran down the garden path, & shouted for his horse. In half a minute he was riding for Rotherham, swearing at Silas Bawthreep to relieve his feelings.

Meanwhile Maynard had fled into the kitchen & called old Sarah to her. Together they returned to the dining room & lifted Peter Railstone from his chair, laid him gently on the couch & drew down the blinds. The old man was quite dead, with his mouth twisted, his hair half white, his hands in his pockets. Sarah & the girl stood & gazed at him, with an impotence that

She put her hand

to her with a sense of

and brokenly "the good God in

shall."

you take it too much to heart."

He had often held her at a little to her stout motherly bosom

old woman's shoulder. She found comfort in her tears.

with that huddled  
am about  
word



The Man with the Crooked Face.

---

Copy of Original Courtesy of  
Sir Reginald Worthington



Covered by a curtain of black velvet the portrait hung on the west wall of the room.

The little, crook-backed servant <sup>rose</sup> sloppily in his slippers to open the eyes of Garbary House, pulled back the curtain: a light the picture caught the ~~sun~~ light. She sudden, brilliant colour seemed to start out of the ~~picture~~ wall, & Mr Parson stood & stared at the picture. The portrait had a fascination for him, & in the Parson's world fascination was power. Seven, & a half a slightly violent the face looked straight forward out of the canvas with its ~~dark~~ dark eyes & ~~dark~~ dark hair & mouth. The painter had seen Sir Richard Mallison on the soldier & great gentleman, courteous & art, & had conceived a masterpiece. Suddenly, Sir Richard Mallison had been as brilliant as his portrait, a very handsome man in a black frock, & red coat & a ~~white~~ <sup>vest</sup> of white & gold brocade, but the curtain of black velvet covered the picture, & the Mallison would never be marked.

Mr Parson was an oddity. Having so few people to tell to in Garbary House he rather liked to talk, or to the picture. He could be a dry & contentious little Soloman & wrinkled nose, black breeches & a white shirt.

"Good morning, Sir Richard Crooked Face. Vandy of vanter, what!" And how are we feeling this morning?

I was much when Mr Parson the hunchback took his philosophy in vinegar, & put the world in a pillbox. Sir & Parson had not been insignificant to him. His stocky thing loose in his shanks. At the early hour he was loud & master in the stable room, mused a misanthrope, able to vent his gossip upon the great, & play Punch and to Adam & Eve.

For, a second portrait confronted that of Sir Richard Mallison, & it had no curtain of black velvet. It hung over the fireplace & caught the afternoon sunlight even as that of the Parson expanded to the light of the early morning. She had had her the colour of wheat, it hung in curls about her face, &



a soaked shawl about her forehead. Her eyes were blue & full, the lips equally full & of a coral color. She smiled, & her smile was a hundred & several times more lovely than the red coat.

So thought Mr. Parnass. Sir Richard's eyes stared straight at the lady as though confounding the indelible favour & pleasure of her. Mr. Parnass knew their story. He was lying with the dog beside of it in the dusty silence of Gaby House, & it seemed to him to bridge his fancy at the expense of the two people in the wall, to waste their ~~in vain~~ <sup>dialogue</sup> conversation, to provoke them into exchanging ~~their~~ recriminations.

"Your ladyship will observe that Sir Richard is in no mood to be fooled this morning. - Ha, - you say! Your ladyship caresses that she has a wondrous fancy for fresh faces."

Mr. Parnass scratched a beard, & scratched a scapular yolkow. Should not a servant be allowed to poke secret ~~fun~~ at his master & to recapture him for your estate security? "Yes, sir. No, sir. There is a lady in my lady's chamber, sir."

Moreover, Gaby House was mad. It lived under the moon with cobwebs in its corners in a wild deep park surrounded by five miles of stone wall. "Mad Mallicken!" Mr. Parnass scratched in other yolkow.

"We will agree, Sir Richard, that the ladyship lost her affection for you when you lost your face. You were put out of countenance, sir, by a cannibal at the battle of Blenheim. And you - so favoured of fortune!"

There was madness when Mr. Parnass made a match of Venus, a particularly so in a manner such as this in the spring of the year, with the cuckoo calling & the sun warming the may-blossom.

"Cuckoo, - cuckoo."

Ridiculous, poor bird! Mr. Parnass tweaked the black curtain back across the picture.

"Cuckoo, - & cuckold to you, sir."

He stared at the lady. "Stupid!" & went round-backed & wobbled about his business.

Mr. Parnass heard footstep descending the oak stairs. They were deliberate & almost even like the slow & measured



striking of a stately clock. Mr Parson had been laying the table for breakfast, with the sun shining in through the diamond glass & painting the colour of the Malheur arms upon the floor. Mr Parson took a drink of tea for breakfast, two boiled eggs, bread & honey, & in summer he took the journey at the door of seven.

She footsteps, crossing the hall, made a shadow sound on its square of black & white marble. Mr Parson stepped to the door, drew it open & stood concealed behind it. Sir Richard passed on, & Mr Parson saw nothing but his back, broad & black below the line of a white waist. It was part of Mr Parson's business to see no more than a back, for it did not please him to be stared at. Mr Parson remained behind the door, & after stepping round it closed it gently behind him.

Malheur walked to the window. It was a large window, & gave upon the terrace with its stone flags & Italian balustrading. A arbutus stood high, & beyond & below the terrace & the trees of the park. Chellwood Chase spread to the horizon, far more mysterious than the sea, clothed with shadows & splashed with sunlight. Malheur stood at one of the open casements. The smell of the May morning came in to him; precious yet infinitely sad.

He turned sharply, walked to the portrait, drew back the curtain & gazed in other self. He had the air of a man capably half to caput reality. She, he faced about & looked at a lady in her green & white gown, with her several red mouth & her powder-blue eyes. On the right of the window by a Venetian mirror, Malheur approached it, & caput yet another reality, the grotesque countenance that was his, a strangely twisted face, one cheek dentured in, the nose deflected, lower jaw sagging to one side, the mouth a slit, one eye clear up, the other down. It was a queer cingle of contradiction, each feature pulling against its neighbour, & yet in spite of its deformity, it had dignity. The black hair was cut close, cheeks, upper lip & chin well shaved, the dead eyes steady.

Malheur bowed gently to his crooked face.

"Goodman, my friend. We are bound to live together."

He turned again to the portrait, looked at it, & then drew the black curtain.

She was the morning's ritual, the grave misfeature of a man who had withdrawn half from the world, & whose



own would be encircled by five miles of park wall.

Malbarn sat down to his breakfast.

He had yet another day before him, & the sun was shining & the woods were green. He could say that fate had left him eager to see them with.

But there was a sound in the hall. The door opened & a spaniel scuffled in. Malbarn turned in his high-backed chair & took the small thing in his hands. It scuffled & wriggled with glee. It licked his face.

For Richard Malbarn smiled that curious, trusted smile of his, mouth a slit, one eyebrow up, one down.

"One is not beholden to a dog."

He merely heaved the little beast's head, & the dog lay in his lap, unperceived, while the master breakfasted.

"Is that against me?" thought the man. "I do not feed the creature lest it should come to me for out of off-bond love."

That, too, was part of the ritual.

## 3

Mr. Roger, riding up from Ryarby Cross, with his horse well back in his seat, & his next unbattered because the day was hot & the Ryarby wall above him. Of grey stone & seven feet high, (it was a fall with the contour of the ground) & backed by holly & beech woods. Mr. Roger could see nearly a mile of it rising & falling like the wall of some dead city against the sky.

Mr. Roger rode over a road to Ryarby House, for he acted as steward of the estate, & a strange stewardship it was. Mr. Roger & Pamela & Lucy of Ryarby Cross were the only persons in Chelwood who were allowed within the wall. There was an other visitor, little Susan, the family-maid who came by coach from London once a quarter to spend three days & nights of her life with Sir Richard. The Ryarby estate ~~reached~~ spread well beyond the Ryarby Cross-roads into Chelwood Chase, & to the north the boundary ran with sight of Saffron Pines. There were more than twenty farms on the estate, leaseholders, copyholders, manor & forest rights to be controlled, & Sir Richard cared for



none of these things. His next roll was left in the Roper's hands, & they were capable & honest hands.

The Roper, arriving at the main gate of the South Lodge, raised his hat & stepped in forward. He was a large, & fresh colored man, square in the head & square in his words, laconic, solid, short in the neck, & shorter in his tongue. His Roman nose ballanced a goodly chin. The man had nobility & repose. He could sit quite still in a chair, & say what had to be said without slopping or sawing. That too was part of the Georgian ritual.

The Roper, having placed his hat, leaned over & struck the gate with his cane. There was my beautiful gate of English work, but red with rust. The shields in the panels had once been gilded, but most of the gold had flaked away. The road was more like a deer track, & within the park it became merged with the turf. ~~It was a fine thing.~~

The Roper started.  
"Slate, - hallo! Are you in bed, woman?"  
A thin like a bent brown stick came out of the lodge. It wore a new-bought <sup>green</sup> frock, which a noise & a chi showed. It seemed to creak. It's voice made a noise like a slate - "Good morning to 'ee, Master Roper. - I did a 'back in the work-hub."

The Roper smiled. - He waited for the old creature to unlock the gate. "Is it the gate of Paradise?" Did old Slate decline his regular? She was the only thing in the world who was permitted to cross within that five mile wall. Georgian was a world without women. Old Slate tugged at the rusty gate. It creaked. It's gate was as stiff as her. The Roper flicked a fly from his lower neck & rode on though.

"What's your age, woman?"  
Slate looked up at him, toothless & puffy.  
"I shall be twenty seven come Christmas."

The Roper felt in a vest pocket & threw her a piece of silver.  
He rode up through the park. Georgian was beach country; Oak was more at home in the Chelwood valley. The piece of parkland was a wild, <sup>overgrown</sup> country with its old yew & thickets of thorn, & its green slopes strepped with primrose. The Roper saw half a dozen red deer down by the brook.



Robb's heart. There was no red deer in Chellwood Chase, only  
fallow & roe, & Sir Richard might think himself lucky that the  
Chamber of Chellwood had not needed his park. I dare say  
Hargreaves whose wildness was becoming intolerable! - The Roper  
saw the red change of Garby above the beech, & then the  
glance of its window & those high gables like picked ears.  
The house had a tower, a tall & stately tower rising into  
soft of old brick among the trees. The black & the green  
cupolas stood there, & over those clay notes had a soft  
and they lost themselves in the stillness of the high woods. White  
clouds were riding the sky, & for a moment the shadow  
of a cloud lay upon the tower.

The Roper's prodigious power was not that of a giant, but a manly  
Garby was a man more than a man. From the  
principal officer of the county held Sir Richard Maller to  
be made. For two centuries the Maller, had led their part  
of the county - master of justice & religion, & the last of  
them had abdicated, & left half of it Garby with all  
better money & a designed face. Of course, the man was  
not a great man. The man was a man, & so the most  
famous of the tale was told about him. He was a man; he  
was a man; he was a man; at night half a dozen ways down  
was let loose; his head was a foot long. The woman  
was allowed in the house. The woman was a man, old man,  
own, bath, step-brother. And the woman's wife was  
not more than a few years old. "But, by God, sir, they  
say he has a wife as good as already."

The Roper knew that such things were said, & though, as a  
man of sense he might regret that, he did not trouble to  
put anyone to bed. The lady was beyond contradiction, &  
preferred her living duty. Moreover, Sir Richard did not  
believe the things that were said of him, & on an occasion when  
the Roper had ventured to suggest that Sir Richard's habits  
of life were <sup>misconstrued</sup> ~~misconstrued~~, Garby had smiled at his  
silly at him.

"Set the fools say what they please, Roper."  
"Fools will, sir."  
"Exactly. So - why trouble?"

The Roper, riding round to the north side of the house  
& into the courtyard, saw the shadow of the roof & the



change in the star, a little else. He dismounted. He looped his  
buckle over the hook in the wall of the porch, & with his hat  
in his hand walked straight into the house. It was completely  
unmistakably silent, & yet <sup>it could not be called</sup> ~~it was not a~~ dead house. It listened to  
your footstep & watched you from dark passages & from <sup>behind</sup> ~~half~~  
half closed doors.

On Paper that cut in chi.

Phar.

He began then to sing.  
"Passer."  
His voice rolled & echoed. He looked at the oak table in the hall, - but he did not lay his hat upon it because of the dust.

" Passer.

"Parsar."  
 The Parsar appeared from the door behind the staircase, rather like a figure stepping out of a wall. He wore shippers, & could be as swift as a cat. He rubbed his hands & was polite to Mr Rogers, for Mr Rogers was the one person who was not afraid of him. "Will you take a glass of <sup>some</sup> ~~strong~~ <sup>strong</sup> wine?"

Mr Rogers, for Mr Rogers was the  
friend of my father. - Will you take a glass of <sup>wine</sup> ~~strong~~, sir?  
Goodman, sir - I'll send place. <sup>me</sup>

"Where's your master? The usual place.  
I will save the

" Good evening, sir. - The usual place. <sup>mine</sup> ~~stay~~ - same cakes  
" What's your master? - I will have the ~~stay~~ - same cakes  
" I prefer so, sir. -

ready, Si."

Mr. Rogers put a hi hat & walked through to the terrace. He turned to the left along it, descended a flight of steps, & saw before hi the Garysburg pavilion. I saw years of Garysburg had been famous for fine furniture. Black & gold & meeting around the ~~wood~~ ~~beams~~ formed a ~~kind of~~ cloister walk too linked yards long a cool & gloomy tunnel into which the sunlight ~~slated~~ <sup>gleamed</sup> ~~there~~. Only the heaviest rain could penetrate, & after a thunder shower the place dripped like a passage cut in rock. An arch of greenish light <sup>tingered</sup> ~~showed~~ at the end of the green walk, for beyond the green an avenue of bushes ran for another palace, more green than the green, & like a high chow <sup>showing</sup> at the end of a ~~dark~~ ~~stalled~~ ~~main~~.

So, Mr. Rogers had chattered

the gods, & the  
state name.  
Sir Richard Meller's chamber. So, the Roger had chattered  
it, a place for a proud & regular spirit to walk  
& meditatively to a pro, recent & sad. The window deepened  
and the Roger's blue eyes. He looked down the tunnel &  
saw nothing there but the faded green slowness of the  
beeches at the end of it. Well, well, but Meller  
might be any the beach there, sitting in the seat that  
gave a view on Chellwood, with a dog at his feet.  
The Roger passed on. He was deeply committed to the year  
when he heard a sound from the garden below, the creak



informed

of a pistol shot. But Mr Rogers stood still. She said did not surprise him; it - too - was part of the Gaby ritual, - told Mr Rogers when Sir Richard Mallen would be found. Below the avenue of yews stretched a turf walk which could be used by a person who preferred daylight to shadow. It had been planned in the reign of the second Charles, with ~~stone pillars~~ <sup>stone pillars</sup> ~~recessed~~ <sup>recessed</sup> - a ledge of box. At the east end of it a statue of Venus, a little classic garden-house closed the vista.

Mr Rogers returned to steps & emerged into the daylight. Sir Richard Mallen was already in pistol. He was in his shirt sleeves, & his coat lay on the grass with the spined curled up on it. Mr Rogers stood to watch. It was most gallant of Mallen to use Venus as a target, though the goddess's beauty had been tarnished by the weather. She was stained green & gold, a self-carved goddess my curiously holding a sacrament over the flower of sun. Moreover, her face was splashed & pitted with lead.

Mr Rogers saw Sir Richard raise his arm, take aim & fire, & a fragment of stone leapt from the head of Venus. Poor Sir Richard's practice was deadly at twenty paces, though his skill with both sword & pistol right to the end of the garden & a gesture to fate. Sir Richard drove shot at an hour's notice. She braced & the breath was sacrament. A weather-stained stone Venus satisfied him.

It was the day who answered Mr Rogers' presence to the mansion. She stowed away his hat.

"I would not spoil your practice, sir."

"Sir, shot a day, Rogers, - I have fired my sixth."

He walked towards the statue with the flat-back pistol in his hand, looked at the face of Venus, smiled that little troubled smile, came back, laid the pistol on a oak bench below the yew border, & put on his coat. Mr Rogers stood & stared at the river. Chellwood was magnificent in the morning - May. Moreover, his lordship did not like being stared at. She was most strictly sanctified. It was it guide. And ~~she~~ <sup>might</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> secret making - self-mockery - the defacement of Venus.

"The target is purely fortuitous, Rogers." Mr Rogers was startled but stood stock-still. It was uncomfortable to have one's thoughts read. By hand



had a knack of seeing behind curtains. That was why Mr Rogers  
made a virtue of being frank with him.

"I take it you could shoot an apple off the lady's head, sir.  
Shall I be excused if I talk business?"

Mr Lord sat down in the seat & took the paper in his hand.  
"It is what you are here for, Rogers. Sit down."

Mr Rogers sat, & glanced briefly with his hat.

"I am sure of Beecham in doing, sir. Pardon. There will be  
the question of merit. He has a fine stallion that has carried  
half the money in the county."

Mr Lord interrupted him.

"How old is the eldest boy?"

"Seventeen, sir."

"Seven children, I believe, - the widow -"

"They are not too large, sir."

"There will be no merit, Rogers. And the widow shall have  
the farm if she wants it."

Mr Rogers nodded.

"You gave me your right, sir."

"I have not asked the dog."

"The privilege of being - mean. - Well, what's the news, Rogers?"

"I call you by quarters. I say - news -"

Mr Rogers passed the tip of his tongue over a fine red lower  
lip.

"Gossip, sir, or word. So far, - bubble. At Manchester  
the bridge lady has a baby."

"She told, - I told."

"She told, sir."

"One a year, - the birdy is fifty. A bag."

"No, a girl, sir, & a bonnet. By Lady Barbara in down  
at the new house."

"Very new, Rogers, isn't it?"

"Such a superb present. Palladium, sir, or shall we  
say Roi Soleil? - And she will be bored with it -  
as usual."

Palladium caused the dog.

"A banner in his own right, a bow to be bowed. What is  
he saying, Rogers?"

Mr Rogers looked grim.

"She shall be in breeches, sir. - I hear she wears breeches  
who she - But that's scandal. A thickening of a  
woman, sir. She is there once again, old  
Hageworth - stands."



"~~Maule Regis - a somewhat lively family.~~

~~Mr Regis put in his hat.~~  
" ~~Simply, Sir? O, my lady!~~ - ~~I am not a woman~~  
~~the Church.~~ ~~But what's that?~~ - ~~I'll just a gay back~~  
~~rather.~~ ~~But when it comes to throwing her back into the park,~~  
~~and sitting down on~~ -  
~~He found, for Sir Richard did not appear to be hating to do~~

Mr Regis joined briefly with his hat. The Manchester & Yorkshire Rovers group was but small change, & if Mr Regis preferred silence to parading trivialities, it was not because he had no matter of sufficient dignity to take the stage. On the contrary Mr Regis could have spoken of happenings that should have moved a Mallen to action. Mr Regis had a Roman quality: a feature, <sup>square chin</sup>, massive head, a reverence for law, & the solid ordering of civilization; & Yorkshire had stood for more than law & order. The Mallen had been great gentlemen even in the face of disaster & to no profit, Mr Regis still behind in the gentleman, though the fashionable world's gentleman might be a brilliant & amusing blackguard. But the last of the Mallen had abdicated so far as Chellwood was concerned, & Chellwood was growing more & more conscious of this abdication. Maule Regis had taken the place of Yorkshire, & Maule Regis was a savage & a dragging horse. It did grow & violently what it pleased, & was pursuing Chellwood to share or to head its pleasures.

Mr Regis could have said - "Chellwood is becoming Hargreaves, Sir, & though I can stomach strong drink, the Hargreaves brew is beyond my stomach. If Yorkshire would caper its own tragedies & emerge into the world, we plain men & women who hold that life should not be all but a love-story & violent laughter, would welcome Yorkshire. Our little world is corrupt, Sir, & the magnificent chair, the pulpit, & the Arctic Court. It is becoming the playground of a pack of fine young brutes who debauch us & laugh at our faces. If - yes, Sir -"

But Mr Regis knew what he knew. Yorkshire have been a law unto itself. The man in the seat beside him would be quick to shoot a too familiar & suggestive touch. He would shake off the influence & send Mr Regis about his business. Still Mallen had been formidable always in their high moods & their manner. Perhaps they were so lightly



the you flanked. Garby had to earned life a he challenged  
at its own time & it its own measure.

Mr Rogers put in his hat.

"I am hiding to Senging, sir. - If you have any business for  
me - then -"

But, & had did not appear to be hitting. He was looking  
out over Chillwood Chase with the air of a man who had  
discovered some stage feature in the landscape. The sunlight,  
shining obliquely from a cloud, touched the south-west  
object that was now a white. Mr Rogers, after a <sup>look</sup> at  
Mallory's face, placed in the same direction & saw that  
white surface gleaming in a sea of green.

Si Richard

"What's that, Rogers?"

And, suddenly, Mr Rogers looked both surprised & grim. He  
could suppose that the new house - the blue distance was  
visible from Garby at ~~some~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup> cadence of light &  
of shadow. Had not Si Richard heard? Well, possibly not.  
But what a confrontation! And what would Garby make of  
it, the machinist a violent gesture of the man who had  
been Si Richard's father?

"That's very peculiar, sir. I did not think one could see the  
place from here, especially with the trees in leaf."

Mallory's face was red.

"Chillwood Manor."

"The new Chillwood, sir, Palladian or Louis Quatorze,  
with a portico like a row of new white teeth."

The smile was absolute. The new mansion seemed to flash  
its white teeth at Garby. It shone from a mount like  
the steeple of a church that is visible all over oblique light  
struck it. Other - it vanished. Mallory, still staring, sat  
on the green hills, fully shocked the dog.

"Why didn't you tell me, Rogers?"

Mr Rogers rubbed his prodigious chin.

"I presumed, sir, that somebody else, - or - rather - I did  
not presume -"

So, nobody had told him that Lady Barbara Chillwood  
had pulled down the old manor & built a new house,  
that very violent new house, within five miles of Garby.  
~~And she was still Lady Garby, for Mallory the~~  
~~noble had secured the fact.~~ The lady had reverted to her  
maiden name & the ancestral estate of Chillwood. She  
was Lady Chillwood in her own right. Probably, Si Richard  
had presumed to be still domiciled in Staly, with  
that long red hair of his lying at lavender.



But what a magnificent, brilliant appearance, make! 'Pearl' had thrown off the lady, & she - after such a disaster - had returned to meet him with that white peerless smile across five miles of open country.

The Roger was aware of Sir Richard rising from the seat, & standing with the dog in his arms.

"It is a peculiar world, - The Roger, & dated in a peculiar fashion."

But what the eye does not see -

The Roger got on his feet.

"I do not presume, sir, to give an opinion. Her ladyship -"

Malherbe turned on his slaps.

"You forget, - Roger. I know no such person."

"I beg your pardon, sir. It was a slip of the tongue."



# II

1.

Solomon Hargreaves' chair had been carried out into the sun. He sat in it with his bolsters of legs hanging down in the white stockings, & his hands like a large turnover. He wore no wig or shoes; his red coat was stained with grease & liquor. Solomon Hargreaves Esq. of Trenchard Place had been deposed for two years, but the rotten part stuck fast to the body.

"I'll eat a warm belly, & bags."

For, in the old man's life was still strong & brutal. His legs might be swollen & aching, but his great mouth reached at life's joys. You had only to look at the huge flat head of his stopped like a mushroom, with its occiput protruding, its fierce martially rounded & its libidinous old eyes to appreciate the regions of the heart. His eyebrows met over his nose in a jungle of bone's bristles. His neck was short & thick; his eyes looked black on either side of his blue mouth.

Mr Hargreaves wanted his belly. He was the old dog in the sun, or suggesting some young & swollen infant ready to chuckle or scream. On a table beside him lay a couple of pistols loaded with black charges, & if Solomon needed attention he played off a pistol. I want him. Solomon kept his word & summed a tremble. He could throw a boot, if he was beyond him. He could bellow. Moreover, he had his three bars to preserve the Hargreaves tradition.

Full was black & big & enormous with the hot brown eyes of his father, a man who loomed & smiled seldom, & whose temper was dangerous. There was no swagger about Father. He saw what he wanted & took it, & there was nothing more to be said.

Baccho was the swagman, fat & red, a lad who lay his nose in a second sleep in a pocket. In a sense, Baccho was the fool of the family, a good brute who liked to lay a candle upon a bonfire & jump if he caught it burning. Baccho was apt to be soft & saggy when women were concerned. Unquestionably, Pierpont was his father's favorite. Pierpont was tall & slim with an audacious head of his, a black & white lad with air & grace. Pierpont had a tongue.







had been rough work on the breakfast table, & old Solomon had bagged his part on it.

"One at a time, - one at a time. I'm not now for three days in a rabbit hole. - Set the eldest down first scratch."

Solomon set & watched & waited. Hallo, - a haggard, - Galt in his bag! Master Galt did not come to the bridge over the stream. He put his horse at the water lower down, & when the beast refused the first challenge, Galt beat him about the head, & drove him to it. Galt rode round to the stable.

His father chuckled. Old Galt was rally. Galt had been said may to. Ha, - ha, - Galt did not like being chucked. - Galt was too heavy of hand for such a lady. For by God, - she was a woman of fashion, & Pierpont was the lack for such.

Baccher rode in a low letter, a Baccher who looked hot & heavy. He came & strolled a chair by his father.

"Galt is?"

"Better let Galt be, - y'lad."

Baccher grinned.

"She's not want such a few, dad. She made me quite like a gilly."

Solomon laughed.

"Solomon appears for gilly, y'lad. <sup>hard</sup> stare in his blue eyes. He Baccher laughed, <sup>too</sup> in his, but with a stare in his blue eyes. He got up a bit to drink, & Solomon heard his shanty to the servants."

A groom had ridden in with the post-bag from Lancaster before Pierpont came over the bridge with the sun behind him. His father saw him & chuckled. The groom, by the stream was cloth of gold, the three royal garments, & Pierpont came riding like youth on the high horse. He was glib as his father was Pierpont, & had a hand for a sword or a bridle. He wore his green coat with the gold facings, & in his hat was a rose.

Old Solomon bellowed - "I swear take me Pierpont's horse."

A lad came running from the stable gate, & Pierpont was out of the saddle. Dismounting his steed with a lace ladder he walked over the grass towards Solomon's chair. Pierpont was gleamed with himself, & feeling as exquisite as a gallant in a garden.

His father's eyes were joyful.

"What's that in your hat, y'lad?"

Pierpont saw his hat & gave his father a French bow.

"Just a rose, Sir."



" A nose, you say, & a red one."

" A nose should always be red, sir."

" Did she give it you?"

Pierpont eyed capers, holding his hat in both hands, & ogling the flower.

" So, sir, - you make me blush."

" Get along with you, you rascal. So, you walked in the garden with her, did you? Poor old Fulk came back looking as black as your hat."

" Fulk is too black - with that sort of woman, sir. - I say, while she played on the lapland. See-see, - he-he. See down should have gold beads."

He put on his hat, & pretending to take snuff, & sneezed delicately, & sneezed at his father. <sup>French lace &</sup> <sup>gold beads.</sup>

" Brilliant, sir, - Brilliant. <sup>See how she</sup> <sup>gold beads.</sup>

Sit poor old Fulk up to his ears."

" You say devil!" said his father, " but don't show your hat in Fulk's face. He's <sup>looking</sup> as black as <sup>Satan</sup>."

Section 2  
Some London wit had christened Barbara Lady Chellwood

" Mrs Petulance", but like many christenings the appellation was inadequate. You may <sup>perhaps</sup> <sup>the world</sup> might have discovered in Mrs Barbara Moll, Mary & Laurence, with Semiramis behind the curtain, & Eve everywhere. She soul in the pink shell, my child captive. She would had found my back soon, & it had found her sweet, both capricious & cruel, & most cruel when capricious.

Superficial transformations are puzzling. A hawk of a girl, suddenly transformed by nature into a well flushed vetch, my love her souper swathed for a season. She blue eyed Rachel & made much of, hurried, flattered, called "Dear Soul," & set the fondness of some stately fool my clay an unjust self-love. I saw no other love, for her women are Argonauts of such adventure. To be the most desirable of the desired, to have men mad for you, to see them blanched & trembling.

But, there is no finery in the desert - as such. A beautiful woman may look at her own & the solemn face of an outraged husband. "So, sir, have you had no adventure. Was never to be no more than an orange, an attachment, a fellow. My Lady Chellwood had had other exemplars to inspire her. What of the formidable Sarah, married to a poor man."



17  
green & scolding a green? What of the Vellies & the Maintenance?  
What was a husband but a stalling-horse, a thing of straw, if  
the creature stood on its hind legs, you gave it nothing.  
Man, hated <sup>can</sup> be more enduring than love. My Lady had  
discovered that the so-called men were more satisfying & amusing than  
the women. Women were made by man - to be won by women. Why  
sit in harness, & be muchly bored? Candles, & <sup>my</sup> <sup>husband</sup>, <sup>chickens</sup>  
a wet-murder. No thank you. Life should be rich, not  
flannel. And men were such obvious creatures. Most of them  
possessed but one reaction, & when you were kind to the fools,  
they ceased to be men.

"Mr Petulance" had discovered & developed the cult of cruelty.  
It was both a cathartic & an original cult. It transcended the  
mere locking of a door; it was more subtle than sex. One  
must answer oneself. You might as well as the poisoned  
apple, but consider the variants. You could be cruel, debilitated  
to all sorts of creatures, pursuing an innocent, &  
twice the merit. You could be cruel to men, dogs, fawns,  
your maid, & even to yourself. You dear self should be  
like the weather, capable of catastrophic contrasts, thunder, &  
hail, sweet shine, to be watched most anxiously by those  
when it concerned. You made the roof of your world rattle,  
& were amused by the agitation of the silly, frightened  
creatures.

"What - will - She - do next?"

You, you should keep your world growing.  
My Lady Chelwood, with the stuncheon of her very new  
home, was not the Barbara Duller of the Barbary  
portant. Duller had caught her at a time when she had  
been melting to men, a period which she herself had described as  
her "Spring of Syllabub-Dress". The singer had gone. She  
was now a more modest. She was a tall &  
somewhat thin woman, with firm & pointed breasts, her figure  
pivoting on prominent hips. When she walked there could be  
no suggestion of the undulation of those curves. The vulgar said  
she waggled her stern, which was blasphemous. As for the  
face of the lady it was severely <sup>by</sup> the glacial oblique, the  
mouth both melting & maribled. Her hair was so soft &  
honeyed that fools saw sweet sunbeams in it, but to the  
experienced she was a woman barbed. Her breath was like  
thunder, her tongue forked, her lips dressed with bitter &  
brilliant argument. If she made you mad, she liked to  
keep them so, better nigh a pain.



Parachy in terrace in front of that shining facade with its white portico, cornice & archway, she looked down upon a garden that was Le Notre in miniature, parterre, grass, gravel path, statues, steps, a fountain, a box clippings & doghouse. ~~But~~ <sup>that</sup> had provoked her to pull down the old house & build the mansion in a barbarous country? Had Ryabun also provoked it? Unquestionably - no. Mrs Petaluce had suffered other provocations. To a woman of her temper the great world had offered infinite possibilities. She had viewed them, studied them, committed herself to them, but - inevitably - as the world was constituted, her ambition had frustrated her. She was still an outrageous necessity. She had picked her man of destiny, educated him, to find the fool pliant, her by making her his of a girl. Anathema to her, an unwelcome son! She had thrust a book into the that figure of man, produced a program, played the devil for a season with another woman's husband, & then looked round for something upon which to spend her passion. She was losing the world, ready to embrace ~~the~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~adequate~~ <sup>adequate</sup> ~~victim~~ <sup>victim</sup>. She was Ryabun. Ryabun had witnessed her most devastating defeat. She had marched out planting her colours, but the defeat had been more the less signified. It was by her way - Ryabun. She hated that which she had betrayed, & this stable refuge of a husband was noble game.

So too in the terrace came Mrs Harbin the maid, a little, slim, rusty woman in black whom nothing could dent. "She's just, my lady."

There was but one letter, a Lady Chilwood took it from the saloon, & observed Harbin's square & obstinate thumb. There had been a time when Harbin had played mouse to her ladyship's cat, but Harbin had transferred herself to a veritable china animal. Harbin could not be frightened; Harbin knew no such. Harbin had fear, & was afraid. Meanwhile, Mrs Petaluce had gallant, but no immediate mouse to paw & play with. ~~That~~ <sup>that</sup> letter in the saloon was to produce a mouse, but that tragedy was for the future.

"Harbin."

"Yes, ma'am."

"The three gentlemen from Monte Regio. - I said - gentlemen."

"Harbin."

Harbin now might have been snipping a burnt feather.

"Yes, the three - gentlemen, ma'am."

"The young discharges, Harbin."

"That is - the Prussian, my lady."



Mr Petalace smiled sideways at Harbin, & proceeded to open  
 his letter. Yes, Mr Pierpont Hargreaves was the only possible person.  
 Mr Galt & Mr Bacche needed nothing - the ladies to hang.  
 "That will do, Harbin. Say out the blue a gold brocade."

By Lady read his letter. So began with it persuaded her to  
 first a look cynical. It caused a poor a very distant relation,  
 for was this the first occasion upon which a general a meddling  
 Christian divine had attempted to intrude her in an obscure family.  
 "Knowing your Ladyship's generous nature, & your great influence  
 in the world -"

Yes, a daughter of the church might be expected to write flatter-  
 ing & with restraint. But the gist of the matter was this, poor  
 Sam Scholach had died three years ago & left a widow, five  
 girls, & a volume of sermons. Mr Petalace might have  
 hinted to the Rev. Samuel Scholach that he would have been  
 wiser to have published his daughter. Probably, they were as  
 dull as his sermons. Meanwhile, Sam Blackwater from  
 Sadan to propose that his ladyship might do something for  
 the family. The widow's relations were another. She eldest girl,  
 Ginevra, was another, a gentle & well educated creature  
 who could sew & paint & play upon the harpsichord. Could not  
 his ladyship be persuaded to find the girl a place in  
 her household? Officious busy body! What was Sam Scholach's  
 daughter & his son to her? Take a poor girl into her  
 house!

The Blackwater described Ginevra as a gentle creature. Sadan!  
 By Lady's appearance denuded, & then paused to stare. Yes,  
 Harbin was invaluable, & in some respects too invaluable & becoming  
 from to answer back. By Lady had almost prepared to  
 swing off Mr Harbin to some country estate. There was no price  
 to be squeezed out of Harbin. Well, what was to prevent her  
 from taking the girl into the house for a month & giving her a  
 trial. Ginevra Scholach might be trained to replace Harbin.  
 Probably she was plain & devoid of a doll. Mr Petalace was  
 missing his money. She liked to have something about her  
 that could be made to scuttle round the room, & something upon  
 which she could exercise her morals.

She folded up the letter, & descended the terrace steps to  
 look at the two swans in the piece of ornamental water her  
 architect had contrived for her. The Chelwood cedar & tall  
 threw their shadows across the grass. Barbara Mallory had



permitted the cedars to share in the new ages, for Garbary had no such cedar. She swam paddled toward the logs of cedar, but the Petalace had no bread to cast upon the water.

"You greedy creature."

The bird should be satisfied with the blessing of her beauty. But she took a few fragments from the ceremonial upon the water. The bird supplied these fragments, refrained, & regarded her with black & diamond eyes. The Petalace suggested that the gods were not worthy of so expensive a gathering.

My Lady smiled at them. She was fully tempted to send for Gwilda Skelach. Probably, Gwilda was the sort of person who would remember to carry down bread crumbs to the birds.



# III

1.

Cama Bland took a coach to Clerkenwell.

It was late time, & Mr Bland had the Chellwood letter in his pocket. Both his face & his reflection were pleasant & bright, & when the wheel of his coach clanked with that of another vehicle in <sup>St John Street</sup> ~~the street~~, Cama Bland lay back & listened to gossip & clatter.

Could any reasonable creature be shocked in London by the oaths of a coachman? The Cama was no fanatic, but a comfortable person who took the world as it was & treating it kindly, found the world kinder than the Quakers would allow. Cama Bland was not a political person. Moreover, were not the Quakers as much as Quaker watermen, & as much in love with strong language as a fish-porter? The Cama took the Sherlock family as he found it in Marlbury Lane, Clerkenwell, & the little brown patch of a house with its green door. Mrs Sherlock & Samson were busy in the kitchen; Gwilda playing schoolmaster to three young sisters in the parlour.

As the coach stopped there was a knock to the window. "Coo!" said little Kate, "it's a clergyman with a red face... It's - old Bland."

Gwilda, sitting very straight in her high backed chair, tried to look severe & cold. She was no schoolmistress, but a very pretty, dainty, serious creature in an old black gown with white linen cuffs & collar. Gwilda had a voice like a church, & wild eyes, save that all wildness was charmed in them. Gwilda was serious & quiet, perhaps because Gwilda never had enough to eat; Gwilda staved herself, as did her mother, in order that there might be more for the growing girls. Gwilda was devout, & never questioned either Church or State, or the infinite contrivances of things. Moreover, every she built beside her bed, a very pretty saint, with her long hair lowered & her skin white hands together.

"Children, do believe."

But Cama Bland was not incensed by vigorous youth. Making open the door to him & was hurried. His body was buried above Gwilda who stood straight & by behind her high backed chair. Mr Bland was large & cheerful, &



"Angrily, Samuel should have tried to be a lawyer.  
His reflection was that Samuel's widow might have been her  
breathless had the "dumie" shown more prudence in the matter  
of progeny.

2  
At half past four on a June morning Sir Richard  
Mellman looked out of his bedroom window. For, if a  
man is watchful, a world passes in a world, it can be so  
utterly a reality he is in the grey stealth of the dawn.  
There was dew in the grass, a pearl grey haze over  
Chellwood, & the stillness was supreme. But a leaf  
moved, nor was there any choir of voices, for the birds  
were growing mute. On the fringe of the woods the grass  
was alive with subtle muffled things that were sweet. ~~It~~  
was of an arm floated. She ~~deed~~ was going down to  
the lake to drink.

The secrecy of the world moved him. Seeing the sparrow  
asleep upon his bed he went out & down the stairs in his  
short breeches, & with bare feet, to let half out by  
the garden door. The old man was asleep in the  
great house, & the playground of the terrace was cold  
& solitary to his feet.

His world of he was in a world, & he walked brief  
to have it so, the world of a dream & a vision into  
where his fingered face no longer stared. He might call  
it an empty world, but it had beauty, & the bird of  
the birds in the beauty. Sadder he was happy in it  
sadder sad. She was moving when the green call  
a creature seemed so actually he that he was at  
peace, & content with it. She was moving when a  
day wind seemed to blow, & in his landscape was a painted  
canvas, made & get too real in its artifice.

He could say that no pathos provoked him.  
He had found charity more easy than he would have  
believed. Indeed, there was so much the slave of his  
senses, that there was a sense of help it - the  
darkness, & it seemed we were petulant. He had  
become an abstraction. Almost, he could swear that  
St Anthony had suffered no temptation until the  
devil had shown him a shirt.  
The wet grass licked his feet. Sadder a thush was  
saying, but not with the full exultation of the  
green youth. He followed a trap well to the garden



a very much the father of the situation. He had a packet of  
sweets for the children. He looked at Gwilda, & thought - "You  
pretty creature. Life should be hard to you."  
Gwilda contrived to hear.

"My mother, son -"  
Caleb Bland was quite ready to hear Gwilda, but the girl's  
dignity was a little too much for him.  
"My mother is in the kitchen, my dear, as a good woman  
should be. Take my compliments to Mr. Skeloch & say that I  
have news."

The school was closed for the morning, & Mary, Elizabeth &  
Kate hurried out into the back garden. Mr. Skeloch rushed  
upstairs to put on his best gown, such as it was, & a woman  
creature who was always a little better than both in voice &  
manners. Gwilda gave the Canon the state chair, & sat on  
one of the stools.

Mr. Bland produced the Chillwood letter & laid it on his right  
knee.

"Dear for you, my dear, as well as for your mother. By Lady  
Chillwood's letter that ~~kindly~~ <sup>graciously</sup>  
Gwilda's dear you seemed to swell.  
"That mean, son -?"

"A great love, my dear, a protection, good food, - and  
opportunity. It my son - little stage & of ambition at  
first."

So thought Gwilda. She saw herself leaving her mother & the  
children in the little world, - for what? A great house  
in the country, a great lady, sweet. She was sure, a like  
her mother apt to be a little better. She sat with her  
hand in her lap & waited for Mr. Skeloch.

Her mother brought with her into that very small room a  
sense of agitation & the <sup>small</sup> suggestion of sympathy. Over-work,  
worry & a dyspepsia had left Mr. Skeloch far from  
a good creature. She never? O, dear, but would the  
dear Canon excuse her gown & her agitation? Mr. Bland  
read the letter aloud. It appeared that Lady Chillwood  
was willing to <sup>receive</sup> ~~admission~~ Gwilda to give her an immediate  
home, should Gwilda prove capable, industrious &  
sympathetic. By Lady's own expectation. Mrs. Hartwin to leave  
her house, & in such a case she would wish Gwilda  
to act as her maid. Rebecca Skeloch, who clung  
to the dignity of the deceased Samuel, was ready to  
be a little less in an even worse maid.

"The Skeloch was always gentleman."  
Mr. Bland smoothed out the page.



peace between the garden & the park, & stood watch the  
 night being though. He could see down many in the young  
 fern, & heard water-fowl calling. Otherwise, the stillness was  
 complete.

But many played in a trick. ~~this morning~~. He was looking at  
 blue, B. ~~was~~ hills on just such a morning as this, &  
 watching a regiment of horse singing across the valley. The  
 troopers were in red coat, & on white horses. Surely  
 he had seen some playing - I judge of the present  
 of war, the soldiers charged with G. ~~the~~ D. ~~the~~ D. ~~the~~  
 German, red, blue, white & green. That marvellous march of  
 Marlborough to the Danube, the storming of Donauwörth!  
 Then, had come B. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ that bell ~~the~~ a bounding  
 across a meadow to meet him at the head of his regiment  
 & thrust an iron hand in his face.

Sudden remembrance.

Yes, but he knew this mood. It was a thing to be taken  
 by the throat & tumbled back into the deep below him  
 as a swimmer. Should a man let himself slip like a dog,  
 But he knew that when this mood threatened he had to  
 fill the day with action, ride, walk, shoot, fell a tree,  
 busy himself in books, scribble. There had been days when he  
 had walked there twice and the park and the body of  
 the remembrance ~~was~~ ready to be done ~~in~~ sleep.

Yet, there were days when the remembrance was not of the  
 flesh. He was lonely. - had, how lonely he could  
 feel, unable to arrange his nature. There was no  
 more than this. You have fought with it more against  
 your shoulder, of the man-point in you was not  
 comforted.

As he turned back towards the house he heard a  
 little plaintive sound reach the stillness of the morning.  
 The dog, that of late in the bedroom, had found his  
 master gone, & was crying for him, running from door to  
 window & whining.

So, man was ~~very~~ utterly alone! He might be loved by  
 some little hairy creature.  
 Malvern was in, & as he climbed the stairs, he heard  
 the spaniel scratching at the door.

### 3.

Pierispoint was an important fellow.  
 He left his horse tied to a tree in the park, & walked  
 up through the Chelwood garden with both sword & hat  
 cocked. The sun might be boiling the lake, the cedars



deepening stately shadows, & the pattern & gilded walls facing the  
furnishings, but Pierpont prepared to be triumphant with the lady.  
Assuredly, a woman with such a useful eye & so much wit & mouth  
would not stand upon ceremony?

Pierpont's vanity coated the cochade in its hat. But that the  
provocation was all vanity. By no means. The lady was more,  
new & strange country, an experienced beauty who - by all report - knew  
all that there was to be known about the game of intrigue.  
She was no leg of mutton, but violently Beauharnois & the plan of  
fashion. Pierpont was eager to see her face & that star,  
to have the laugh of Foul & old Bachelor.

But Mrs Petlace liked to play her hand, & not be outalled  
by a boyish man. She was an expert at barret, & Pierpont was  
nothing but a rustic with a ignorant conceit in the adoration of  
youth, & rather too sure of the shape of his leg. He might have  
noticed that, but no wit in worth while what it can slatter  
itself in vanity. Mrs Petlace would <sup>not</sup> play ramp to Chelwood's  
Adams unless the fellow could do more than fumble on  
the slyback's pipe.

Pierpont, ascending the terrace steps about like a gay general  
advancing to receive the surrender of a city, swept his hat to  
the lady. You might feel the Caprice in your soul, but  
you should be called to the foe. You flattered the  
vanquished. "Gallant, the fortune of war is ours, but  
the glory is shared between us." My Lady, sitting in a chair,  
with a fan tapping the velvet lace of the dress, smiled  
at cocksome youth, & was ready to charter Apollo.

"Am I excused, m'am?"

"For what?" said she.

Pierpont looked shy & debarain.

"For leaving my horse in your park, m'am, & buying no  
bill?"

The movement of her fan was deliberate.

"Do you so flatter the country dainties, my dear? No,  
but you are very young."

She saw Mrs Hargreaves's eye give point. "Young! how he  
not claim right to fence with the lady?"

He bowed, & hit her in the heart.

"The dove is a silly bird, m'am. The adventure should  
have been a clown."

She laughed. She was vain.

"Adventure! - what adventure? So much about the  
beaver? And claver, sir!"



Pierpont looked hard at her.  
 "A smile, m'am. I do believe should be not too easy."  
 "How you mean half that."  
 "Easy? - How for what? Do you propose to rob my orchard, or  
 beat up the deer in my park?"  
 Pierpont drew up, a bit, staring at her. He was no fool, and  
 if she were pleased with her, let her become so cruel.  
 "As for orchards, m'am, - the Hesperides. Nothing less than that."  
 "So we are classical, are we? Mythological? I never to the  
 Eucine, m'am. Maybe you have heard of it. - It cannot be very  
 long since you were at school."  
 Again, Pierpont bowed to her, but was heart.  
 "I am but a babe. But what would Bullhana say of the  
 Black Sea?"  
 "Why is it called black, m'am?"  
 "God knows, m'am. Black dog, black tiger, black eyes."  
 She laughed.  
 "Sorrow Sea."  
 "That Sorrow, m'am. Pardon me, there was a lady called  
 Medea."  
 She gave her for a flick.  
 "I remember the lady. And the Golden Fleece. Do you still  
 steal gold, a Medea throw thunder into the sea."  
 "M'am, I am a butcher. - But where is Chelwood's  
 sheepskin?"  
 She sat & smiled at the lad's eye.  
 "Sheepskin is a hairy matter, - a vulgar. - And would  
 the child rob an orchard or steal a fleece?"  
 He stood head in air.  
 "Sit or force the name, m'am."  
 "Indeed?" said she, - indeed.  
 She clapped her fan & tapped her lip with it.  
 "Well, now, let us consider. Is there in the open, or where  
 shall we find the dragon's tooth? Sit me this. - Say,  
 but I have it. Some enter house, child, have the picture  
 of a lady. The woman is to possess that picture, - but  
 the dragon is fierce."  
 He was quicker than she had expected.  
 "By auburn. I have heard of that picture, m'am."  
 "It hangs on the fireplace in the dining-room."  
 "It still hangs where you please."  
 "Do not boast of deer."  
 Again he bowed to her.  
 "So that Bullhana Golden Fleece?"



28.  
" The hair, sir, was south of that color when Stella parted it."  
" That might have been yesterday, m'am. - I am for  
Gauling."  
" Be careful, gay man."  
" I shall be most careful of all thy, m'am, picture, patch, &  
favour."  
She flared her fan at him.  
" I have said nothing of favours."

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Silver Linen



"Consider the case of Mrs. Marchmont, madam. A gentleman in a good house is always a gentleman."

Mrs. Skellock was grateful to her, a - most grateful, though of course - Mrs. Abigail had been a married woman. And she burst into tears, & then her own handkerchiefs, & Guilda kept her mother in countenance. They patted each other's backs, while Mr. Bland looked out of the window.

"You mustn't cry, dear."

"You've been such a comfort to me, Guilda."

"Charlie's a sweet creature. - She can teach the children."

"O, dear! I wish your father had lived." Admirable emotion! But Maria Bland was wronging herself. Guilda would have more to eat at Chilwood, some fine money, & the chance of making a match with some country gentleman. The girl had looked a wonderful skin, & Mr. Bland was always the of spirit. My Lady Chilwood's reputation might be a trifle tarnished, but George had it that Barbara Peller had seen her wild oats, & had retired to the country to cultivate her garden. I am not sure that she had had the tolerance. You know of garden, when she has had her fling, my poor father that a Puritan. The Canon of the parish included was the Petulance with capacity for the best of people. And what an opportunity for Guilda!

Meanwhile, with a day she had recovered their faces, Mrs. Skellock capricious ways & means. Guilda's wardrobe, like Guilda, was very slender. And how did the coaches run, & would Lady Chilwood pay for the journey.

Canon Bland had signed about coaches. "One runs to Winchester twice a week, leaving the Moor's Head at eight in the morning. No doubt of Lady's coach will meet Guilda at Winchester."

Mr. Bland felt in his pocket, & produced a guinea & a white tie.

"If you remember, madam, - I asked to be allowed to wear some of Sarah's dresses. - I owe you a few for the use of them. No, please, please, no protestations. Guilda should be a sensible girl."

Mrs. Skellock shed more tears. Surely, the Canon was Providence personified. Poor Samuel had been so fond of preaching upon the subject. The Bland nodded benignly.



## IV

1.

Pierpont did not favour a night attack. Rumour had it that Garby let its dogs loose at night, & to be damaged in the darkness by the Garby mastiffs might be deemed by unpleasant, a rumour & a strange house a fool's game. One Pierpont went over the park wall just before dawn. One could assume that Garby did not open its eyes at four o'clock in the morning, nor was Pierpont aware of the Mullerian furnace for early rising. He had left his house & lady-boots with a cross, & a light shawl, with a pistol & knife in his belt he set out across the park.

The place was as quiet as death, a strange new country to Pierpont. He ran at the house on the dark fence, a by way of the bench over a year walk. Pierpont left his shoes at the bottom of the steps leading from the green wall to the terrace. The Garby dog appeared to be fabulous beasts. He saw the dog star of the terrace before him, each star surrounded by a fringe of grass & weeds.

Pierpont stood & smiled. Garby was abed with mytheff, Mad Mullerian! Did the old gentleman go to bed in his boots? Pierpont felt very much lord of the manor, found fault, & he was sure as to the predestined window. He made for the arch, & with the point of his knife peeled back the lead from one of the panes. It was just now for a hand to slip & reach the catch. Should it occur to ignorant youth that a fellow might poke his head out of an upper window at four in the morning? It did not so occur to Pierpont. He was withdrawing the door latch of glass when the head appeared above him to confront the dawn.

Pierpont did not see the head. He had a hand wide the window. He turned the catch & pushed back the casement. He put a leg over the sill & straddled in. The first sound was his, indubitably so, with Shellen's portrait of the lady hanging on the fireplace. It seemed to applaud it.

Pierpont stood & looked at the lady. He would have said that he had been more than coloured in those days; there was her singer now, more devil. But, gods she had a mouth! Just how old was



she, but did it matter? - He looked round the room, turning on his stanch feet, & saw that other picture covered by the black curtain. The dance! He went & twitched back the curtain, & found the eyes of the lady's husband upon him. What a part! Pierpont stood back & bowed to the gentleman.

"Good morning, Sir Richard. Excuse my slave!

"Good-morning, Sir Richard. Excuse my slave!  
 Once I believe as he had been, I should have been, certainly  
 a stately, yes, a little too stately for the lady. My arbutus had  
 always been damaged by the heat. Pungent powdered himself  
 of an oak stool, placed it in front of the fireplace & drew his  
 knife. He had mounted the stool & was reaching to cut the  
 covers when the voice surprised him.  
 I am not interested in you."

" I am afraid - I must interrupt you."

" I am afraid - I met Untermeyer & you."  
Pierpont's chin jerked round to his left shoulder. He saw  
a man standing in the doorway. Mallory was in white shirt  
a black breeches & he too had left his shoes behind him.  
Moreover, he was armed with pistol & sword. Pierpont having  
taken no look at that grotesque face, knew that  
Garbay itself had surprised him.  
Daredevil advanced then! He sat off his stool.  
"Very early."

Devotedly & warmly the  
" Good morning, Sir. ... on me very early.  
... a life. Had

" Good morning, sir. Be on me very early.  
 Pregnant was devilishly polite. (Gads), but what did you  
 do when a gentleman caught you in the act of cutting his  
 wife's portrait out of its frame? Attempt infidelity. Carry the  
 knife off with your head in the air? And the mad husband  
 had a sword & a pistol.

Meanwhile, Sir Richard Mallera had closed the door, and was standing there with the point of his sword resting on the floor.

please.  
 " You will - if you please - explain.

floor.  
" You will - if you please - explain.  
To Ambury was even more polite than Manki Raju. Parvizant  
stuck his hands back into his belt.

"A little adventure, now."

"Adventure?"

Adventure?  
A curtain pulled down - to remove - that picture.

Yes, sir, but if you require -

God, sir, - but if you require - Ugh! - ye gods,  
Damn it, - but the old fellow had eyes. So the  
- Mellan was looking at his own portrait. So the  
per. Markwell had dared to reveal faces & secrets. And  
had provoked him to the mischief?"

Do had promised to  
You will oblige me with your name.

You will oblige me with your answer.  
Princess sent gave it, & with a air of exult, bright candour.  
I remember you now I shall you,

Pringle sent gave it, & will be sure to  
" Ah, a Hargreaves. - I remember you now. I had you,  
Mr Hargreaves. And now you will give me the name of



the person who signed the invitation.  
 But that was quite another matter. Pungent smiled, bowed, & was the man of discretion.

"I see, sir, you must excuse me."

"Indeed!"

"Between gentlemen, sir -"

"Gentlemen."

Pungent did not like that flick in the face. He was on his heels, & lightly.

"I said - gentlemen, sir."

"I heard you, Mr. Hargreaves."

Malherbe moved forward into the room & pointed with his sword at his own portrait.

"Did you draw that curtain back?"

Pungent bowed.

"I did, sir."

"It was more than sufficient of you. Now, Mr. Hargreaves, the man of the lady."

Pungent stood head in air. Did Pungent think that he was to be pushed into exposure - But Malherbe was not looking at Pungent. His eye was on the portrait of the lady. Had pointed his sword at it.

"The presentation, Mr. Hargreaves, - I believe."

Pungent's smile was insolent.

"Believe what you please, sir."

"You are dumb."

"Absolutely, sir."

Malherbe looked at him, & at the portrait & kept a finger in the young scoundrel's belt.

He said - "Portrait might disturb my dog, Mr. Hargreaves. A finger in a blackguard's weapon. - I can find you a sword."

Pungent rocked slightly on his heels. He watched Sir Richard lay his portrait on the table. So, Mr. Lichfield was on his knees - would strike him! Pungent old fool, you too Pungent at the approaching fight with antiquity. Pungent rather forced back with sword man's fingers because he could make fall & Baccha look cloudy. He had been taught the touch of disarming an opponent, & his youth was ~~the~~ sure of itself, ready to ~~draw~~ hand & follow.

"You would strike it a quarter of eleven, sir?"

Malherbe looked at him sharply.

"Hargreaves! I give a thing the choice of fighting or being whipped."

Pungent bowed to him.

"You had better be a little more careful in your language, sir."



Garbure might not have heard him. He opened a cupboard in the doorway & took out a case of swords, light blades with silver hilts. He laid placed them on the table.

"Choose, Mr. Hargreaves."

Pierpont picked up the nearest, gave the point a thrust, & looked at Thaller.

"Before we begin, sir, - I might remind you that I have some advantage."

Garbure was dry with him. "Make the most of them, Mr. Hargreaves. I suggest that we go out to the terrace. Permit me to lead the way."

Pierpont glanced down at Sir Richard's back. Damn it, the master was giving a sign of known swordsmen in the Aussie Court. Pierpont prepared to play his swordman's trick on Garbure, drawing him, & put a fresh flourish to the affair by going off both with my back's sword & the point. But Garbure saw him for theft. It would be the joke of the county.

It happened otherwise. When they faced each other on the terrace, Pierpont was debonair & each one, the older man about indifferent. They saluted, took the position & crossed blades. The striking of Pierpont was done so softly & delicately that Sir Richard was sure that though the sword arm before he had begun to realize that Garbure was his master. His sword had clattered on the stone. He clutched a helper arm, swore, & looked forward a foolish.

Garbure observed him. "A little caddy in good."

"Blessed, - Mr. Hargreaves."

- a occurred. "You feel faint?"

"Silly be damned."

"A new trick."

"A little more than a trick, Mr. Hargreaves. You will need a bandage."

He entered the house & climbed the stairs to his room. He opened the door at his door, looking up into the doorway but believed faced. Garbure spoke with to the dog.

"Down, Peter."

He made a bandage. I have hit out a good man's count, & he needs a bandage."

But when Thaller returned to the terrace with a couple of lackeys he found no Pierpont, only the sword lying on the stone. Mr. Hargreaves had bolted.



It was very hot in the coach. Humanity perspired, mopped itself, & seemed to swell. It seemed the obvious. "Must off some weather, man." - "We are to have a storm, I think." Miss Gwilda Shaloch, sitting very straight between two hot, large bodies, felt like a candle that would melt. Her mother, good soul, paid off just such minute-guns. "Beware of strange gentlemen, my dear. There are awful." - "Never stand like a tree in a storm." - "Be sure you change your linen for the Sunday. Prudence work."

Assuredly, the coach needed a change of linen, but the journey was near its end. She was on the hill above Lancaster, & Gwilda could see the grey spire of the cathedral like a needle stuck in a ball of black wool. Beyond was black, - the valley like a bowl of dark water into which the road trailed like a thread.

She shy began to cough & mumble. The fluster lit up the valley. The cathedral spire came & went like a white ghost. The coachman swore & whipped up his horse, for a deluge was imminent, & as the coach swayed, its load swayed with it, Gwilda's tired white face flushing like a lily between two hands of beef.

"O, la, la!" said a fat lady, "did you see that flash?" - "Still we be stuck, don't you?"

"No, m'a. Hue's the rain."

And rain it did, as though the sky was a lead curtain that had been ripped open by one of those flashes. A small torrent ran with the wheels of the coach into the steep, East Gate street. Twilight might have fallen. Roofs dripped, gutter a water-pipe gurgled & splashed. Gwilda had a vision of the cathedral spire, the drenched dark tops of trees, the parapet of a bridge, an empty street with puddles among the shiny cobbles. There was one last brilliant flash as the coach pulled into the yard of the White Hart Inn. The fat woman gave a little scream. She heard the coachman curse & shouting for the others.

The coachman spilled itself into the yard & fled for shelter. Gwilda, taking cover under the gallery with a very small trunk at her feet, saw the coachman emptying water out of his hat. Two men with sacks over their heads & shoulders were unhooking the steaming harness. She was aware of voices within. "Drink a dram with me, sir." - "The rain can't last." She could see the



the top of the cathedral spire above a red tiled roof; a rent of gold in the sky seemed to float from it. She was feeling slowly a stage, all the more so in the confusion of the storm. A dreadful hammer had travelled with her in the coach. She wished herself back in Chelmswell.

But what should she do next? Was her Chelmswell a th' chariot? She was shy of the inn & its voices. And then a large man in a cloak, coming out & seeing her standing there, was intrigued by her pretty face. She looked like a lost child.

~~with the edge of the~~ It was Mr Rogers who had been to Rochester on a case of trespass.

"Rightly I can do for you, my dear. A strange man, but quite an elderly man, & a kind one. Miss Staloches smiled at him. This coincidence was to have its echo in the future, but that was not revealed to either of them.

"I am waiting, sir, for a chariot from Chelmswell.

Mr Rogers' chin stuck out over the collar of his cloak.

"Ha - Chelmswell! My Lady - Chelmswell?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr Rogers was thinking. "Now, what is the name of heaven, has this pretty thing to do with Chelmswell?" Was she a visitor or a maid? But, obviously, the girl was a

gentleman.

"I think I can help you in that, my dear.

He returned the inn, & further in his head into the bar, faced both in your - his voice as a footman in the Chelmswell living of black & green who was looking a little.

"You there - from Chelmswell. Do you keep gentlemen waiting in the yard?"

Mr Senghree in black & green glanced at Mr Rogers.

"I beg your pardon, my lord."

"Keep your wench, a wench - the lady."

The fellow produced a saffron-brown & took saffron like a bean.

"I have waited a hour, sir, & the wench is not a lady."

Half poor relation, sir, half wench - maid."

"And what are you?" said Mr Rogers, "but a charity-boy in some of his clothes."

He might be fifty, but Mr Rogers was not a gentleman to be quarrelled with. You was a Chelmswell plumber popular in Rochester. Other months began to address remarks to Mr Rogers. There was barely any in the bar who

did not stand up a creature. Mr Senghree picked up a will a fancy boat to the bay, but went up his business.



He became more brisk about it when he had taken a look  
at the lady. Good, - a pretty creature! - And what was the  
idea? My Lady did not become capricious - the matter  
of convenience. Hence, - Mr. Harlow. But the <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ was a  
fact. Mr. Sordance put in his best manner, & forgot to  
think in white starch. 5.

" Master Skeloch In an.

Qu. si.

"Yes, sir."

And then she colored a redoubt that she had called a  
 footman - sir. How very nice of her! But the Regent bowed  
 down a then, a look at the sky, took charge of the  
 embarkation.

" Is he's your chariot, y. Lad.

" Is this your chariot, my lord.  
 " The Chelwood chariot, sir, in keeping day - a coachman.

The Chelwood Church, 1871.  
The Rector's Mother in Law.

"Bring it out. Tell the coachman to pick up the lady here.  
"Bring it out. Tell the coachman to pick up the lady here.

"Bring it out. Tell me  
He waited beside Paul Schlach until the game  
to the coach.

He waited beside the door until he appeared. He gave us in an amiable way. He shall be my neighbor - a  
"My man in Piquette, my dear." - He shall be my neighbor - a  
"My man in Piquette, my dear." - He shall be my neighbor - a  
"My man in Piquette, my dear." - He shall be my neighbor - a

She looked up into his formidable face, & felt comforted.  
"My name is Rye, my dear. - we are in S kulach."

" Your grateful servant, - By mail to her.

" Your beautiful novel has  
been returned to me in that its  
the Scholach.

" Goodnight to you, <sup>the</sup> Mrs. Schlach.

The Rappanpach <sup>two</sup> Scholach.  
" Goodnight to you, <sup>two</sup> Scholach.  
The sky cleared as the Chellwood chariot climbed  
the Forest Ridge above Lancaster. The footman had drawn  
the leather curtain to keep out the rain, & Gerilda put  
them back & looked like a bird in a cage at his new  
world. My Lady had sent the old chariot to meet their  
Scholach, but to Cluckemall it had golden wheels. Also,  
the world was very wonderful & that you were, wet,  
sun-splashed & glistening. Chellwood there was like a  
tumbled sea, all green & gold, & running high towards the  
sunset. Their Scholach was tired & happy, but what of  
that? She had been more & less happy since her  
father's death, both in the flesh & in the spirit, & she  
could look out upon the world with her Parandria eyes  
& see beauty in it. She might be a shy & sensitive thing,  
but her more sensitive creature she could tumble with  
courage at a crisis when some fat person would turn  
to seas. - But what would Barbara - Lady  
Chellwood be like? In a world such as this surely  
all God's creatures should be lovely.  
A wind came & ruffled the wet beech trees,



the drops splashed upon the chariot. Gertrude put out a hand, & took some of the water into her palm. She & he became transfixed with colour, & suddenly she saw by Parker's new house like some classic temple on the hillside. It's portico had its feet firmly planted in the landscape. She saw that its rays over it made it appear more mysterious than it was. Indeed.

Gertrude was conscious of feeling small & obscure in a black gown that had been made at home. She did hope that Chelwood would be a little kind to her. She was so ready to give what she could.

The chariot swung through the suburban gate. Miss Skeloch saw the house full-faced, the cedar, & the swans on the ornamental water. Why did the mansion look so hard? It seemed to set its teeth at her. She wheeled round the wet gravel as the carriage turned into the open space at the back of the house. It pulled up, & the Squire was down to draw back a leather curtain & open the door. He put out an arm to help Miss Skeloch shut from the wheel.

Mr. Harbin was there in the porch, & the Harbin face was seen & capably fanned.

"Mother Skeloch - I presume?" Gertrude, suddenly shy, entreated to Harbin, & the footman glanced behind her back. Did Beauty mistake Harbin for my lady? The sweet creature was very innocent, & Chelwood was neither one nor the other.

"I fear I am somewhat late, Mr. Harbin."

Harbin looked hard at her like a young man who had expected to be presented with a shrivelled apple & a few fruit & cream.

"My lady will see you at once."

Harbin, back folded, face in shadow, shuffled in her slippers across the marble of the hall floor. Miss Skeloch was all eyes, though the night he tried over. What may surprise, what a staircase! She was led through a great white doorway to the terrace. My lady was walking the terrace after the storm - he hoped for reason of it - had been storm. She had almost forgotten the Skeloch name - a mother that did not seem quarrelled relation. A breath of gossip had come to her. Surgeon Stott of Rochester had been called to patch & plaster Annie's ruin.

Harbin's voice was as dry as grass in a farm.

"Mother Skeloch, Mr. Harbin."



If there was anyone, the anyone was my lady's. Miss Skeloch, a little frightened & nervous, hurried to Barbara Chellwood, & was so ready for a little kindness. Could she to speak before she was addressed, express her gratitude to the great lady, & coming to her in mother's cap? She raised her eyes, & met a blue glass, & was mute.

Said my lady - "I trust that you have travelled well, Miss Skeloch?"

Grilda had travelled very well, & her mother presented her cap to my lady. But why did my lady stare so hard at her? Miss Skeloch felt startled, which - perhaps - was as well. Was any thing amiss with her face or her manner? How could she know that she was present to Chellwood the unexpected violence of youth, the face of a girl who, though naturally pale after her journey, displayed to the wonder of five & thirty that youthful bloom which is the despair of those who have lost it. The girl was a beauty, even though her beauty was of the sickly sort.

My lady was fanned as usual.

"I am much obliged to you mother's cap." - Harbin!

Did she mean! Harbin's face?

Obviously no! Grilda, smothered & confused, look round for Mr Harbin.

"I tell she has gone, m'am."

Silly child! My lady's mood was turbulent.

"Harbin -"

Mr Harbin reappeared in the terrace. She had gone no further than the hall, & had played Peppin's game through a window.

"Yes, my lady."

"Take Miss Skeloch to her room. See that she is served with supper."

"Yes, m'am."

Grilda's cheeks flushed. Had her new friend & patroness no more to say to her? She stood mute, formal & foolish, - they seemed to drop a curtain. My lady, nodded at her, gave her a final approving stare, & turned away.

Grilda followed Mr Harbin - Mr Harbin chose the back stair. Miss Skeloch noted that this was the back stair, - also the set of the Harbin's shoulder. She felt most dreadfully nervous. Why had my lady been so cold & curt with her? Had she been too fast & forward?

Harbin, lying in line, conducted Miss Skeloch to a little room looking over the garden. It's an window was high



up under the great lamp cornice. It contained a trundle bed, an old oak desk, a chest of drawers, a mirror, a green. There were chintz curtains at the window. Gilda went to the window, & he was very quiet.

"Mr. Harkin."

Harkin paused in the doorway.

"Mr. Harkin, - the ladyship does not like me."

Harkin stared. So, but was the girl so simple, & so ready to show her feelings? Miss Schulach had much to learn, & had to stand by him - a house such as this. Mr. Harkin was not

a sympathetic person. She knew that public & private life dictated an alliance with the master of Maybury, & that

Miss Schulach was - temporarily - to fill his place.

She was candid.

"My lady has her moods, my dear. What you want is some supper & a change of air. I'll have them sent up."

And Harkin closed the door.











Miss Shuloch could make nothing of the gravel, save that the lady had some cause to be greatly offended, that the young man was not so much as he should be. Had he been fighting? Had that right arm of his been wounded in a duel? And who was Mr. Hargreaves? Guilda observed him as he walked towards the steps leading from the terrace to the garden. He had reached the last step when my lady called him back.

"Mr. Hargreaves, my garden is in a sad state. - You will go out - if you please - by the lodge gate. I have a small note at your service."

Perceval turned, remounted the steps, & raised an inane look to her.

"I have been cut in your service, my lady. - May I suggest to Lady Chellwood -"

His handsome head was faintly & challengingly.

"Well?" she said - "Well?"

"Do you own business with Garbury, my lady, but put a breech to do it in."

He put a hand to his forehead, & disappeared from Miss Shuloch's view. What a magnificent & comely young man! Lady Barbara Chellwood - breeched! Guilda withdrew from the window, sat down in her bed, & looked at the small trunk which was waiting to be packed, but somehow she shrank from disturbing that nice order, the product of her mother's hands. Her inclination was to return to her room, & sit down the back stairs with it in her room. But Guilda clattered her covetousness. She must learn to cope with the terrific strength of Chellwood - its magnetic turgor of a lady. Surely Mr. Barbara was not alone there. She had been put out, flustered. And was she - Guilda - a child? Could she be back all those sweet old miles to London, carrying her trunk, to weep in her mother's shoulder? Poor woman, she had been so fond of Guilda obtaining so notable a situation. Guilda attempted herself. She rose, opened her belongings - put the neatly done, she, her daughter of that devoted service - Mr. Samuel Shuloch, she felt down beside her bed, & said her prayer.

She was still in her room in the twilight when the Chellwood terrace saw her move voices, my lady's & a man. The tread of Miss Shuloch's dress was snuffed. The male voice was a new voice, deep, harsh, & almost surly. Guilda had often heard God described as a jealous God, but in this one way he seemed to



face the Chellwood terrace - & push her to civility.

Miss Skellock went to her window & put a check close to a flowered curtain. For, another man, a very large & blackish gentleman in a red coat. His shoulder & sleeve seemed to bulge, & the calves of his legs stuck out. A swarthy, swarthy fellow, <sup>that</sup> He had his hat off & was addressing the lady.

"The pup of a brother, m'an -"  
The lady had her head in air. The Full Hanger was a handsome brute & who was ~~not~~ <sup>sure</sup> would be a betchery business. He looked at you with eyes that were like the eyes of a fox & a sudden animal ~~look~~ <sup>staring</sup> out of a thicket <sup>case</sup> to you. "So, - The Full, - let me command brotherly love, - I am indeed honored by this visit. Marki Regu seems to have a promise for my terrace."

There was no playfulness in Full, nor could he produce forgiveness like Pimperfoot. He cut the throat of a joke, & chided with a woman to wear he was like a wild petulant. He looked at my lady as he looked at my woman who fidgeted his.

"There is no speech in that pup, m'an."  
The Petulance barked he yelped. The Full was no more of his own nature that he would now suggest that she should wear breeches.

"Am I to regard you as a sympathetic creature, The Full?"  
Do I need that inquiry - ?  
So, but you could feel the fellow hot breath! About, he was like a bull ready to charge, & blowing through the bars of a fence.

"I don't speak pretty, m'an."  
She laughed. She looked at Full & then beyond him at the lounge. The bowl of the sky would soon be dark clouds. She gathered her skirt in her right hand & walked towards the steps, & as she passed Pimperfoot's brother she smiled at him.

"I will listen to you, m'an."  
Miss Skellock, crouched behind a chintz curtain, watched them go down to meet the dusk in the garden, & Miss Skellock was troubled. Had not the national month would be apart now. "There are awfully, my dear. But my Lady Chellwood did not seem to find me troubling creature. She might have been Cyprio & when she has to bewitch & command the beasts."



Mañi Regin gathered to feed in the oak-room at a hour that suited its individual taste or tempo. Feeding was indeed the word. Mañi Regin was beef & beer, taking its cut at the joint, a carving for itself & for its father at a side-table that was like the carving-table of an inn, with the slaughterhouse or its first cousin. Ah, there was an abundance of red meat, game, fish & further, - old Hector held a round of beef and sausage & cheese that swarmed & was of a prodigious dimension.

Parson Sawe, a bland & gentle soul, having been permitted to dine at Mañi Regin, had described the meal to his sister Sue as a cannibal feast. What you could see there swayed tearing the victim limb for limb. Old Hector would such a succulent bone. Her lower lip stuck out; he slobbered, he could manage half a dozen green peas & his wife. Bacchi's mouth was never shut, & showed the slobber within. Fahl sat with his own round lip plate; he was a gloomy feeder. Pimpant ate too fast, but he did it more delicately.

At the next he was having his meat cut up for him by a servant, & with a fork in his left hand he flourished both weapon & target. Pimpant was bright at the breakfast table, while Mañi Regin growled & gurgled. An effort or not it growled noisily, or argued loudly, & cursed the servants. It fed dogs, & stuck out its elbows. It knew no qualms.

Fahl happened to be late. He was a heavy sleeper, & can draw all the hours of it now in his early years.

"Get me a dinner, I am damn you!"

He stood at the dining-table, dipping his hand to meat pie, & Pimpant smiled at Bacchi.

"Pimpant is feeling good, brother."

Fahl smiled at him.

"Shut up, you bastard."

Thunder in the air. Old Hector had a wet lower lip, & an unbelieved sneeze against Garbung. Noth had been down about the finishing of Pimpant. But they to sit down under it? - The Fahl sat down to his breakfast like a dog with a bone.

Pimpant was feeling malicious.

"Go to Chelwood, brother."

Fahl muttered.

"I can eat up my own meat, damn."

Bacchi had his face in his hand.



"Hot stuff. Ark Pringout. He was there - first."  
Full fled himself, a war not to be drawn. He could play  
badger to Pringout's pup.  
"What's all this about Chelwood?" said the father.  
"All for the love of a lady, dad. - But Full had better  
keep away from Yarbury."  
Full glared.  
"What's that?"  
"The fellow's a devil with the small sword. - And you're  
a fool well it, - Fullho."  
"Same to you. - What have you to boast of, you bastard."  
"Ark of father."  
Old Hangerman banged the table.  
"That's no end of that word, my lad. - And no bawling."  
Pringout was bland.  
"I've got a tip for Full, dad. Take your gun to Yarbury,  
Fullho, a bag the fellow's dog. They say he enters on the  
dog. - Super for you, mother."  
Baccha growled.  
"Poor Yarbury is worth a dog. She's a -"  
Pringout laughed.  
"Full - a one word of father! - By the million dollars,  
Fullho. She's that angel the dog for you."  
Next went the cat of Full's plate was in Pringout's  
face. Pringout's chair went back. Baccha rolled  
prowled. He began to bark. Old Hector thumped on  
the table & thundered.  
"Stand up, you whelp. - By God, Full, - that was a  
dirty trick. - And you brother's pardon."  
"Tell it to work in face" said Full; "I have given  
it meat for his range. That's all."  
Pringout, my white behind that meaty man, walked off  
to work in <sup>contenance</sup> face, for Pringout's impudence had a  
yellow hair. Full was not a brute to be bated when  
his teeth were showing. Baccha hid his face in the  
table. Good for Full! Pringout was growling too  
fine - formidable. Full got up to help himself to  
more pie while his father still gabbled.  
"God, - you call yourself a gentleman! That filthy tongue  
of you, my lad, needs chewing up."  
Full sat down with his feet  
"No harm done. She's a good fool can work in face.  
I'll not have his dance in mine."  
None the less, Master Pringout had put an  
idea into his brother's head. Full might be a handsome  
brute, but when an idea did get into his head, it stuck



there. There was to a Saver who presented Clara with a  
pore. Full had a very sense of humor that was particularly  
his own, & if the lady was cruel well - Full liked his  
port with blood on it. Garbun's pet dog! As a happy law  
would that of the lady? Full packed his breakfast  
& then went to the cupboard where the gun was kept. He  
took a powder-horn, a powder flask & a bag of shot. In the  
hall he saw into Pierpont.

"Had a work, pup"  
Pierpont's smile was cracker-ice. He saw the gun in Full's  
hands.  
"You wait till my gun is mended, say."  
Full laughed in his face.

3.

Peter the spaniel might be a devoted little creature, but  
Peter had peccadilloes of his own. Man had his head among  
the clouds, Man walked up & down under the beech trees in a  
world of meditation that transcended common dimensions. Man  
sat with book, or played strange games of his own. A  
dog could follow at Man's heels, or he'd a patch of  
sun & wait for his god to descend from Olympus, & if the  
common god would remember dog, & all would be well with  
the world.

But there was occasion when Peter stole away through the  
sunless & shadow to a hole in a ledge. Beyond the  
ledge lay adventure, grandeur, a green bank at the edge  
of a wood. Rabbits had their burrows in this bank, &  
Peter would wait hilly into the mouth of one of these  
holes & dig with his happy frenzy. Certainly, his father  
a his Pollywog would betray him to his god, but his god was a  
generous god & seemed to know that a dog must be  
dog.

Garbun had been had been walking under the beech.  
He was engaged in writing a play, with Gustave of Sweden  
as its hero, & drama in human verse, & though the  
thing might now be staged at Drury Lane, the  
creating of it would help to fill a lonely man's way,  
especially so in the winter. Give a gentleman who has  
lost his confidence my return vanity of another order,  
& Garbun had been writing to the beech trees &  
fudge which had pleased him. The trees, moved by



a wayward wind, had given him appearance, not are noticed, but with a brilliant green tinge. The gallery was still appearing in when Sir Richard Malloran heard the barking of a dog.

So, Peter had gone rabbiting. And why not? A ~~chattering~~ another maker of plans might offer a dull heart to his dog. Peter was enjoying a ~~mere~~ <sup>prophetic</sup> to drive a sap into the Rabbit's curved way. Peter's nose failed to reduce the father, but like Malloran's legman. They did more than pass the time. Let Peter deal his game. But Peter would had

prepared a tragedy of its own. The sound of a gun broke the silence of the green sanctuary. It was followed by a low of a gun. Then, the silence settled again like water.

Longitudes of Sweden was forgotten. The shot had come from the wood in the valley below, a Malloran ran. His disfigured face looked even more grotesque. There was a gate at the end of a stone ledge, a Malloran climbed it and stood at gaze. He could see the slope of the meadow, the wood, the green bank full of holes and though cannon had been firing balls into it, but he could see no

dog. called "Peter - Peter"

He started. - "Peter - Peter" - Garbage was wa. The rabbit hole was empty months. Garbage was wa. the gate - running. He ran to the back, at first he found nothing, but as he passed along the back he saw a green as pattern of blood. He stood & stared at it, shocked, incredulous. Peter's blood. His dog had been shot, - but by whom? And where was the poor little beast's body? He broke into the wood with a face of fury. He started, baffled in way though the coppice-wood, but he found nothing, heard nothing. Some devil had shot his dog & made off with the body.

Malloran's face was a distortion. There are wonders other than wonders of the flesh. He walked back through the edge well to the back - the blood-patch, & saw it he found a few flecks of fur.

Who was the devil who had shot his dog? And why? Some poaching tale? But it came - the morning! And why steal the carcass?

His face looked ravaged.

"God -"

He made for the house. The Passar, busy in Sir Richard's chamber & packing in his own the state of Garbage's linen, heard the master's voice below.



21 Pancake 21

21. 21.

"Sir?"

The Parson laid a sheet in the bed, - hurried to the window.

for the voice of Garburg was sharp & urgent.

"Sir?"

Sw. 2"

for the voice of Yeabury was strong.  
"Sir?"  
"Paras, call Skinner & Lambert. I want the three of you here on  
the terrace."

On the Terrace, N.E.

"Qua, - not earthly."

[illegible]

lander in white apron.  
stable without in cart.  
" My dog has been shot, and the bank by Holt Wood. The  
body was taken away."  
old faces, a set of people, a copy of

My day has been short,  
body was taken away.  
He looked at the three old faces, a sad sympathy, - resignation.  
"Peter shot, son."

" Peter shot, son."

87 95.

But - who -

" Yes. "

" But, - who - did - "

" I heard the shot & the dog cry. - When I got to the  
wood - there was nothing - but a little blood & fur.

He had a big scar on his little heart

Old I am kept rubbing his back - his eyes.

wood - there was really  
Old Sam kept telling his kids - he said.  
" Dang it, son, I ain't gonna shoot no more little boys  
- like Peter." " - Being my horse, I ain't -

ble Peter.  
"No" said G. saying, - no.

"I am it, now, I am now  
- like Peter."  
"No" said Garbage, - no. - Being a horse, Garbage, -  
- I can find the fellow -  
- the three of you - which was lucky for the  
- as -

But Garby caught nothing, which was lucky for the  
butcher, for as Lisbet said to The Parsons - "Such a  
the same would have got a bullet in his - Martin  
had his pistol with him - Christ, & he did love that  
creature."

had his fistola with him. - course, creature  
The Parson was much upset. He kept sniffing & pulling his  
nose. He might have been a cross-grained & brood-back, but  
Peter had been a very little heart, - Yarbey House  
had so little youth & life - Who could the fellow be?  
Well, said, but

more. Peter had been an ugly little fellow. He had so little youth + life - who could the fellow be. "Shoot a dog like that, I know. - hell, yes, but really like spite to me, I know. - he - was fierce out."

Smells like spite to me, - he - and you  
whom it was he'll be sorry if -  
Harvey's a bad man to you.  
"I'll give the  
chag what he gave the dog. Day it, - I would."



Duffin - my friend - a south white.

Goulden.

He came - his companion.

He came by to Duffin.

~~Old Hall at home~~

On Gaby - a name - long for you.

She will live.

Best month.

By lady came to Chelwood.

Goulden & his companion.

She came - the gallery.

He came of his own free.

By lady's mother.

Final - Goulden & Duffin. Goulden - will be  
new by Duffin - more  
mature, with a sweet  
shy slattern. "You  
are not at my own feet, but  
it does not matter, since it  
is beautiful to be."

The Gaby came in town

Lady Baller.

Remember - at Chelwood - there it is

Heard by.

By lady's eye.

She came to town.

She two comes, - the three years.

By lady's eye, & then drops the curtain  
above the canal window.



Attraction

When y lady reach the room she would speak its  
beauty - in the spirit from Peter.

She the girl's beauty.

By lady's smile. - Save in but 2 hours deep.

Sudden come in the country. Border - in Eden -

no one could be tried to find to work more easily.  
She leave in St. James.

" A woman must see the face a further, y dear.

Young - from baby Peter. near the Chellwood  
rocks in the road.

Eden.

Captain Macado. - Ring a bull. <sup>Save a face marked</sup>

She captain idea. - Spirit to beauty - what! - Beth  
- the spirit in virtue. Who come for virtue?

She the sign of soft heat of fields.

She was spirit - like.

~~Goulda walk to the house in~~ <sup>Eden.</sup>

She room - with the girl in bed <sup>The door of these</sup>

Captain small - face. <sup>Eden. Search, Dead</sup>

Goulda. - <sup>face, Wild eye, red</sup> <sup>could eyelids eyes in boys</sup>

She nerve. <sup>of lady play house.</sup> <sup>of crippled parchment</sup>

But he was fear - further - a marked skin.

She could - at her - beauty in.

Goulda in seat to Chellwood.

Goulda richer. Not Hat the housekeeper.

A woman virtue. Goulda in y lady's bed.

Eden.

by. no word.

Eden. - a naked woman.

Eden.

Goulda in out. The girl.



April.

The Savoy of Gwilda. But her face.  
Betty Darnley came to Gwilda. She too has had smallpox,  
but mildly.  
Gwilda stays summer from her, good, until later.  
Gwilda also only for a summer.  
Gwilda's voice in Gwilda.  
Gwilda is Gwilda, Darnley - summer.  
Betty finds she is lying prone on bed;  
"O, my face, - my face, - Betty!"

May  
Gwilda only of being in love. She beauty of the year,  
Darnley. - in last beauty. But  
Two have met in Gwilda the year.  
She beach scene.

My lady came to Chellwood.  
She is sick. Suffering?

June.  
Sir Richard Mallory & Gwilda married at  
Gwilda's house.  
My lady has the same. Her age.

Good. - the great house.  
Sir Richard & Lady Mallory.

Later scene. - Two coaches, met in front. A girl,  
a coachman char'd by girl.  
Gwilda's face.  
Gwilda fills the curtain.



Pest House. Paril of -  
Capt. Thacado - pack angled scoundrel - averages.  
Patrol - much hindered. Physician - faintly gained - taken  
fat will engulf case. matter would grow thin.  
By lady averages rescue. Scene between of lady & husband in  
Garden.  
County air - resolution -. Don't play of snail, child. to a  
Chalkwood. must all have that skin of your  
Huskins bewitched - goes. "spelt."  
Look of - Pest House. Small Pox. Incubation. Suffering.

This Hart  
 Chellwood Harsheger a two mander.  
 Gmiller arrived with a fever. What Geyer a John told  
 the woman. Coach return. Harsheger a girl  
 seen any. One story. Betty Swander.  
 Farmer Geyer John Geyer  
 Coach

Margaret  
 Mary Sam. I am. I am father's mother of. a father he is born  
 "to be, you fool," her wife, having looked, refuse to have  
 she is the first. her - I have. By two girls will have the  
 cream! Since he went to the first house  
 at Worcester; Garby is home back at the gate.  
 The Master! Garby is the Raper.  
 Garby only knows of. by her father's general way.  
 He says he is clockmaker, a rider to  
 Garby.  
 Raper sent for Dr. - of Worcester  
 J. G. Carr  
 No more solution to more of.  
 Garby plays more.



The order of Chellwood's day revealed itself to Ginevra. She knew was served by a butler, two footmen, a housekeeper & various women & maids, but Ginevra, - being like Miss Harlowe - half-confidante - half-slave, remained suspended between two worlds. She was to take her meals with Harlowe in a little room near the back stairs. She would be ready in that room at all times to hang upon her lady's humors. In the afternoon she would be free for an hour to take a walk in the park, but for the rest of the day she would be - must be prepared to play my lady's sedulous shadow.

Barbara Chellwood took her dish of chocolate in bed at nine. Miss Harlowe presided over the ritual of the bed-chamber, & Miss Harlowe was leaving in a month. Miss Shellock had to be taught her duties. That she would be expected to assist in dressing Madam's body, but she would help in the toilet of Madam's tapers. This - as Harlowe knew - was a question of self-respect. By lady's head could be difficult both with and without. When it was brushed & dressed the bureau had to be done most delicately. It was like stroking a tiger. In winter Mrs. Harlowe had to be warm when dressing was served.

"God, woman, you're hands like a dead fish."

Indeed, it was necessary to draw the curtains with discretion. The lady might be feeling drowsy, & too much light an offence until the twilight had soothed her.

"Show me my glass, Harlowe."

"Here it is, madam."

"Oye saints, but I look foul."

Harlowe could be vain to herself & polite to the lady.

"Madam does not do herself justice."

The chocolate might be right or it might be wrong, too hot or too cold, too sweet or not sufficiently so. Miss Harlowe had had hot chocolate thrown in her face.

"Take the filth away. It is like mud & sugar."

Ginevra's first day began as smooth water. My lady was pleasant. She appeared to be pleased both with her own face & Ginevra's. Miss Shellock was permitted to hold the mirror. Barbara Chellwood was



playing the mouse. She, designed to ask if Miss Sherlock had found her room to be living. My lady's stocky went on without a hitch.

"You can have the dog off, Harbinger, <sup>to attend to your affair.</sup> Gwendolyn fears began to caprice. My lady was not temperamental in this sense. About, she was, as a mouse, taking the cream like a cat. Gwendolyn did not see herself as mouse. Angrily, on the previous evening her father must have had some cause for agitation, & Miss Sherlock was eager to make allowances, & to please & be smiled at. Chellwood was to be her home, & buy a sacrilegious creature she liked her living sweet. She would feel degraded were she to be packed back to her mother.

My lady spread a little liquid. She called for more chocolate, & did not rise till tea, but lay abed in her stocky. She made Gwendolyn sit in a chair & be entertained. How did people begin here in Chesham? Gwendolyn, busy with her needle, was led to talk like the innocent that she was, about her mother, Harbinger, & Chibith & Kate. Her confidence appeared to amuse my lady. It was like feeling the costs off an onion, but no one watched as yet.

Had Gwendolyn's education included basket & ombre?  
"No, ma'am, but my dear father taught me to play chess."  
"So, girl, - I must teach you. Chess is too mathematical for my head."

A footman knocked at the door when Mrs Barbara was being led. Would her ladyship drive or ride. Rather. My lady took a little stroll in the garden, & Gwendolyn was told to pick roses, fill the vases. An Arcadian peace reigned. My lady took a little wine at dinner, & felt isolated after it, she decided that she would be head to. Miss Sherlock was called into the withdrawing-room when Mrs Petulance sat in a winged chair by one of the windows. She was prepared to play the mouse in her parlour. There was no hole in the new fine waistcoat, though which a mouse could escape.

"You shall need to me, child."

"Yes, ma'am." Gwendolyn's reading had been nicely supervised, the Bible - when it could not offend ears & blurb, Mrs Sherlock, Mrs Miller, Mrs Dyer, & the witty & wholesome sermons.



of the great Mr Addison. Dear Swift & he knew not <sup>at all</sup> the  
Rev. Samuel had thought he a terrible fellow. As for the  
Orator, hie was a gentleman, they had been shut out of the  
School world.

The lady was ready with her mischief.

The lady was ready with her smoking.  
"Put back on the table, Miss Spalack."  
"I'll be right back."  
"I'll be right back."  
"I'll be right back."

The lady was ready with her answer.  
"That book on the table, Miss Skulach."  
Gwilda turned back of the half-shut. The Papere's play.  
She had heard but vaguely of the Papere. The lady held out a  
hand for the book, found the appointed scene, and Gwilda at  
it. It was a bed-chamber of the, with the callant in a  
cupboard, a bit further than to look under the  
bed of a suspicious her hand. The Papere at his best. but in

[illegible]

Shall - I - go on, Mr. A.

My body loved her as I love.

My lady raised her eyebrows.  
"How?" - why, it is devilish clean, child.

My lady would see it  
"So - why, it is devilish clown, and  
Goulda mustered her lips a forward, as to find herself  
flourish in a passage that was too slackly & late for her stage.  
"Sandy, m' an, modesty forbids."  
Sandy, m' an, modesty forbids.

"Society, in a, Moderately forbids."

My Lady became mad.

" The lady became sad and  
" The mother, Miss Schulach, can take care of itself.  
a young - in father - little manhood. - Does the

She said she was bluey.

" Indeed it does, the same

"G. come, this Shulach," do you want

" Yes, man, - every day

"You, man, - one day.  
"The bible can be as candid as the Cyclopedia. - But  
then, as most men allow us. - It is excessively bad  
taste to question the taste of your better. Please  
proceed, this Sturlock.

proceed, The student  
himself was still hesitant.

Quilda was still hesitant.

" I am afraid my ready will, the  
" That be a fool said his mother; - And you such  
into blunder either for me or for Mr. Cagney. Sit us



have no more of this family.

have no more of this freedom.  
 Grindle clutched the book & resumed her reading. She gabbled.  
 Her eyes ran a kind of race with the words. So, she had  
 made a fool of herself in assuming that her mother would be  
 shocked by the Captain's defence of the seventh son. My lady had  
 thought her both fast & foolish. She too of my lady's night  
 supper was tapping the floor. But the conflict between  
 Mrs. Capewell & Miss Scholach's modesty was to be interrupted.  
 Grindle, tapping to pass a hairpin up for a moment, saw  
 someone standing outside the window, a man, the large black  
 gentleman who had walked with my lady in the garden. He  
 had a sash in his right hand. Mrs. Barbara was aware of  
 the appearance, for her chair was to one side & behind of  
 curtain. What was the good lady saying?  
 "Miss Scholach!"

" I saw Clark, Dan S. Holach  
at the window, in an.

" I saw Clark, then I saw  
" the gentleman at the window, & am  
" sure he is the same & sat forward in her chair."

By Lady Chew the curtain made a hole  
the window, call.

By Lady drew the curtain  
"The Hangerer. - Open the window, girl.  
I would see, and the Cagney side, a struggle with  
the horse back. It was dark, a struggle in the paint  
prevented it from running easily in the park. She was aware  
of the Hangerer watch - but through the glass. She did  
not think the Hangerer a pleasant looking person. His legs  
were thick & red. He put a large hand to the side  
to help her, & the thing went up suddenly. His face  
was very close to her. His back was a turgid.

[illegible]

"Hello, my dear! He had a fine slow smile."

"Hello, y den! The way  
I would show back for the slow smile."

By Lady vi - here.

By Lady in - here. V  
 B about Chelwood was much there.  
 as window, Dan Haynover

Barbara Chelwood  
 You made my year with my new down, then Hargreaves.

He pulled off his hat to her. "Don will excuse me."

"A little tough, m'am. You will excuse me. My lady stared at it."

"A little higher, the man said. The lady stared at it. A  
He held the sack down, the woman being brought her  
sack! What the deuce was the woman doing bringing her  
sack? - a sack?"

"I'm going to be a doctor, Dad."

The Hagerman show some were her.

" By I suggest, on a - " my lady took his wedding.  
H. placed at his side, " "

He placed at Grindea, a my lady took the wedding.  
"Glad as our Shaloch."

Severus, (Mir) Scholach.  
burella fled, for the H.

Guelda fled for the Harpers cut her out  
and out of context as the wicked Mr. Cagney.



2.

By lady set back in her chair.

"Well, sir?"

Mr. Hargreaves, with one foot on the low sill, held up the sack.

"I am Mr. Hargreaves, sir."

"By name?"

Had this bundle of a rustic brought Mr. Hargreaves' head in a sack?

She looked lightly.

"Are you being funny, sir?"

Mr. Hargreaves was repeating a piece of cord about the neck of the sack. He thrust in a large hand, a well that a low sound of his, produced in the high, the body of the dead appeared. He held the thing by the head legs; the dead was a crust of dry blood.

By lady's eyes narrowed.

"What, sir, what's this?"

"A dog, sir."

"I have seen."

"By name, dog, sir."

"This dog."

"Precious leg-dog, sir. - It isn't exactly a picture."

"You shall see."

"Yes, sir."

By lady's face looked graver, but not with horror or compassion. There was a blue gleam in her eyes. She stared hard at the dead thing.

"So - that is your idea of a pump, sir, to present to a lady?"

Full was noted in, - this was a cruel as her.

"You shall have heard Mr. Hargreaves talking for his dog, sir. - Surely about in the word like a badman. What was a hit."

She nodded. She looked at a slattern at the man as though seeing him a hind. Scattered bundle understood her. She had this in common.

"I am much obliged to you, sir. - A most excellent action, I'm sure. - And you would be the - offering - at my feet?"

Hargreaves stared at her, a little small - you were brutal.

"If it's to your taste, sir."

She looked grave.

"Shall, Mr. Hargreaves. You, spread the sack on the floor under the window. You, lay the thing - there."

Full did as she desired, a she saw that his hands were hairy.



"I've got an answer to that, m'an."  
"Well?"  
"Butcher send in this bill, m'an."  
"Sawdust mate! She looked at it sharply, dead eye."  
"Woe - this father - ask for them, son. - I've I design to  
accept - . . . You, that will do for today.  
He put in his bill, & the look he gave her was both intimate  
& insolent."  
"Always - your servant, m'an. May I call for order."  
She seemed to grow thin a while.  
"You can wait - I'm of your opinion, Mr. Hargreaves. - And  
now - good day."

When he had gone she sat & looked at the dead  
dog. To man, we with most cruel minds, can be fooled  
by some engaging little creature, but to Barbara Chelwood  
this little ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> was a face that was hated. Gaby had  
had some mad, had he! Gaby had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> blinded about  
away the two weeks the dog & his slayer. A little, and  
soon used to trundle for her mouth. She sat, &  
considered the occasion, & the sudden grief that it  
suggested to her. Gaby, but that would be a gesture,  
to have the dog stuffed & presented to his master! She  
smile came a sort like a thread of twisted light. She  
got up & rang the bell. Miss Skulach, the virtuous  
& sentimental Miss Skulach should be included in the  
fantasia.

"Send Miss Skulach to me."  
Gwilda reappeared before the lady with anxious &  
inquiet eyes. Glad, but the girl had eyes like dancers!  
When the door was shut, the lady pointed a toe at the  
dog.  
"Miss Skulach, - I am minded to have this little  
animal stuffed. She is an odd creature in her little  
who stuffs birds & beasts. Her man is Gabyard - I  
believe. I am sure you will take the charge to  
Worcester, & away the ~~harrow~~ <sup>harrow</sup> for me."  
Gwilda's eyes were on the dog. She saw it from bloody  
head, & was quick to divine a tragedy. So, that was  
what Mr. Hargreaves had brought in for Jack! But why a  
dead dog, & why to the lady? She walked to the  
window & with a face of Gabyard, she bent down &  
touched the thing.  
"How very sticky, m'an."



By lady observed her. No doubt Peter Skelack was wending to see the dog delayed a hour he had care by his death. Well, let the sentimental fool shed tear if it pleased her.

"Is it your dog, m'a?"

"Would Mr. Hargreaves shoot my dog, silly?"

Gwilda straightened with an swift movement, a face became quick with colour.

"Mr. Hargreaves shot it? - How shocking, m'a! - And why?"

By lady was sarcastic.

"Do make catechism then, Peter? - Take the thy way, girl. Remember, you will tell the man Hargreaves that it is my dog, that I want it stuffed a set as a stand. - I'll tell Peter to order the carriage for you."

Gwilda was mute. The dead dog had no home for her, but she began to feel more afraid of the lady. What was behind the barrier? Why had that hunter brought the body here, a hour was it that she deemed a kind of cruel glorification of lady? Gwilda felt dumb, dumb as a child who stares at the door of a cupboard in which some dark horror had been hidden. She bent down, turned the edge of the sack on the body, slipped her hands under it a hour with her burden. She asked no more questions a went straight to the door, but she had no free hand to open it.

Her voice was quite yet sudden.

"Will you oblige me, m'a, by opening the door?"

By lady stared, then, with an amused look, she rose a opened the door for Peter Skelack.

"Thank you, m'a."

"I am content, - my dear."

Gwilda crossed the hall. What was she to do with this poor dead thing? Give it to the servant to be put in an out-house? Yet the foot of the back-stair she passed a in expectation was tender. She carried the dog up the back-stair to her room a laid it on her back of the floor near the window.

"Poor puppet, - why did they kill you?"

Peter could not tell her the reason, a his poor bloody head could be quiet. She had a small bowl of roses a in chest of drawers, a picked out a red rose she placed it on the body. She was not afraid of the dead animal, but she could be afraid of the man who had killed her, of that was with the cruel mouth. What did it all mean? Was this great new house haunted by some spirit that was evil?







The Parson, taking a dog cage in his hands, suggested to  
 Graham that the Roper bitch had three fine puppies, & that one  
 of them could be spared. Mellie was in the act of raising a  
 glass of wine to her lips. She had remained for a moment in  
 mind and deliberate & still.

"No, Power."

" No, Pardon.  
" Very well, sir. - But a dog's crying about a place.  
" Rubbing dead to give a replacement the glass delicately upon the  
table. I will trouble Peter's last."

Another dog my old humble Peter's lost.  
The Parrot. I killed out of the road.

"No, Paras. Another dog mylt howls & runs  
 Paras rubbed his chest & sidled out of the room  
 with a swift backward glance at his master. Peter's ghost? What a  
 fantastic notion! Alas, Sir Richard was graving like his  
 face, more distorted a green & misanthropic.  
 Sir Richard swallowed mylt

face, more detailed a green & marathropic.  
But the secret wound remained. Sir Richard Mallen on right  
wall with it under the eaves, as came it with him to Hamburg  
Rings, that old grass <sup>part</sup> extended high above the bench  
woods under an ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> ~~shrub~~ <sup>shrub</sup>. He could sit on the sweet turf  
of the Great Vallum, a look at that other world, the  
forest with its splendor of sunlight & clefts of shadow.  
And what was that white object in the distance? Cheddar  
Mountain showing its new teeth at him.  
Had either of those

Prison showing its new teeth at Mr. Chellwood? On Prank's River? Had either of those bones comprised to cause the death of his dog? The Haymaker household owed him a grudge for the pinching of Prank's Pierpont. But would he want him? And should one carry one's heart and soul for gay savages to shoot at? On Prank's riding off to Garbury at the tail of a

The Pope, riding up to Garbure at the tail of a clearing down with the rain & the slight race each other over the hill, found Sir Richard waiting in the great walk. There old trees made a thatch against the rain. The Pope had left his cloak over his saddle. The Garbure's eyes were the same & so was the gentleman's face. The Pope had been in business when he missed a Frenchman's shadow. To him was my lord's small & devoted shadow?

"Peter hunting, sa'?"

" Peter hunting, sa: "  
 I lay back came to the end of the black tunnel where it  
 joined the beach avenue. - In Richard glanced as though to  
 observe the wet sunlight play in the trees.  
 " Peter hunting, sa: "

"Peter is dead," Roger. At least, - I guess so.

Dead, si?



"Somebody shot my dog & took away the body."  
"Good, sir! - Who?"  
"I do not know, Roger. Perhaps it is as well that I should not know."

He turned, & his deliberate face seemed to darken under the years.  
"A man should not pity himself, Mr Roger. My pity was for the dog, as - I try to pretend it was. But let the pain pass. - You were speaking to me of the barn at Pilling Farm."

Mr Roger fell like you asked the world a question. Should he - ? Suggest another dog, one of his puppies? But there was a staccato in the set of his shoulders, a blackness about that trusted mouth that made him refrain. The death of the dog had hurt the man, yes, dreadfully so. Mr Roger had more bulky humanity in him than the withered Parsons. What a brutal, mechanical touch! And why? - Part savage spite? But Mr Roger set his jaw at the consideration, a disavowal came to speech of Pilling's barn. The barn taken had the warm of it, & the thatched was fifteen years old. What did Sir Richard wish him to do about it?

"Give them a new barn, Roger."

"That's generous, sir."

"They are - or were - good people."

"Good - or people so," sir, that he could give some

But Mr Roger was winking that he could give some fellow - fellow, - Building a new dog.

2.

Two days later Mr Roger rode into Wanchester on business, & Mr Roger took a saddle-bag with him instead of a wife, for the steward liked his dinner at the White Hart & a belly full of gossip. The Wanchester weather came to smoke the paper in the White Hart parlour. The saddle-bag was for his anchors, snuff, tobacco, a pound of tea for his lady, & a box of old Gavan's living pills, also for the lady. Mr Roger was one of those tenacious & exacting women who have ceased to be moved by their emotions, resort to rhubarb.

Mr Gavan's house stood in Mill Lane. The Gavan was an oddity, & so was his home, & judged by his views



upon politics & religion the habbit should have been a  
cobbler. He was one of your extreme men, an officer both  
to Church & State, but Wackerstein let these cantanaries pass, &  
accepted Tom Garrow as a rather slow joke. The White Hart  
fellow would have it that he sold St Nicholas' oil to  
butcher for the amount of their butcher before their flight  
of the chimney. He was said to cut large eyes, which was  
true. He rarely cut appassions.

The window of the Garrow shop - Paul Sam projected  
slightly over the footway. It was dirty & dim. Had little  
to show to the world save a stuffed hen, some bundles  
of herbs & bottles of pills, & a pickled foetus in a jar.  
Wackerstein looked at the specimen in the jar, & saw  
the thing rather suggested a professional symbol, & an methodical  
attitude towards State morality. It was whispered that  
Tom Garrow sold powders which enabled embarrased venches to  
rid themselves of their embarrasments. Tom Garrow did nothing  
of the kind. He kept the foetus there to flout  
his neighbors, & as a warning to the remanent.

Hester saw it that the Bishop's lady, a woman of  
superior mind, had ~~once~~ <sup>been</sup> tackled once upon the object in  
the jar.

"You should have it removed, man. - It is an opportunity."  
Tom Garrow had squinted at her sourly. He could squint  
when he so desired.  
"An - opportunity, m'an? - Well, wain you - began as an  
infertunice."  
The accusation could not be contradicted. Moreover, the good  
lady herself produced such infertunice with infertunice  
regularity.

Tom Pappa opened Garrow's green door. The shop was empty,  
a place of obscure little apothecaries & butcher & dark shelves,  
but Tom Pappa knew his Garrow. He passed through the shop, &  
opening an inner door, discovered the habbit seller - an old  
stool before his bench.

"Morning, Christopher."

Tom Garrow was a fellow, & in his lap appeared a mortar  
in which he was triturating a brown powder. He was a  
little, desiccated, round backed man, rather like a bundle of  
dried herbs, but with very bright fire-paint eyes & a fierce  
eyebrow. His head was bald from hair to occupy, &  
cold weather the habbit wore a cap of rabbit skin.



He nodded at Tom Roper, & the gentle carted its goods. 59

"Box of pills for the lady?"

"That's it, Christopher."

Tom's friend was more often made the point, but he was not  
certain of being within. ~~that~~ Tom Roper was a favoured client, a  
bulldog of a man who did not ask you to judge him. He had not  
put his master in the bench, ~~supposed~~ he took more with a  
corner of his eyes a race on his backlike shanks. Meanwhile, Tom  
Roper, keeping to places over the objects lying in the bench, saw  
a dog's feet stretched on a board.

Tom Roper stared at it.

"What did you get that, Christopher?"

Tom's friend was lame.

"Wednesday - the dog."

"Rye."

"Chellwood Manor."

"Chellwood!" said Tom Roper, "indeed! That's curious."

Tom's friend snuffed, trotted into the shop, took a packet  
from a drawer & returned to the back room. He saw Tom Roper  
lying in his chair & still contemplating the dog's feet as though  
some problem perplexed him.

"Who brought that to you, Phil?"

"An business of yours."

"Don't be stuffed with me, man. I don't ask your hair for nothing."

Tom's friend reported.

"A spaniel, as you see. Brought from Chellwood by a gay  
Sallowman to be cured, stuffed & set up."

"Ha!" said Tom Roper, "a gay Sallowman. A dark &  
rather pretty creature."

"She may have been both, sir."

"And the dog?"

"By Lady Chellwood's dog, I suppose. She can care for him."

"Did you notice anything about the dog?"

Tom's friend sat down & he stood.

"It had had a change of shot - its head. I saw the  
best part of three hours to make something of it."

"Who shot it? Did the gay lady say?"

"No, she didn't. - By heaven, I'm to stuff it, mount it, &  
send it back to Chellwood."

Tom Roper rubbed his chin.

"And that's all you know, Christopher?"

Tom's friend snuffed & resumed the grinding of the powder.

"And that's all I want to know. What more should I  
want to know about that woman at Chellwood? She's a  
wanton bitch, for all I hear, & you can tell her so from  
me - if you feel like it."



Tom Roper looked at him heavily.

"I wonder you have it been in the pillage, Christopher, with that tongue of yours."

"It's the tongue God gave me, sir."

"That's a right to God, me, - what? Has it the name for the pill, a good name to you, my sweet?"

As he left Christopher glanced quickly away with his little as though he were gazing the bones of the squally.

But Tom Roper chafed with a bone of flesh & another problem in his pocket. Undoubtedly he had seen from Peter's belt, & the dog's death could be ascribed to Chellwood. And when had Chellwood tried to be in a bark - "Garbage" said a stout Muller's dog? Could he postulate the cruel malice of a woman? But the path of the problem was this, should he tell Garbage or let dead dogs lie? And when the dog was stuffed, what did my back prepare to do with him?

Tom Roper stood so abruptly at the corner of King Street that a man tugging behind him with a basket, had in his hub.

"Pardon, sir."

"Granted, my dear."

Tom Roper was rubbing his chin & staring at the weathercock on the cathedral spire. Yes, what did Barbara Chellwood prepare to do with Peter when he was stuffed, set him a sideboard, - or - ? No, that was beyond the possibilities of his malice. Tom Roper's cachina was that it would be hidden out to middle. By what a raw surface?

3.  
On the Sabbath Mrs. Sturlock assumed that Chellwood would go to church, though divine service had to be sought in a chariot at Mayhill or Garbage Row. Gurdie came downstairs in a black gown & a white tucker to breakfast with Mrs. Harker. Surely, if Harker had any say in the matter this devotion would be celebrated at Mayhill, with Harker the preacher in the pulpit? Mrs. Harker, looking darty & magnetic in a stuff gown, was helping herself to fat bacon. Harker was lean & scraggy, & scarcely worth half fat. She had taken up with her chocolate & found her gawing, & when Mrs. Petulance woke in a gawing mood, it behaved you to mind you Ps & Bs.



Mr. Harkin's days at Chellwood Manor were growing short, and Miss Scholach would assume the Harkin shoes.

"Good morning, dear," said Gwendolyn, as she entered to her, because her mother had taught her to show respect to her senior. Mr. Harkin glanced sharply at Gwendolyn's white cheeks. What a thing it was to be young, and not to know it, and to be able both to parade a hide & pretty bacon that was not padded out with wool & cambric! Miss Scholach rather needed more liked fat bacon, and did she know that Mr. Petulance in his private moments addressed Harkin as, "Pintur Scragg." My lady had so addressed her that morning, and she was Miss Scholach asking her when & where they went to church.

Mr. Harkin panned herself out more chocolate to her. Some of the supply before Gwendolyn took the pig. Church - indeed! What a mill & long creature was this! Had not Miss Scholach just discovered the essential <sup>crucial</sup> ~~feature~~ of Chellwood? "Be only go to church, my dear, when we need to be seen."

Gwendolyn, having helped herself to bacon, looked at the woman who my dear had, with those large & very innocent eyes of her. She suggested to Harkin's eyes, and the girl had looked at her. And Miss Scholach appeared to be looking at, dear her! And Miss Scholach appeared to be conscious of the fact that she was worth looking at. ~~She~~ <sup>Gwendolyn</sup> had not a word of her. Or was she a Supreme Sly Booth?

Harkin took more fat bacon, and felt like saving life in vinegar.

"Pick a each hour to Gwendolyn, my dear."

Gwendolyn looked innocent.

"Do we ride to church - then?"

"I see a half mile or you are put - to Gwendolyn. Some town - of course - we go in our chair or coach & are particular. - In the country, my lady is devout - indeed."

"That you go, Mr. Harkin."

"Certainly. Usually - duty forbids. At my hill - no doubt - I shall be able to ~~live~~ with the best of Canon Pagan."

Gwendolyn took her Harkin literally and she was without vinegar.

"Could my lady object to my going? Do and her for me, Mr. Harkin."



Mr Harkin, having finished his breakfast, went up to see whether the lady had fallen asleep again or was thinking of getting up. She found her master with her arm round her neck & passing in the face of the Sabbath, & Harkin hurried to fill the void. Miss Skeloch's promise for pretty night gave the lady.

"Miss Skeloch asks your permission to go to church, m'am."

"With whom, I beg?" Harkin uttered. "It is as well to let my lady have her go."

"She says she will walk to Newbury Green, m'am."

"Good, what devotion! Said one of the footmen to carry her prayer-book. - I think I'll get up, Harkin. What would you say if I were to walk to church?"

"You would get your shoes very dusty, m'am."

"You think I could not walk seven miles, Harkin?"

"Of course you could, m'am."

Harkin stood rolling up of lady's stockings.

"No, black air, Harkin."

"Yes, m'am."

"This girl is an oddity, Harkin. What do you make of her?"

"She does my duty, m'am, & she will be looked at in church. She'll fill Parson Swyer's church for him if she goes there regularly."

My lady looked petulant.

"I must get the girl a bonnet, Harkin. Too much virtue in buying. Look me out a black dress & a bonnet."

Harkin put on a grim face.

"My lady will go to church?"

"Certainly."

"Still I order the chariot, m'am?"

"No, go & tell Miss Skeloch that I will walk with her to Newbury Green."

Harkin hesitated, but devotion was a vice my lady could not suffer, & Harkin remembered himself & walked briskly out of the room. Well, - really! What a whim! Barbara Chilboord dressing up like a matron & walking seven miles on a summer day with a prayer-book in her hand! Well, it was my lady's affair. She would return with some feet & a smart in Christian's temple.

"Miss Skeloch, my lady will walk to church with you."

My lady looked happy.

"I will be ready, Mr Harkin."



When my lady came down stairs, Thine Skuloch was sitting  
in the hall, seated on one of the oak chairs. She rose & embraced. "Shall  
I change your book, m'an?" My lady was graceful. It was  
caring her book. They set off together across the park, watched  
from an upper window by the Harbair & the housekeeper. Said  
Harbair - "I'm sending the light chariot to Garkney Cross  
to collect them. She hasn't walked seven miles in her many  
years, & she'll thank me for saving her legs & her life."  
Which was true. She had been run in the night to see the  
dust on the highway from light to Senging, but it was a  
morning of most heat & we Gwilda remembered it.

"She day is going to be very hot, m'an."  
My lady was still pleased with her whimsy, & graciously  
was her caprice, though the interest in Gwilda was that of  
a woman of gallantry who could not keep her thoughts off  
affairs of the flesh. She became fond to intimate towards  
the girl. She saw apple pie in her, or rather - she would  
say that she was moved to dabble her fingers in such a  
cream.

"You have my fine girl, child."  
Gwilda looked surprised & a little flattered. No one  
had ever remarked upon her. Her mother was a woman  
who had disappeared off putting herself into a girl's head.

"So, m'an, have I?"  
She blinked. She was receiving the world as a very beautiful  
world on the summer morning, & so it was, with haycocked  
in the fields & the wheat blue-throated under a haze of heat.  
There was red poppies in the corn, & wild rose & splashes in  
the hedgerows. The forest came close to the  
road & seemed about to break over it with billows of  
green foam. Little secret glades lost themselves among the  
great trees. Gwilda wanted the world to be beautiful,  
a fall of soft, sweet, gentle things. She wanted to be  
sure that all was well with the world, that there were  
fairies in the woods, & a grave & bearded gentleman called  
God seated in a white cloud. She wanted her benefactor  
to be the great lady of the world, graciously walking to  
church with her, while Gwilda carried her prayer book.  
The dark cupboard had opened its door, & the  
skeleton <sup>was dressed in</sup> a sedate black gown.

"Ain't the woods wonderful, m'an."  
My lady encountered a puddle. She had walked a mile,



a gentle war light on its feet, & its face had the bloom of the morning. Youth, youth! My lady found to herself a pair of shoes, & became conscious of the heat, & off he leaps as legs. Also, she was aware of Guilden's laughter, of the wildness of the explanation. She had been willing a little too fast for her, & my lady had no retreat in her escape.

"What is that tree, m'an? I'm afraid I am very ignorant."

"She was."

"What tree, Skulach?"

"That one by the book, m'an, fluttering its leaves."

"The tree was in flower, but my lady could not name it. She had the shadow of a smile on her face. It was all tremulous & brilliant."

My lady's lips became better-sweet.

"What a girl - who has come over to the door, my dear!"

"The tree, m'an?"

"Yes, all of a flutter. And had you a beam, my dear, in town?"

"Beam, m'an."

"Yes, girl."

"Yes, m'an."

My lady looked up. She was beginning to be more.

"O, come now, Skulach, you will be telling me you have never been married."

Guilden laughed.

"I have not, m'an."

Was that a case for laughter? Silly little sylphs! My lady was beginning to feel the heat.

"I shall have to find you a beam, Skulach."

"I want you, m'an, I am quite happy."

"I must tell that as a capricious."

"Yes, m'an. - My mother!"

Guilden hesitated.

"Well, child, - your mother?"

"My mother warned me against beams."

"Indeed!" said my lady. "Your mother must be a woman of discretion. So you are afraid of the men, Skulach?"

"I really don't know, m'an."

This time it was Baboon Chelwood who laughed, but there was mischief & venom in his laughter. She had made him feel old, & apparently old, she who had torn a romance of love to shreds, & when the flame had grown upward & cruel. "Have! Was it not the cruelty in passion that provoked her, to provoke & to refuse, to bite?"



will red lips at the apple, to explore the macabre & the obscure. My lady's experience had been finer & rarer; it had included every sort of man & every kind of situation. She had been favoured by a waterman in his wheel, & by a postman in a dark porch. And here was this child of cards & cream evening innocence! Was there such a thing as innocence? My lady did not believe it.

And suddenly she felt cruel towards the girl. "I'll get her taught," thought she; "by God, it would be amusing to watch her growing wanton."

My lady's shoes were pining for when the tower of Yarmouth church came in sight. The village lay about its base, a triangle of turf with a pump, a village bath in the centre. The bell was pealing a festive song, churchward I see your points in this Sunday service, who were sitting in the pews so startled when they saw my lady & her children that they forgot to trouble of a fall that forebode. Miss Scholcher knew so little of the family history, or that Barbara Chelwood came to church that she did not comprehend the <sup>significance</sup> ~~resemblance~~ of the occasion. People seemed to stare rather than look at her, but then my lady Chelwood was a notable person.

My lady sailed into the church with a wilder air than such. Old Crumwell the clerk, bowlegged, spectacled & more, stood rooted to the playground before the apparition. Chelwood! And what was he to put the Shalott Lady? But Chelwood gave her a majestic look & a high smile.

"Good morning, Crumwell. Has the Yarmouth pew been christened?"  
The Yarmouth pew! God in heaven, did she propose to occupy the Yarmouth pew? She did. And old Crumwell, bowing his bald head to the incredible, waddled before her up the south aisle, & lit her into the high pew. Bytt not the end of the world be expected? He shut the door on her, & dropping his forehead, bustled off to the vestry to tell the parson.

"Chelwood's came to church, sir."

But I was a hard man, Colman as to head, face & turning, a mild creature who went through life looking like an startled child.

"Chelwood!"

"An bold as brass, sir; & a gay gallowsman will be. She's in the Yarmouth pew."



Mr. Long was astounded. He had just got into his study, & he stood like a log in his nightgown.  
 "Dear, dear, Cummell!" - And he came in on the seventh of November. "Dear, dear!" - He came to the vicar, Cummell, a big man <sup>from</sup> Sully's volume of sermons. - I must alter my discourse."

Mr. Cummell would have signed the case, but the parson was ~~not~~ a kind creature, a good man who loved God, botany & his garden. Mr. Long stood with his back on his stomach, <sup>confronting</sup> the curate as a Christian should.

"One should not throw stones, Cummell. - I see my dove been a charge of heart. Alas, - let us welcome - the Lady. Run, Cummell, & tell John to keep the bell ringing."

The whole church was in a flutter, like the rooks when they had passed upon the road. Mr. Rogers, who was then occupied ~~the~~ the parson's pew, & away rather late at the north door, met Cummell bringing a parcel of sermons. Cummell gave him the news: "She's - it."

"You can't go in there, sir. She's - it." Cummell was somewhat surprised. His evening might have applied to the whole of the sacred building. And who was the gargantuan creature who possessed & filled the edifice?

"Have you caught a mad cow, Cummell?"

"My Lady Chelwood, sir, is in the parson's pew."

"What!" said Mr. Rogers, - "what!" - His voice could be heard in the church.

"Walked in, sir, as bold as brass. And what do you think, sir? Parson was to preach on the seventh. I am going for another sermon."

Mr. Rogers looked grim, tapped a large white leg with his cane, took off his hat & marched <sup>He was in</sup> the church. <sup>the church</sup> <sup>with a Christian</sup> true to see Parson Long toddle <sup>into</sup> the parson's pew. Miss Long, sitting just below the pulpit, was holding a bottle of salt to her nose. I should never had their heads together. Said Farmer Sitt to Farmer Soamer, - "well, I be danged. If she'll sit in his pew, she'll be in his bed - next." Mr. Rogers walked <sup>up</sup> the aisle, gave that out, he sat tall as high as his shoulder. He chose a seat from which he could observe the parson's pew, & the ladies who occupied it.

Miss Shulach recognised Mr. Rogers as the gentleman who had been kind to her in the garden of the White Hart at



Wachster. She was ready to smile at him, but Mr. Roper's face was turned a wrong way. The service had begun, & Gwendolyn gave herself to the pleasant & familiar ritual. Certainly the music in the gallery appeared to be fairly the best, the baritone singing a sturdy melody to discordant beauty - a Mr. Arnwell, had to go & stand among the singing boys who were riched to ripple. The conduct of the service checked the parson to purpose, so much so that he had to remove his spectacles & polish them. She lay below the pulpit with her bottle of salts, it had been salty - was an open grave from which the odour was not one of sanctity. The carpeted place appeared to converge upon the gallery front, & certainly Mrs. Shulach was observed. By Lady sat during most of the service, & though Gwendolyn found her a brother, Chelwood did not see it.

By Lady refused to see.  
"Dulness of right side, child. - St. Peter - abominably."  
Gwendolyn says, Gwendolyn said in the verges, a thought of her father & the children who would be down the same service. How glad she was that of Lady had chosen to come to church. During the service, which was a charity somewhat pious, Gwendolyn was aware of a lady hatching off her sleeve. Mr. Roper's face remained like a cat's paw out of a black of wood in chin set solidly above the white neckcloth. The back of the musician showed like the back of three cows in the gallery.  
As the service was over, of Lady nudged Gwendolyn.

"My shoe, - Shulach."  
Gwendolyn sat in her.  
"Don't pull the lace too tight, girl."  
The congregation remained in its seats, or standing like cattle in a pen in market day. Mr. Arnwell came to open the door of the pew, & of Lady marched out, seen & noticed. Mr. Sayer, looking like a boy in his nightgown, stood to watch her go. Heads were turned. The service was salty. Mrs. Sayer had her bottle of salts under the top of her nose.

Chelwood found the light chariot waiting outside the backgate.  
"Ha" said of Lady "so we ride. Who was the kind Christian, of course, who thought of my feet?"

"Mr. Harlow, & a."  
By arbutus house was passing into the churchyard. It stood among the gravestones & the pews & watched the green & gold chariot cross Babylon away. She of arbutus house began to bubble.  
Mr. Roper was in the vestry watching the parson fustly off his soap suds.



"What do you make of it, Sam, what do you make of it?" 68  
"The Perry blushed behind his glass."  
"It may mean a change of heart, sir." "She came to me."  
"Change of fiddlesticks!" said the Roger. "No, shall I tell you, or shall I  
not?"

The question was not answered, for Miss Perry arrived with the very  
will her smiling mouth a her feather ruffled.

"Brother, if that - that woman - enters the church yard, I shall  
walk out of it."

Mr Perry looked shocked.

"Charity, Sam, - charity."

Mr Perry whacked a stout white leg with his cane.

"Charity! Good, sir, charity should stay at home." - "I am  
concerned for the child who was with her. She has a sweet  
face."

Miss Perry was hard to sniff. "I have fought off men! - I am  
a much better person than she shall be, or she  
will be."

"Probably, sir, she is no better than she shall be, or she  
will be."

"Charity, Sam, charity said her brother, reminding that there  
was much a green pea for dinner."



## VIII.

1.

It happened on the very day when Mrs. Harsham left to go to lodgings at Maybury before her wedding.

Harsham was feeling some a not bright & huddled, for Harsham had served Chellwood for some sweet years, & though these two women hated each other, Harsham had staked her self regard with the conviction that to Barbara Chellwood she was somewhat indispensable. Moreover, there is sustenance in hatred, especially so when it has become a habit, & it may be less exultant than love. Harsham was receiving her wedding dress, her household linen, & a locked jewelry box & a picture. My lady remarked that she was being generous, & it had pleased Harsham to say to herself - "She will ruin me - more than she knows." There had been satisfaction in the thought that the tyrant might be a little incensed by the giving of the slave, & even a slave can suffer generosity.

For, during the last ten days Harsham had been shown that her lady could look elsewhere for those ministrations which are women so dependent to another. Miss Skelack was a high favour. My lady appeared to have developed a passion for the girl. It was Skelack here, then, a woman. Skelack had soft hands; Skelack's voice was sweet; Skelack was leaning to dress in head with hands that were dexter & soothing. Mrs. Harsham had a small fault. Miss Skelack was taking some of her meals at her table, & was made to sing & play upon the harpsichord. My lady had given Skelack two gowns from her own wardrobe. Harsham, seeing Skelack supported, had gone about with a tight mouth & a little curled sneer. She might be a shrivelled apple, & a withered peach, but did not Mrs. Skelack know that some ladies like to keep their peach in a dish before feeling it?

"But I put my fork in it," thought Harsham.

But she refrained. She may have planted a little over the Skelack innocence. She said was more than single. She did not even know of David Mellan, & that her lady had been still the wife of a man with a disfigured face & a distorted mind. She did not know that her benefactor had trailed a pitiful & cold Paul, Vienna, Rome, & yet was as hard as Dresden.



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china. Sweet Skulach, oblige Skulach! "Said Skulach to me, Harbin." What thickened, what honey! "Gave -" said Harbin to herself, "let the wench find out. She's the mouse in my lady's dressings. Scraggy might have warmed the fool, but she swall."

So, Harbin & he took were down to Maybury, a Harbin who had made her last coming to her mother in the presence of Miss Skulach. "You have been a good soul to me, Harbin. I'm glad to have you settled." Settled! She came, cold & generous of the woman! Harbin sat next a stiff in the carriage, with her hands twisted together. She had flattered herself that even her hated had melted. She had believed with a secret sneer. I have had her days when she had felt like putting poison in my lady's chocolate, & had derived a some satisfaction from refraining. She had exulted privately over the other wench's, & collected them, & stored them in a cupboard. It had pleased Harbin to believe in Heaven & Hell, & each became she had watched my lady preparing to inherit the latter. She essential friend in Harbin had ministered to the wench, even helping to claim the creature while exulting in the ultimate judgment. Piously & obligingly she had wanted Barbara Chellwood to poison her own soul.

The day was hot, & Gwilda had a headache. "Go & lie down, my dear," said her lady. Gwilda was finding Chellwood much more kind. Arrogantly, she had got a very impression of Chellwood during the past week. Her benefactor might be exactly & superior, but about she caused Gwilda, a Miss Skulach who, like all some hands, wanted to be loved & liked, was feeling more sure of her shoes. She was capable of devotion, & since Miss Skulach was accusing herself of having been importunate to her benefactor, she hastened to make amends. On the incident of the dead dog was explained. Evidently that humble Mr. Hayne was dead that day because it was poaching, & had thought to please my lady, my lady had not been pleased. Arrogantly, Chellwood might be allowed its moods. Was not the great privileged?

So the cool of the evening Gwilda's headache passed. She felt that she wanted air. "Will it accommodate you, my dear, if I take a little walk?" My lady smiled upon her.



"I can spare you for help, a lion, child."

Gwilda sat in her hat a great out.

The park of Chelwood Manor had a fence, but it had lost many of its poles, & in places the rails <sup>were down</sup> <sup>had broken by poles</sup> <sup>had taken</sup> down of broken timber across the Chelwood <sup>had taken</sup> <sup>had taken</sup> <sup>had taken</sup> deer. But, to Gwilda the park was a very peaceful place, with green slopes rising <sup>the evening sunlight</sup> the sky <sup>above the trees</sup>. The landscape folded itself into little valleys, with claps of trees in the rising ground. Barb & Gwilda were <sup>came</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hill</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>path</sup> <sup>which</sup> <sup>climbed</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>gentle</sup> <sup>hills</sup>. On this <sup>evening</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>already</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>visited</sup> <sup>invaded</sup>. She heard <sup>near</sup> <sup>voices</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>fighting</sup>? She continued up the hill, & reaching the crown of it saw below her a green hollow, two lions tied to trees, & a couple of gentlemen & attendants that were not peaceful. They were <sup>the</sup> <sup>shirts</sup>, & engaged in a kind of stage battle, with fists clashing instead of <sup>with</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>other</sup>. Pimpant, dead in <sup>an</sup> <sup>other</sup> <sup>step</sup> <sup>back</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>other</sup>. Both of them were bloody, Gwilda more so than Pimpant, for Pimpant was quicker with fists & feet. Gwilda stood <sup>stunned</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>upon</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>ground</sup>. She gazed below did not see her wait deep in the fern. She saw they were playing war for too long.

Pimpant had a smile on his face. He thought he had his belly of a brother baffled.

"Had enough, Gwilda?"

Gwilda saw Gull walk in, take a blow in the face, catch Pimpant round the middle & throw him. Gull was on top. She struggled together in the ground, but Gull remained on top. Then, he seemed to rear himself up. He had Pimpant pinned by the throat. He began to beat his fist in his brother's face.

"I'll teach you, you bastard, to get in my way."

Gwilda fled. She was far too shocked to run down & appeal to these two gay rascals. "Gentlemen, - gentlemen! But you fight in a lady's park?" She saw from the lower, looking up at Gull, to burst breathlessly upon her lady.

"O, a's, a's, they are fighting."

"Sa, child, who?"

"I don't know, whatever you mean."

"To her?"

"In the park. I'm sure the big black one will kill the other."



The lady looked fierce, but she smiled.  
 "My dear, we need not fear that. - Important matter, involving  
 my parish! Fetch me a wrap & my walking shoes, Shulach. I  
 will go & see if I can punish these savages & demons."

Gwilda ran for the wrap & shoes.

"Shall I come with you, Ma'am?"

The lady patted her cheek.

"No, no, you are far too soft for such savages."

"But might you go alone, Ma'am? Will it be safe?" Still  
 I call the maid-crowns?"

The lady looked amused.

"I have a way with such creatures, my dear. - If I catch them  
 they will be sorry. - Oh, you are all off a terrible child. Sit  
 you down - my dear - rest your health."

It was beginning to grow dark when Barbara Chellwood  
 returned. Miss Shulach was walking up & down the terrace  
 in some agitation, for my lady had been gone an hour. Could  
 she to call the servants? Could she not to have accompanied  
 her lady? And then she saw a tall stage in the twilight garden,  
 a white sheet, a dark wrap.

Miss Shulach ran down the steps.

"O, Ma'am, I've been so worried. - Stage - nothing -"

The lady's mood had changed. She did not welcome Miss  
 Shulach's intervention or her emotion. Why had not the girls  
 gone to bed instead of waiting up to cause blindness at her?  
 The lady's wrap, veiled a slight shudder.

"That be welly, child. Run away to bed. - The gentlemen  
 had gone."

Gwilda stood mute. Evidently my lady was a little  
 out of temper, & perhaps so. Discretion <sup>she</sup> would not  
 obtrude upon a stately indignation. Gwilda anticipated.

"Can I serve you in any way, Ma'am?"

"No, run away to bed, Shulach. You need not have  
 waited for me."

Gwilda went submissively to her room. Undoubtedly her  
 mother was a woman of wisdom; men could be outrageous &  
 fighting in my lady's park? And why? Gwilda sat about  
 musing herself, but she did not recover her lady's reputation.  
 My Lady Barbara was a notable & handsome woman, &  
 not to be perturbed by the bawling language of two such  
 young savages. Modestly forbade such thoughts. Gwilda  
 knelt at the bed & said her prayer.

Meanwhile, her lady walked up & down the dark



there with a corner of her nap between her teeth. She  
stepping down yonder had been a little turbulent, & so was  
her temper. Had that fool of a girl noticed -

2.

If wit will have it that Gattiluso is but a holy sear  
of power to come, then the Italian fencing-master who gave  
Garbino five days was quite could well be held guilty of  
this base virtue. Signor - or Don Ferrar as he preferred to  
be called, of the Ferrar School of Arms in Green Street,  
having married an Englishwoman, a thought less the gay bucks  
in London the finer foibles of the sword close to be  
considered English. He had had four children by his Mary,  
three of them with the fair hair of their mother, which  
caused the wags to say that Don Andrea was the more  
potent parent, for Andrea was swarthy. Ferrar at the  
fieri fair, provided no one hated at other things. He  
could be a fine little fencer on a occasion. - As we  
have said, he gave three weeks of his year to Garbino,  
two days <sup>some</sup> ~~seeing~~, one day fencing, two days returning, & last  
may as it was content. The governor he got did not  
believe the governor he lost though being in the country, &  
yet he would have said that the presidency of a great  
eccentric - Gattiluso was not a matter of petty cash.  
Andrea owed Garbino a debt, & though the affair was  
hasty, the obligation remained.

It had happened when Andrea had been country - his  
Mary. A certain black-robed gentleman about town had  
marked down Mary Washburn in the stage, for Mary  
had been an actress, more comely perhaps than clever.  
By land, deriving he, had set about making her his  
mother, only to find a little cock of an Italian very  
much in his way. Ferrar had seen for Mary have  
each night for Don Ferrar. By land, being that sort  
of gentleman, had way laid the fair with a touch  
of ~~two~~ buller carrying baggage. Andrea was to get his  
clabby - the girl his portion, but the mother had  
turned out otherwise. Andrea, with his back to a  
door, & his Mary behind him in the doorway, had drawn  
his sword on the gentleman & bade him fight like  
one.

"Egad, - now swords with a little bravo from Milan!  
At hi, fellows. Threw the sheen out of his head."



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A gullman & his footman, also came from Dry Lane, had stood upon the balcony. The gullman had uttered a shout, from near against me!

"So, it is you, Bohun. It would be. I have had her high words. - I was to be thanked, Mollera or no Mollera. My hand did not fight a fellow like Andrea."

"I see, you can fight me, Bohun. I have had been a change - while Bohun had taken the part of Mollera's sword & his shoulder, while I was had driven the sword, a Sir Richard's footman, a stout fellow, had fallen upon the bulker with his cane. The "watch" came up, the bulker had run away. Mollera had walked with Andrea to his Major's lodging. Then the Steward had hired Sir Richard's land."

"Command me again, Sir."  
"Send me word, I was, if the gullman trouble you again, & I'll order my footman to thank him."

Hence, Andrea's debt, his rider to Garbury. All this my love happened long ago before I was had been one of the pet of the town, a slender little man given Mollera a disfigured face. The swarthy little man with the bright black eyes had been a character. He was loyal, & he understood. He gave what he had to give to his great, me when the world called him a traitor. So was Garbury met. If so, it was a melancholy, magnificent medium.

I was rode alone, & so well was he known upon the road that no gentleman of the highway molested him, for the little Steward was a very man to tackle, - a respect with his pistol as he was with his sword. Yet no man could be guller. He doted on his wife & children. He could be seen a Sunday walking with his family in the park, a pugger carrying the baby, the young gentleman did not quiver him. - The Severan passed through to anchor about four o'clock, & having no great liking for the cathedral city, rode straight for Garbury Cross, & pulled up outside the Popes' house below the church. The back gate - the great hedge being open - Andrea, calling to a boy who was heading grass upon the green, then the child a young & told him to knock at the Popes' door.

The Popes was at home, casting up estate accounts. He was without his coat, & he came out in vest & shirt-sleeves



a mind to say, to welcome Fanni. Andrea & Mr Rogers liked each other very well. Both of them were made of the stuff that matters.

"Get down, man, a can a drink a glass." Fanni left his lane with the bag. Followed Mr Rogers. Mr Rogers was giving a tea party, & since he did not approve of Mr Rogers in shirt sleeves, the two drank their ale with the steward's officer. The ale had come cool from the cellar, for Mr Rogers had drawn it himself.

"It's good British, my friend." So Fanni drank water, sipping with a little red wine in it. You lost your touch & your temper when you were obstinate. And Sam was the great gentleman? Andrea says of Sir Richard. Mr Rogers looked into his tankard.

"Peter is dead, sir." "The little dog." "I am reached what he." - Archie - I suspect. But, I tell you that date on days. Fanni smiled, & he only had a sort of gutter like his sword.

"The dog of a lucky man, sir. I can understand. - And this strange, solitary life, how he still love it?" Mr Rogers approached to bend a head & ear towards the distant catches in the parlour. "Not a bad life, sir, who all's said & done. Repellent to porter he. Just the old men who are not permitted to ask good questions. Int, - that, but if you take your coat off there are some women who wait in the parlour, & if you put it on - that has to be explained. If you sneeze, they are pained. If you yawn & they hate it generally. They catch you. - I say do you call your wife a super-catcher?" "If a man yawns -" "Damn it, - because I like to," that's no reason to a woman. Just because you like a thing she does it, & is jealous of it. Sir Richard is saved all that."

Fanni smiled. "My May has children." "Oh of course, sir, surely had the mumps. Int, but, but, this hot weather -" Sir Richard came deep cool away to him. Said Fanni, putting his tankard on the table - "My friend, I move in the great world - so called, a most rare of fashion & affair, - great men are rare. And that one"



should buy half - seems to me a pity. You know what the world says?"

"Silly, silly, sir, I want again."

"That Sir Richard is afraid of his own face."

Mr Rogers stuck out his jaw.

"Set down my hat - to his face."

Again, I was needed.

"You, you, a man may not be afraid of a sword. Such courage my he stayed. I had - in - nature, - better. I think too - nature. - You. I know there were other things, but I - for an, sir, would like to see his back in the great world, at least it a caper it."

Mr Rogers kept his feet.

"A politician! On a man of fashion! Petticoats are too prevalent in such world, - Andrew. Set of nature do what he please, with no want to look greeny on it. A dog does not ask question. - By the way, don't mention the dog."

I was needed.

"How is another?"

"No. - But that is the sort of man he is. One woman, as day. She was sent to the Devil. - By the way, she is very much above - these parts. Send her baggage. Don't mention her either, I mean; - but you want."

The Steward rose.

"I'm glad you warned me about the dog, sir. Sir Richard is no - spirit - about some things. But he is not so old. Another woman, - another dog."

"Another dog - perhaps, - later, - but another woman, of good, never. Remember his - deformity."

I was begged.

"So no, sir, - he is not deformed. No - to you, perhaps. Look at his eye. - And then his dignity, - a voice."

Mr Rogers rubbed his chin.

"Like Sir Richard - I think I would choose the dog."

At Yorkbury Mr Parson dealt with Andrew's saddlebags. "The blue woman, as usual, sir." - thought Parson always called him a boy so polite to a young master. I know now only another sort of servant. - "Sir Richard is in the garden. - And don't on the road? - Shall I put you out a clear sheet, sir? - Yes."

So I was the very silent house now but its mystery. I know in the <sup>stillness</sup> silence a clock ticked steadily as though the very silence was moved by some mechanism. And children's voices here. The sunlight lay along the terrace, and



shining obliquely in through the windows painted pattern of gold  
 you the warlike & the floor. I was faced in these shadows,  
 for the dust of the great house defied the haze of two old  
 men, a wall back wall I was noticed that the dust grew more  
 like a grey patina on furniture, walls, shelves, books. The Blue  
 Room was cleared for him, but its blue layings were faded.  
 The place was full of cobwebs. It had been built at a  
 period when the long gallery was still a garden, & the gallery  
 the very chair had not been sat in since by Skote.

The Stalder had a turbulent & irregular. He was good to  
 feel subtle leppings, the tumbling of invisible threads. Passing in  
 the tower down with its stone pulpit & candelabra he saw  
 the landscape in a sheet of green light, far & mysterious.  
 The high tower made his that of Lirish, though there was  
 no flash of water, & no cypress. He crossed the tower, &  
 looking down saw a red coat & a garden that had  
 been a wilderness. Why should these particular words  
 slip into his ear now? "I see in more dust, & he  
 does not care."

Malherbe, partly under the branches of a spruce that had  
 overgrown the garden walk, looked up & saw I was.

"So you are here, Andrea?"

I was bound to him.

"It is the seventh day of the seventh month, sir."

"You keep this like the sun, man?"

"Sun of pleasure, sir."

"You are always welcome."

Malherbe's mastery of the tower steps was deliberate. I was  
 you watched his feet & Sir Richard Malherbe was not shy  
 of I was. This man kept time & faith, & himself a  
 polished surface was a shining one.

"How is the great world, Andrea?"

"A false & foolish & foolish as was, sir."

"All of it?"

"Much of it. It neither flatters nor backbites me,  
 because I love it - for him."

"And Mary & the children?"

"Gladly, sir. My wife begged to be carried to you."

"You Stalder seem to be good husbands."

Andrea laughed.

"My wife makes me a good husband - if I am one."  
 Malherbe stood looking at the landscape, & I was moved



a fainter evocation, that little redoubtable shadow that had been chiseled at Sir Richard's heels. Dusk, death & that ruined face, & the faint flowing in the air winged by it. Had I always thought altered? Had he grown suddenly silent as some man close by no apparent reason, or for a reason that would appear trivial to the watching? His movements seemed slower, his voice less vibrant. But he - I knew - would know when this fight ended. He could tell a man's death & danger by the feel of his sword.

It was as he had thought. He would begin this fencing in the morning, play for half an hour & then rest. I had found out a piece of turf below the terrace, but if the weather had been wet they forced in the hall. The turf was dry, & when they forced each other in this padded coat I knew was for the fight - "I shall hit him & hit him with ease. There is a scully, - a slimmer, an abstraction. - But shall I pretend?" No.

And so it proved. I was a layman in that other arm, a slacker. I always did not watch as the eyes of a swordsman should. He was slow & big foot, dilatory, casual. His mind seemed elsewhere.

"That's the third hit, Andrea. You can touch me when you please - today."

"Just a word, sir." "A word. I wonder? One grows a little older. One cares less."

Ferris looked at him with his brown black eyes. "He is much of an eye, sir, but I fancy to live. You could touch me if you cared."

"If I cared?" "Wellman, plenty in foil in the gears, looked round & down, smiled, much smiling & remembered."

"One may care about such foolish little things, I find. I have seen this when to be touched so early would have injured me. That fools game. Shall we not talk?"



## IX

1.

The new Chellwood might be a challenge to Gaby; it was also a provocation to the other scattered neighbors, the county families of Wether, Sable, Harborne, Haddleton. How was a scandal newly hatched, powdered, creamed & painted, & if Lady Chellwood patched herself as Venus, these rustic gentlemen, surrounded by unimaginable crimes, were even to run a critique the toilet. If any woman loved a rake, she may be censured also by some who give her a <sup>proper</sup> ~~place~~ by, & while tearing the paper reputation to tatters, say and that her own chastity had been more worthy of assault. - What was Cice like these days? Had the thin frame of her gown stood or staved? Indeed, she was the mirror of fashion, & the ladies of the county had seen neither Paris nor Rome. Her squires were dull fellows, red faced cantons hollow after the hands, scrupulous in their manners, & sudden when in their cups.

Old Haddleton, who his lady pressed for a visit of country, was here in his honor. "Curiosity, Sam! How does the town patch itself? I am what I hear the lady should patch the cheeks she sits in." Coarse creature! But old Haddleton went with his game to pay his respects to Chellwood, & to swear that Mrs Barbara was a damned attractive woman, & that he found with Gaby was undeniably. Could you expect such a woman to be faithful to such a face? The Wether, the Sable & the Harborne also chided into their chariot & drove to Chellwood Manor. By Sam, how much had she spent in the house? A good deal of old Jeremy Chellwood's land? She was, long been dropped to the glass of I know, became suddenly pleased with it, & was ready to see their throats reflected in the lady. "Had, no; what a figure!" The ladies sat around a high backed chair, & observed all the points of the shameful creature's toilet. About, they were cleared but, but they were a little surprised by the tidiness of Barbara Chellwood supported by Virtue. They had come to see Cice, & discussed Cice, Cice & Prudence. The lady was shy. The lady must have been first. Behold the irrepressible beauties Barbara & Geraldine, June



a April, - my lady & her sweet Schaloch. Chellwood could  
stage a table, <sup>understand</sup> I believe that two beauties could show each  
other off. Besides, what a possible for the bachelors, sweet  
Schaloch sitting there with her mother, the elder & the younger,  
my eye even a canflower blue. My lady must have sweet  
Schaloch on her feet, on her back, on a little flattery,  
a few for both of them, could my exception be more modest.  
Set the master's degen belch & curl their claws. My lady could  
make them a puppet show that would send them home  
puffed & puffed.

The Full Hargreaves was as perplexed as the ladies. Lady  
Chellwood did not avoid him; she did not forbid him to park,  
but wherever she went she was followed by her groom. She  
might sit a horse to Mr Hargreaves, but in the presence of  
sweet Schaloch. Full was no talker. He seemed to sit  
in front of himself like a black cat watching a rat hole for  
a mouse to emerge. She began to bore my lady.

The important & Jay Pinpoint was to be prepared.

Full glomed at her like a bull in a pen. What was  
the woman at, playing hide & seek round Mr Schaloch?  
Was there underneath meant to provoke her? He had got  
rid of Pinpoint, for Pinpoint had been packed off for  
his mother on the grand tour. Was old Hector hinting  
that it would be worth the of many sending Full  
to work?

Meanwhile, my lady examined her fancy.

"We must have a party, Schaloch."

"A party, m'am."

"Just for the fashion of the county. Society is expected  
of us."

Chellwood sent out invitations to Bonten, Sander, Hargreaves,  
Harbow, Huddelstone - etc. Also, she ordered muscades, &  
a couple of actor's galleys from town. The estate carpenter  
was given orders & a fiddle, & scratched his head over  
it. The Chellwood front was to be transformed into a  
festal barge, capable of accommodating twelve people.

"But - I want, m'am, it will sink."

"She build another."

My Lady's cards invited the county to a Fete Champetre.

Old Huddelstone boggled over it.

"What the devil is that, Jane."



" French, my dear. A kind of carnival."

" Carnival? Does she expect us to dress up?  
His lady snubbed him. She would have sent him to the show  
as Bottom."

" No, just wear your velvet breeches, John. She of her colored  
ones."

The weather proved kind. The guests found the Chelwood  
cedars big with colored lights, & a romantic craft afloat  
upon the ornamental water. There was music, & a pair of marked  
gallants with ladies they prepared to play upon later & make  
love to the ladies. There Schlock was dressed as a nymph in  
white muslin, but most modestly so. My Lady wore green, &  
had a star of diamonds in her hair, & carried a top bar  
& a gown of green. Dressed the Hunters. The Huddlestons,  
attending him, asked if he was to be shot at.

" If you are feeling a buckish, sir" said she.

Old Hargreaves turned up with Fulk & Bacchus, & had  
to be lifted out of his coach & carried in a chair by his  
two stout sons. His nimble legs lay down in white silk  
stockings. She could not get so far to March's Regent, but  
thought old Hector was like a toothpick & the lawn, he was  
too large to be ridden on.

The party was forwarded to park itself in the shade about  
a classic altar upon which all of the actors gathered for  
turn out marked & twanging his lute. The other high  
gallant reclined at the feet of a lady. Sweet Schlock,  
bearing a gilt cornucopia, distributed paper flowers to the  
guests, & twisted round the stem of each flower was a  
slip of paper verse. Each recipient was called upon to  
read his or her jingle.

It fell to Mr. Huddlestons to open the game.

" My love is like a ruddy rose  
With wings upon his shoulder.

I date upon his chin a nose,  
And loved his stout upholder."

There was laughter. The Huddlestons looked green. How John  
might have a red nose & plain legs, but he was Huddlestons  
of Huddlestons. Harbison twitted his neighbors.

" Does she date upon your nose, John?"  
Old Hargreaves prompted. He wanted his flowers. " Pass  
one here, my dear." He had his flower & his slip of  
verse, & he chuckled over it.



"An innocent thing am I,  
So modest & so gentle.  
I would not hurt or fly.  
I'm shy & contented."

Said Frank Regis - "I'll swap with you, Huddleston.  
I ought to have had the one about the legs."  
... became ... Huddleston. ...

I ought to have had the one about the  
 The atmosphere <sup>became</sup> a little sterner. How Chelwood  
 pulling legs? One of the <sup>big</sup> stage-players played brief  
 at Roland's feet & began to sing to her. The Garter  
 fellow was not a good taste, & of lack, sitting his party,  
 sent most of it into the boat & sent it floating to shore.  
 Old Hector Hargreaves was not built for boats. He sat in the  
 middle of the room & watched Miss Scholach who was  
 flitting about laying flowers & fowers on a table that had  
 been carried out by the servants.  
 ... in his own garden. God, what a  
 ...

Old Hector liked his boy as Guedia. God, what a  
miserable wench, yet first a creature! Was that again Guld  
after the manner of the mission?

But's your man, I fear. She saw Mark' Regier as a poor  
fat old fellow whose legs were chapsical.  
"Goulden School, sir. Can I do any thing to serve you?"

fat old Sutherland whose legs were crippled  
" by milder strokes, said I do so to save you.  
Frank Ryan asked for. Five years ago he would have  
invited Spaulding to sit on his knee.

" And how do you like Bellwood, of dear.

" I like it very well, sir."

An indulgent mother.

" My lady is most kind, sir.

"The lady is most kind, sir."  
"Has" said old Hector, "who could help it? So it is a  
wonderful pretty frock you are wearing."

9. S'n ~~Shad~~ ~~Shad~~ ~~Shad~~, so:

" I'm glad of that, so.  
" It looks so cool. - I think I will take some to drink,  
my dear."

My dear  
What may I beg you, sir,

" As they wet in place, baking water.

The trip up the lake had injured the party's spirits. My lady had been excessively nice to the other ladies. I mean had told a tale, & everybody had laughed, my lady more than any of them. - "You are a wicked little, son," said Mr. Shabtan who had told the tale, felt pleased with himself & his laughing listeners. The other gentlemen were provoked to rivalry. Mr. Huddleston, began to tell a



story, was nudged by his wife.

"But that is, John."

"Dear Mr Huddellston" said my Lady, "do let him tell it."

Plain Jane continued her - "So you, my dear, in private, to her they came where a little ballroom was ready in the shade, tea for the ladies, wine for the gentlemen, sweetmeats, cakes, fruit. And then it was found that a chair was lacking. My Lady had sent the servant away. - "G. will wait a moment. It is so much more informal." Gwilda ran to the house for a chair. Mr Hargreaves gave his elder son a nudge. "After her, your shaggy dog." Jack went. He met Gwilda with her chair.

"Follow me, Miss."

"O, no, no, I can manage."

She was afraid of Mr Full Hargreaves. He stared so hard, & there was no fun of his eyes.

"I can carry it, Sir."

"I'll carry both of you, sweetheart."

In brief, he took the chair from Miss Shulach, set it down, put Miss Shulach in the chair, & carried her down to the party like the bear's head at a Christmas feast. Gwilda sat there, looking confused, he had held her about her ankles.

Mr Huddellston chuckled.

"Put the dirt, by me," Mr Hargreaves.

Gwilda, glancing a little anxiously at her mother, saw that my Lady was not pleased.

## 2.

Miss Shulach, sent shopping in Barchester, was told to call at Mr Garside's - & inquire for the stuffed dog. My Lady had had no experience of the length of time required to cure a pet a mouse at, but Mr Garside knew how long it took to get a tradesman to obtain his money. But that Chellwood was unwelcome; far from it. My Lady had inherited a rich estate, & as for money she had retained control of it. Still her father she had a feeling for money, & would rather squander another than give. In fact, she was so well supplied with cash, that it did not occur to her that her fortunate people might be incensed by being kept waiting for them.

So Mr Garside's shop Gwilda saw a very happy good Peter staring at her for a while. Mr Garside, appearing



from his work-room, spectacles on nose, wiped his hands on his apron.

Said Miss Shulach brightly - "I see the dog is stuffed. I can send a footman to take him to the carriage."

Mr. Gaudin looked at her over the top of his spectacles. "What is paid for. That will be two guineas."

"Two guineas?"

"I said two guineas, Miss."

Gaudin had not so much money left in his purse, and the church parson would not let the dog go without the bill being settled. Gaudin had to appeal to George, the footman who was waiting in the lane. Had George any money on him? George had, sufficient to make up the two guineas, & Peter was carried off to the chariot. On the return journey to Chillwood he accompanied Gaudin, observing the world with a forced & laryngic stare. So much was he, such a poverty of his dog's self, that Miss Shulach found him a pathetic creature.

At Chillwood the spaniel & his new green stand was carried in by George & exhibited to a lady. She, with art was placed upon a stool, while Gaudin explained that Gaudin's Clubhouse.

"I had to pay two guineas, m'am. He owes George fourteen shillings."

"Two guineas?"

"Yes, m'am."

"By the creature wasn't worth as much when he was alive."

Well, well, we must not set a price upon our children."

George's fourteen shillings was refunded. Miss Shulach went upstairs to take off her hat & cloak, & a lady & the stuffed dog were left alone together. He had been so placed on the stool that he stared morosely at Barbara Chillwood. Surely, a stuffed dog could be allowed to look at a lady? The Barbara gave the leg of the stool a push with her foot, & Peter Shulach was forced to the window.

By lady's notice was contemplated returning the stuffed dog to the artist. It gathered other information. By what dead Shulach with the creature? The figure pleased her. Gaudin's creature minded by a thin pathos! Yes, Shulach should go in the Chillwood coach & present this work of art to the engraver.



My lady gave a vest to her bureau. Unlucky it was taken from a little drawer a large a rusty key. She thought it had remained with her as a memento. It was the key of the Garbidge gate used by her in that last desperate occasion when she had made a final exit. Will it be had let half out of a man-made world into that other world of hiench's hiench's.

Sweet Scholach, appearing to ask her mother if she needed any service, found my lady the day both looking out of the window. Mrs Barbara appeared in thought & sad. She was preparing to ignore a melting mood upon her child.

"Sit down, child. I want you to do something for me tomorrow."

"With pleasure, m'am."

My lady put out a hand & allowed it to rest on the head of the stuffed dog.

"It is a rather delicate affair, my dear. You know that I am married."

"Yes, m'am."

My lady sighed.

"My husband is still alive, a quite a neighbor. Did Harbin tell you?"

"Mr Harbin told me nothing, m'am."

"Remember venture! I will make a confidante of you, Scholach. My husband is Sir Richard Garbidge of Garbidge House. Ah, yes, a tragedy. I had to leave him, my dear, & take my maiden name of Chelwood. I will not describe to you all the misfortune of my married life. Some memories are too painful. My husband is a very eccentric old gentleman who has always a queer manner. Mr. Hargrave, poor man. Strange, my dear, my husband had a bad business and your father became a little touched in the head. Now, this dog - it appears - was a part of it."

Shirley was all you.

"Poor gentleman."

"Sweet, sympathetic child. Mr Hargrave found the dog poaching, & shot it. The Hargrave, my dear, has rather strange notions - or to humor. He thought - well, we will leave Mr Hargrave out of the story. It occurred to me, Scholach, that I would have the poor little creature stuffed & returned to Sir Richard. How does it strike you, child?"

"A most painful act, m'am."

"I'm glad you think so. - Now, my dear, I should not be welcome at Garbidge. For your Sir Richard has refused to see me. It occurred to me, Scholach, that I might send you with the dog. She could take you to Garbidge. My



went in that you deliver the day - personally - to Sir Richard.  
Will you do this for me, Sherlock?"

"My lady sighed & looked apprehensive."

"By Jove I will, m'm 'Miss Girdle."

"Thank you, my dear. You must not mind if you find Sir Richard a little strange in his manner."

"No, m'm."

"He is quite handsome, poor man."

Girdle, sweet naturalist, dived in the heart of the adventure for a vast moment. How much could be explained by the discovery that her benefactor had been the victim of a tragedy. Whopper money! And was it possible that two whopper people might be recalled a reunited over the body of a better day? Miss Sherlock saw herself diving to Gaby as an angel of peace, though her angelic mood did not wholly dispel her of a lurking curiosity.

But another George the fortune, nor the Chelwood coachman had any illusion as to the suspicious nature of the adventure when my lady had them brought into her closet & gave them their order. George was furnished with the party bag. My lady's order was that of necessity - the lady said later when she was forced, - the coach & Miss Sherlock dived up to Gaby House. George & the coachman looked at each other. George's father-in-law might make a case for the partner, a man who to be held responsible? According to Miss Sir Richard Dillman was not a show shop.

"What are you two great cowards afraid of?" asked the lady. "The order is mine, & that's an end of it. A couple of guineas to both of you if you get the coach to Sir Richard's door."

"And Miss Sherlock, m'm."

My lady was cut with them.

"Miss Sherlock admitted. She had her instructions, - & the burden is mine. The responsibility does not concern you."

"But, you will excuse me, m'm."

"Well?"

"She says they keep a pack of savage dogs at Gaby."

"Savage fiddlesticks, you booby. That stuffed creature was the only one about the place. But no more of this nonsense. The coach will be ready at ten o'clock to take Miss Sherlock to Gaby."



Swart Skuloch may have suspected the antiquity of being somewhat singular, but how singular it was to be, I have productive of future bitterness was beyond his dreaming. The Chelwood coach drove through Garbay Cross, a between the village & the park gate the road was so rough that Gwilda had to take Peter in her arms, for it would have been deplorable had this work of art been tumbled from the seat or broken from its stand. Gwilda had a better tricked when in bed. She was to deliver it with the day to that eccentric but handsome old gentleman, Sir Richard Malleran.

They arrived at the park gate. George was down with the key, & getting it into the rusty lock. He had done it's duty, & George had swung back the two men leaves when old Kate came running from the lodge.

"What he you doing?"

"Taking a drive, mother," said George, getting back quickly to his place. - "What's in up, John?"

Gwilda had a look of the old woman's slack face, & of a pair of shining eyes in the air. <sup>could</sup> the intensity of the Chelwood coach <sup>be</sup> such a calamity? Meanwhile, John had whipped up the horses <sup>with</sup> <sup>both</sup> faces <sup>and</sup> away, though the old creature scuttled for both gods, screaming at the servants. Poor, foolish old woman! how she enjoyed because her authority had not been overruled, & had she expected Miss Skuloch to throw her in a pique.

The curtain was undrawn, & Gwilda saw the green wilderness that now Garbay forming itself from its high woods. There appeared to be no road, & the coach rolled over grass. Deer raised their heads to look at the strange mechanism. Gwilda had never seen deer before. What lovely creature & how magnificent! The man of the barrow was steering his craft <sup>over</sup> what might have been a green sea, but the green-grass road was <sup>part</sup> distinguishable from the turf. She climbed through the wilderness of grass & fern & trees, & in a little valley Gwilda saw masses of silver & gold, & a variable cloth of gold. A moment later she discovered the house set high in deep among the beech trees, blue sky & white clouds above



above it, the window glimmering, its tall chimney like dark  
skin tower.

Chellwood gave a gold chain & drew into the weedy courtyard  
at the back of the house. An old man in his shirt & slippers  
was out & stood staring. What decoration was this! Don Parar  
had gone stopping at Sopping & Sabat, left in charge, was  
a man dumbfounded. The Chellwood coach! Santa & Minister  
of grace for ever!

Sabat had not Don Parar said any folly. He grew hot. He  
ran out toward a George the footman came down from his  
pouch. He began to gabble:  
"You can't stop here -"

George grinned at him.  
"Sleep cool, dad. She's a lady - the coach." "But you  
a woman?" Sabat looked scared: -

know that -"  
"Sst" said George; "you had better come & speak to the  
lady."

Sabat, hurrying to the rear side of the coach, saw Miss Skeloch  
with the stuffed dog in her hand. Sabat received another  
shock. Peter the sparrow, slung yod on a green stand! Sabat  
you were in place on the dog! Said Girda, with innocent  
gay dignity - "Good morning. Will you please let me  
decide whether or not that I have the - a letter to  
deliver to him."

Sabat's face grew suddenly. What was the matter  
with the poor man? Had the nervousness of the dog affected  
him? Miss Skeloch stroked Peter's head & prepared to  
pass him to Sabat.

"The matter doesn't receive interest, Miss."

"I am sure he will see me if you explain."

Sabat scratched his head. Was this indifference or sweet  
ignorance? He looked at the dog, he looked at Girda.  
She seemed an unoffending, gentle creature. But, for gods, did  
she not intend that a dog should be a dog stuffed was  
as different as heaven & hell?

"What now, Miss?"

"Please" said Girda.

Sabat was unequal to the crisis; he crumpled; he was  
more formidable than Don Parar. And after all - the  
dog would not fall because he was foolish to this young  
person. He accepted the stuffed dog from Girda.

"Well, Miss, you had better come in."  
Even Sabat was of the opinion that the presentation



could not be made before a couple of young servants. "You, Miss, you had better come in." Gilda stepped out of the coach & followed Sambat into the house. She was aware of the immense silence, a silence that seemed to rent the father of her show. Sambat conducted her down the hall, pushed open the door of the great parlour, & with an air of fluttered respectability, placed Peter on the dining-table.

"Take a chair, Miss."

Gilda took a chair, a straight backed chair covered with faded red brocade. Sambat looked at her as though she were some strange & enormous apparition, & went out backwards, pulling the door to after him. There was silence, complete silence. Miss Staloch, who had folded in her lap, looked round the room, & drawing the portrait over the fireplace, she rose, crossed the floor, & stood gazing.

"Her lady!" But how different - while being the same! Gilda, some or night, contemplated that sensual singer, & that wide & blue eyed stage. What a very pleasing portrait! And why? Obviously, he neither had been painted as a young woman of fashion & in the fashion of a violent beauty. Yes, indeed, for the world. Presumably, a lady appeared to look down at him with general attention as they waited to see how the comedy would play itself out. ~~Her face seemed to watch, to register & to answer.~~

Gilda turned away. The portrait had disturbed her. But how foolish, who she had seen upon a visit of acquaintance. She felt for the letter in her bodice, drew it out & placed it on the table beside the stuffed dog. Again, she was provoked, to come to rest upon the black curtain covering the picture having opposite my lady. Curiosity pricked her. She glanced at the door, listened, & crossing the room, drew the curtain.

Who was this? Sir Richard Malloran. She stood & gazed & wondered. A very handsome & stately person - this, no withered mummy. And why did he hide behind a curtain? Was the black velvet a mask, a piece of symbolism, suggesting a cloak drawn over the face of an unhappy man? Gilda, who had crossed over the baron, stood & gazed. What a splendid face! And saying, she did not hear the splendid person's footsteps.

2

Sambat found his mother at postal practice, but in this many Gilda's aim had been faulty, & the face of



Vener had wept weathed.

"A lady to see you, sir."

Sambut was scared. Had he been cautioned to answer the Devil, the look in Martin gave him could not have been more alarming. Sir Richard had a pistol in his hand, & it was pointing at Sambut.

"What do you mean, man?"

Sambut gabbled. His words seemed to run down his chin.

"A lady from Chelwood, sir. A young woman. She has brought Peter a letter."

"Peter? She says?"

"Stuffed, sir. I should have said stuffed. - She protests that she was told to deliver - hold - to you, sir. Sambut you anxiously watched both his master's face & the pistol. Was the letter loaded? And was it to go off when the stern of your lordship's leave -"

"You said - from Chelwood, Sambut?"

"Yes, sir. She came in a coach."

"Where is she?"

"I put her in the great parlour, sir."

Sir Richard, but what would happen next? Sambut's lips trusted Chelwood as they to whistle. He might be sent packing for allowing - the girl's father to participate in the sacred precinct. Sambut waited to see how his master, the gentle manner of the young woman, the unexpectedness of a resurrected Peter, two young servants, a very large & actual coach. One old man could not show a coach out of the courtyard like a lion. But Sambut began to observe that his master was behaving with peculiar calmness & restraint. He walked across the grass to the door seat & proceeded to put his pistols away in their case.

"Take them, Sambut."

"Yes, sir."

Sir Richard Muller went towards the house, & without any suggestion of heat or of haste, Sambut, following, began to observe that his master had been too generous. How many years was it since Sambut had seen the young man in a precinct? And the young woman was very handsome, & young. Not exactly a detached beauty, the girl had something to tell Sir Richard about the dog, & though the girl had a lined face, need he be so shy of a pretty one? "What is it?" thought Sambut, "she was perfect to him?" - And just what would happen. He would not like to listen at the parlour door.



Mallory panned at the top of the steps.

"Sabot."

"Sir."

"Take those portraits to the library, & wait in the kitchen."

"Yes, sir."

So, there was to be no hitting at home.

Mallory, entering the house by the Prince's Passage, came to the great parlour without passing the hall. Opening the door, he found Miss Shaloch standing in front of the portrait. He had no chance to replace the curtain. Suddenly aware of the gentleman in the doorway, she looked confused & dropped her curtsey.

"Your servant, sir."

Mallory closed the door. He looked at the girl, & he looked at the accusing curtain. Chellwood's manner seemed to specialize in portraits. He glanced at the stuffed dog on the table, & that note certainly showed in his manner a little whiff of fear. But there was in his congratulations of the occasion a deliberate harshness. If Chellwood had not come home to make secret for his life, to run back giggling with all the news, there should be no hiding of fears. He walked deliberately into the light.

"Your business?"

Guinea, the sensitive child who has been spoken to sharply, raised his eyes to his face.

"I have come from Chellwood, sir. - S. -"

The face was mantling, but it sufficed. Her wide eyes & her lips were in answer. So, she had not been told, & she had not to look at his face to lose ball in voice & in manner. She stood like a bat in a guano. Stage, that he should still be so sensitive, & that the shocked stare of a gay wench should come in better! She "Yes" as Sir Richard Mallory, sir."

"I am."

She seemed in a hurry to cover up that angry face. Maladroit meant. Her dark eyes had fallen, & a quivering was in a shiver, & a shivering the in black, & a shivering shadow. The finger of her right hand touched her bodice just over the heart. She was frightened, fluttered. She turned her head slightly as though to look at the picture on the wall & to capture



the two faces. Would she confer to having touched that 92  
certain? For the small poor stuffed Peter on the table  
appeared to have been forgotten by both of them.

"Please - excuse me, sir." <sup>she</sup> looked behind  
And then she made a kind of sliding movement, looked behind  
her, & sat down in a chair <sup>It was the same chair with the</sup>  
faded brocade. - She <sup>appeared</sup> ~~looked~~ healthier, composed. Her face  
no longer so dejected.

Then, quite suddenly, she said to her & looked at her, <sup>place</sup>  
was ready. It <sup>disappeared</sup> ~~disappeared~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>the</sup>  
defaced face of a boy, <sup>intuitively</sup> ~~intuitively~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>able</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to <sup>read</sup> ~~read~~  
of the history. <sup>But why had</sup> ~~But why had~~ <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>able</sup> ~~able~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>read</sup> ~~read~~  
not Chellwood named her? <sup>By</sup> ~~By~~ <sup>speaking</sup> ~~speaking~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>old</sup> ~~old <sup>gentleman?</sup> ~~gentleman?~~  
Inevitable - the invasion of the silence had become too. He  
was very certain of her eyes. It was as though some  
gentle shadow - <sup>ghost</sup> ~~ghost~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>passing</sup> ~~passing~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his <sup>face.</sup> ~~face.~~ <sup>Who</sup> ~~Who~~  
was this girl? What had she & Chellwood in common?  
~~A kind of secret & prophetic intuition carried them both~~~~~~~~~~

"I'm trying to speak gently."

"I think you have brought me back."

"Yes, sir, a letter."

"You are a friend of Lady Chellwood's?"

"I am a poor relation, sir, & her new maid."

He heard against the table, his hands resting on the edge.

His wife's maid? She was not the kind of creature -

But what of the mood that had inspired this encounter

& its natural sequel? - He was sure that the child

was innocent of malice, a guile that was why she had

been chosen for this piece of walling. - Had she been sent

his was surely yet more likely than to show him the

subtle reflection - of what he was? ~~He should see growth~~

~~Woman's flesh~~ -

He watched her face. "

"And - your name."

"Skulach, - Gwilda Skulach."

"I think I remember some Skulachs."

"My father was Samuel Skulach, the divine, sir."

"He died?"

"Yes, sir. My poor mother had four of us girls."

"So, Lady Chellwood took you to the house."

She looked up at him, smiled & nodded, & that  
smile of her he found the unexpected - the sweet,  
strange terror of fatal & forgotten things. He had not







1  
from the hand that had written it. That you lay would  
she be left in her innocence. 94

"I beg your pardon, Miss Shuloch. - I spoke a little  
harshly. Will you be so kind as to inform Lady Chellwood  
that I remain much obliged by her letter, that I will  
remember its contents."

Gertrude entreated to him.

"So that all, sir?"

"Yes, that is all."

He opened the door, bowed her out, and as she passed she  
gave him a little frightened & defensive glance. She had  
more than a feeling that all had not gone well with  
her mission.

"I hope I am forgiven, sir, for the intrusion?"

He again met her for a moment, and there was nothing in them  
to remind him of his troubled face. But he was very conscious  
of their candour. By next morning that this woman, dark  
child was what she seemed to be, a creature who had grown  
up in a little dismal & conventional world, a noisy child  
set to right though in defence.

"The intrusion was not your fault, child. - May I hope that  
you are happy at Chellwood?"

"O yes, sir, my lady is most kind."

He walked with her across the hall to the porch.

"May you continue to be happy there."

He watched her enter the coach, a cab of George the  
Porter pulled a face as he climbed to the back. She  
indulged in no allusion. One wheel of the coach  
scraped against the stone pillar of the gate, for John  
- George was in cabalistic. "Good, he came to  
the door with her. Did you see?" "Said John, - 'I'll  
wage you he hasn't seen a daisy bit of meat like  
that I saw in Blenheim."

Mr. Miller went back to the great parlour, & shutting the  
door, was alone with the poor, much-thrifty of  
doyen, two portraits & a couple of letters. She still  
was still in his hand. He snatched it out & read  
in rapid succession. Incredible mischief! And he could  
suppose that his wife had been told - if she  
had been told by this - that she was a messenger of



95

peace & exultation. On his return Miss Sherlock would  
be questioned. How had the creature with the cypred face  
swallowed the poison?

Some ingenuities made him take the stuffed dog & place it  
on the mantelpiece below his wife's picture. It should  
remind them as a symbol & a warning. And carry the  
idea he drew the curtain across that other portrait.  
"Euphonia" he thought. "Was it she who secured my  
other face? It must have been. - Pity, after all -  
she was in the plot."

### 3.

Gwendolyn sat & wondered. Since Pandora she had  
raised the lid of a coffin, & looked into her infernal  
world a flight of puzzling problems. By this, why that?  
By a dozen clues & coincidences? By her childhood  
spoke of a young man & an old man, & why had it cancelled  
that dark, fantastic face? Fantastic! Was that the  
word? And Gwendolyn, looking out of a coach window at the  
perfect texture of the landscape, was moved by secret &  
compassionate qualms. She remembered the intent & searching  
look he had given her. His eyes had challenged, searching,  
harshly. She had had more than a feeling  
that he had come into the room in anger, & that for  
some reason he had put her aside. Had he noticed  
the curtain? But, of course. - And what was it in the  
lady's letter that had so blacked & moved him, &  
made him ask that extraordinary question?

She was aware of the two servants adding chuckles to the  
sighs & arching of brows & cooing. A little, showing  
familiarity with her. John & George knew nothing. Had  
Chilwood made use of him? A but that was unthinkable!  
No chuckling from George & John & then that old  
lady & a lodge-keeper waiting. She trembled at the gate.  
She looked into the carriage. She knelt & he who  
was elegant.

"Bell, ingenuities -!"  
The man above quizzed her.  
"Do you know your gooding it, mother?"  
"She is so pitiful about the place, old dear."



Stater

What's been your friend Givella.

" Out you go, bold faced pig.

What a rude words, & what an unpleasant & over-odd woman! - Later, Chelwood met its sweet Stalack with animated & reassuring kindness. By lady's you were all bright & blue for the news. Had Givella brought her back a letter? -

" No, m'am; a Givella delivered Givella's formal & enigmatic message.

" I see, you saw her, child. And how was the poor man looking? Givella replied with a neglected question.

" Oh did you tell me, m'am, that he was old? Better the girl! Could a man who lived like Givella be

convinced of my? And he was angry, m'am."

" Angry, my dear, with you? -

" Indeed m'am, he was when he read your letter. My lady looked startled. " Oh letter! But there was nothing in it to give her, child. I do not understand it."

But she understood it very well. Givella had had very reason to be angry. The noble, of lady applied for the ultimate & ordained belief, not worthy to be put before the heat of innocence.

" I hope you were not frightened, child? Frightened, m'am."

" I did warn you that the poor man is not quite as other men. Of course, - you noticed -"

" What, m'am?"

My lady gave a shiver of the shoulder. Sweet Stalack was being rather stupid. Surely, she had observed that the Givella's countenance was - well - as eccentric as the Galleries habits? And had not the manner of youth explained some of her lord's anger? As one of the household explained about town I had been allowed his vanity, & what was it but vanity that was that they of - Givella a bearded all manner? - rather less so. My lady had exposed her face to a girl. The noble, then Stalack was standing by the window, a look out over the garden & the park. Had she been a common woman she might have expressed her mood by such a suppressed frown. I think he must have been very attached to the dog, m'am."



The lady was silent for some seconds.

"Really, child, - was you so awkward. - About I begin to doubt whether you saw Sir Richard."

"O, yes, m'am, I saw him."

"It is rather unusual for people to see him, my dear. He is very touchy about his poor hideous face. I would have looked startled. He gave me rather an abrupt, abrupt, abrupt look. She seemed to hold her breath as though there was a pin in her bodice, & it had stabbed her. My lady was looking just as she appeared in the Garbry portrait, suffering, sinister, & somehow strangely cruel."

"He was - a little - disfigured, m'am."

The lady stared like a cat.

"So, you did notice a little disfigurement, Scholach. - When I last saw the poor man - well, well, was he kind to you, my dear?"

Quilda, with a crooked frown on his lips, seemed to be listening to some inward voice as well as to the voice of the lady.

"No, m'am, he was most kind."

Chellwood laughed. - "Indeed! - Poor man. - Perhaps you did not look at him too closely."

The lady decided that Sir Scholach had the air of a gay woman hiding her a emotion under her gown. Really, the girl was too full of sympathy. She was like broken water - while it was possible to catch the particular reflection you were looking for. The lady shrugged. "I think you are a little tired, Scholach." Quilda, with those wild wide eyes of his, slipped a curtain & fled.

She ran upstairs to her room, & sat down on her bed. She was panting. - The revelation had flashed upon her, & she was vivid than ever. My lady had looked back a curtain from a long picture, & could see the ruin of a man's face. She - But why, - how? Had she - Quilda - been sent to make a mock of the unhappy gentleman, to stare & gape & wonder?



# THE MAN WHO WAS BORED

## WARWICK DEEPING

The man sat on a little green knoll above the blue  
half-moon of Cresswell Bay. There was colour in the sea,  
colour in the oaks of High Wood, colour in the sunlit sands,  
colour in the solitary, squatting figure on its grassy hillside,  
a feet full. was of red & green & purple, brown beeches,  
apple green stockpiles. The man was clasped in beer, & they  
were hairy & pecked arms. His ears, curled hair seemed to  
I went back from a high forehead, <sup>from</sup> a face that was  
since a biddle. Still more was a beak, its mouth  
prominent, its brown eyes <sup>as</sup> buttle with some secret seam. There  
a crouch, he <sup>resembled</sup> ~~was like~~ some hungry animal waiting, to spring  
upon a prey - that was not there.

after a day - that was not that.  
 The stillness of inward stress. His wife knew that John  
 questioned its significance, the question of a spirit that clinged  
 to him but it should have, a self-control that joined with  
 the command of his fortitude. She would look at him  
 with her flower-like, upturned eyes a day - "Now, go out  
 a walk."

On the days that were behind them Pavel Porishoff had  
 lodged overhead at Magi's News, & had tramped to a po-  
 over a creaky floor & added to the sense of tension. Porishoff  
 had produced strange animal noises, coughs, groans, stomachic  
 caronations. It was Pylbi who had held the place of the  
 Russians, & Pylbi who could take a clean white cloth  
 & efface smudges with an air of <sup>minimal</sup> ~~innocent~~ <sup>unobtrusive</sup> ~~simplicity~~.  
 Dasha's lean arm clasped his knee. Three days of  
 tramping in the country, with bed & board at local <sup>public</sup> ~~inns~~ <sup>duty-free</sup> ~~houses~~.  
 Pylbi had sent his path to ease his settlers; & No. 7  
 Magi's News was to be spring-cleaned. Eynhad in the spring,  
 Eynhad in green leaf, with the white thorn in flower, &  
 the meadows stippled with gold. And what partation!  
 Buttercups & late primrose might suggest gold coins, but  
 not soably a cuppled pond water.

Should one be angry with life

Should we be angry with life.  
Duke asked himself that question as he looked at  
the sea & Beacon Head with its lighthouse & the yellow



sandy coast of Star Point. High wood with its oak & beeches,  
green sward & cloth of gold, towered over the flatness of  
Thelland Marsh. Behind him the red brown roofs of French Farm  
loomed thence. Ainswell village, with its grey, shaly led chalk zone  
filled the little valley through which the Ainswell brook  
slithered to the sea. Solitude & a sweet stillness, no  
flying loiterer, no motor-cars. Drake hugged his tower, &  
pondered the question.  
Should not he angry with life?

Yes & no.

Very much yes in his case, with poverty & failure in the  
balance, plus a part. What could he put in the other  
scale? Philby? Yes, that fragile flower of penny-farce  
comedy. And what kind of show had he given Philby?  
Poverty, drudgery, savage affliction of a sort; ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> down  
in a London tower; But was a second-hand march  
for cost.

But as he regretted there another vision came to him. Maybe  
he remembered John Heath's words - "Windows opening upon foam.  
And upon what - in this modern world - did most windows  
open? Suburban brick & mortar, yellow walls, slates, stunted  
chimneys, narrow back yards, other people working, the  
unvarying yawn of industrial towns. And Drake, architect &  
artist, had other vision on this morning in May, of a fresh  
sea, or Roma tower a float on the edge of an ever-clearing sea,  
a white town, gleaming & serene. Not Bescall or  
Boscawen or Tappin, blay & bathetic, stewed cabbage  
& boiled potatoes, but something planned & lovely &  
spacious. What a job for a chemist to create some  
foam-city such as this in England, & shuck the crowd  
into stinging & wonder. Giggles! That English giggle  
- so inevitable when something artlessly strange finished its  
complacency, & stung the reclining wit of loath &  
murder.

A sound came to Drake's ear, the hum of mechanical  
giggle of a motor-car engine as the throttle closed. Drake's  
head lifted with a jerk; his ears full again about his  
tower, & his brown fingers seemed to claw the turf. A  
daring car! Drake called them Road Lice. Was no place  
secure from the slopping of the machine?



Now, a man who is unhappy & angry with life may snap at other human beings like a frightened dog. You may be rather hard to judge in too much self-analysis, but there is ground to believe, even though the offending object may be his own shirt. Drake might damn all machines on wheels, without confessing that he was tempted to loathe them because he did not possess one. The evidence lay plain, even in the philosophy, & Drake's sense of humor had gone down on him.

The offending vehicle appeared, coming its way up an old gravel driveway which led to the little garage of later years Drake had joined. What the hell did the driver mean by paying the money back off the highway to decimate the green suburbs? And yet - the thing looked provocative. It was a small car, an old car, a shabby saloon modelled many years ago. It's name was too stumpy, its backside too stunted. It stood too high off the road, & its colour was drab black-brown.

Now, Drake might confess that there could be beauty in cars, & a fascination in sleek lines suggestive of speed & sleekness. There was no beauty in this particular vehicle. It was shabby on wheels, a glazed bone that conveyed you somewhat roughly to the local station or the shops. There was in it a charm that could challenge envy, a more Mustang <sup>saloon</sup> 10, a cut of date at that.

A man sat behind the steering wheel, a solitary soul, & so far as Drake could see no improvement in the car. His was a grey figure as to hat, hair & large suit. For a minute or two he sat surveying the landscape, & then opened the driver's door. Drake eyed him curiously, as an onlooker eye a superfluous detail. The trespasser upon a dreamer's solitude was a pale, middle-aged, middle-aged person with some coloured hair, & a face that seemed to flicker in a perpetual & puzzled frown. Yet, there was something whimsical & odd about him, the pale Park dressed up in a conventional & more too new tweed suit.

"An incoherent creature, this" was Drake's reflection, "some brain-potential taking a week's vacation."

The stranger stood surveying the light scene, & his eyes



might have been the eye of a puzzled & wandering child, for Sabastian  
 surprised by Arcady. Drake's smile was tolerant - if not kind. And  
 then he got the feeling that he had seen the fellow before.  
 Oh, well, he was just a type; there were thousands of such  
 things in a mechanized world.

Drake looked cheerful, welcoming no contacts. He & the others  
 would have no language in common. Such is the reputation  
 that may fool the best of us; & persuade him that all common  
 men have no eye to see well. Drake could remember an  
 incident after World War No. 1 when he had taken a  
 Lascarini had a a trapping team, only to be amazed by the  
 mill-lane's blunders. This re-better had been unable to  
 distinguish one tree from another, & could not identify even  
 the humble potatoes.

"What's that plant, Pardon?"

Pardon had been a rambler, with hand-balled ideas on  
 sent & the land.

"Don't know it."

"Do you mean to say you don't know - that?"

"No, - I don't."

"And you eat potatoes!"

Drake became conscious of a movement. Pardon was  
 edging towards him, & Drake was in a mood to resent any  
 such approach. He continued to stare at the man.

"Come on -"

Drake gazed in oblique glance at the gentleman.

"Want a match - or something?"

"Can you tell me the name of this bay?"

Had it the fellow - map, or map for Newport?"

"Cresswell, a virgin at that."

The little man gave Drake a sudden & approving glance.

It was far more subtle than it seemed. There was a  
 smile of triumph about the eyes, the amused tolerance of a  
 man who found life fascinating again, & who had discovered  
 the secret of innocent conduct.

"Then why not Green Bird Bay?"

It was Drake's turn to feel surprised. So he took up  
 so swiftly by a fellow whom he had labelled as a drab  
 & melancholy clerk!

"You have struck a coincidence, sir. My name happens to be  
 Drake."



" And I said, "

" Stage - but then, a Devonian, with a Cornish pedigree. "

For a little while there was silence, a dignified silence, for both men were stomaching the flash of the unexpected. Drake sat back at the sea, & was not quite so sure that he wanted to be alone. The intimated voice had been an advocate as his quiver is quieter, a quiet voice, & ~~just~~ <sup>smoothly</sup> a suggestion of authority. The moment you were considering the seated man, his head, his clothes, his air of brittle ice.

It was he who came to break the silence.

" I suppose one should wish to leave - this - as it is. "

Drake turned on him quickly. He may have expected a few courtesy remarks, ~~but~~ there would ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> been nothing.

" On - portable Cartouche or Peacham? "

" You would object. "

" Well dynamite - was it possible? "

And then the little man sat down. He took off his grey felt hat & laid it on the grass, & passed a delicate hand over his thin hair. On the corner an aid to conversation. Drake, glancing at the stone a rock of his new neighbor, saw silence, & made to measure shoes. That was the trouble of being angry with life; you looked inward at your sore self, & failed a objective elsewhere.

" I am in the other side to the picture, Mr Drake. "

" I see you in, backside a portrait. "

" Picture of birth & death; masses of people who see nothing but death & death. "

Drake was sitting up, & his face looked less hard.

" And ~~can~~ <sup>cannot</sup> be taught to see. "

" I wonder. "

" Just the local pub, a hired foot ball, & picture film. "

" One has to make allowances. - I take it that you are a Londoner. "

" South out of Bloomsbury? I'm a house, - yes. To be in the middle of the river may be the only adequate alternative. As a matter of fact I am Mayfair & Chelsea. "

The little man smiled, & the crinkles round his eyes were kind.

" So, you know south of London. Do you know anything of



6  
Seeds, & Bootle & Cardiff."

"S do."

"Well, what would you do about them."

Drake gave a start of the head, like a horse startled into  
slipping.

"Good, why pore - me - with such a problem."

His new signature rubbed in forehead.

"Yes, - why. Only that the age of expansion is over. No more  
wilderness to exploit. Conservation <sup>& elaboration</sup> are in the  
air. We have to make the most of what we have."

Again there was silence, while Drake chewed the end of  
surprised reflectiveness. Then, the little man asked <sup>another</sup> question.

"Does this our delightful prospect suggest a problem."

"Could you spoil it."

"What is - spoliation? You have been sitting & staring."

Perhaps you have seen -

"I am an architect & an artist, sir."

"Well, what does the artist see?"

Drake turned & looked him squarely in the face.

"Strange you should ask that question. You, - I have  
had a vision of a white town & windows of ivory upon  
green. Not Barchin or Bonemall. Something fresh &  
gleaming, to be lived in & looked in."

"You, we need more laughter. Your town would have  
an educative value, Mr Drake."

"Good forbid! - I'm not sufficiently a prig to dream  
of educating the cheaply educated. As I see it one cannot  
touch the English anything."

"You speak as a Cornishman. - Get Cornwall -"

"Yes, I know, gem - a gem, including the chryse. Call  
me a Celt, if you like."

"I imagine needed. - Well, if you will excuse me I  
think I will explore."

Drake nodded.

"Safe, sir, a fall of surprise, mostly unpleasant ones."

Drake watched him wander off down the gentle  
hill which ended in the grassy flat, sand & dunes &



single of Cresswell Bay. An unexpected person - the little fellow with his peculiar air of authority & pungency, & his definite ideas & his challenging questions. The Marston I've had enlarged himself - Drake's estimation into the hypothetical character of a Civil Servant, a fellow in the Ministry of this or that, who was supposed to issue instructions, & perhaps to do a little thing out of other people's books.

Drake arose & stretched himself & strolled across to look at the little man's car. Now, it was the sort of vehicle that an official or a modest salary might be expected to possess, tame, ancient, shabby, respectable, no promising product of hyphenated profits. Drake saw a neatly folded rug, & an old brown leather hat bag on the back seat. The hat bag bore a name in black letters, & when Drake had read the name upon the bag, he emitted just one word -  
"Gosh!"

The Marston I've sat amid the Marston gear on a low dune, & gazed at the sea, a softly swishing sea whose miniature waves spread in liquid fur upon the smoothed sand.

A child's memory <sup>raised</sup> stirred an impulse in him. He took off his shoes & socks & thrust up his trousers. Ugly things - feet, & especially so when your big toes were crooked & possessed swollen joints. The Marston I've looked at his feet. Poor old dears, but they had earned him a long way upon what is called the road to success. He toddled down over the sand & into the sea, & stood there with the water playing about his ankles.

Marston in 1894! He had had a small estate with him then, but she was dead. So many people were dead. The ghosts were beginning to outnumber the living. No, Marston had not lived to see his crown like Caesar



with all the lurch of a commercial trough. Success! What was success? And what a prospect was this! Ripe for development, Olympia by the sea. Some syndicate active. Amusement parks, paddling pools, silly little mechanical boats which bumped into each other, roundabouts, blare, better! God forbid! Was not the sea sufficient, & the sands?

The Monty Sun paddled about for five minutes, & then returned to his rack & shower. He spread his old feet to dry, & sat in contemplation, but it did not prove to be comfortable contemplation. Certain visitors accosted him, were sent him in the pillory.

What had he done?

Given names of people with a mobility. And what <sup>was</sup> had they made of that? Chased an elusive happiness & of caught away a discontent. The factory hands had been jealous of the possession of cars, & the owner of a Monty & right snarled at the owner of a Rolloy. Did he not know that the Monty factories were down with Bohemian. And the people who bought his cars? They crowded round to tail along the main roads on Sunday, & left little wayward. Had he not helped to spread the stuff of cheap lunch & motor? Eyed home. Piling up savings, adventurous hoarding, car-parks. Mobility & joy. Happiness? Were people happy in those Eyed home? You could not produce happiness in a factory when some other spirit was in your inward tank.

Now, now, now. Cardome Blaming under your window at 1. a. m. Eyed, accelerated by bright young lady, song prumps just when you had fallen asleep. The machine roaring, a machine-shop, latter whirling, grander active, coming a better chiding. Hives of industry, human bees, but not well kept. Disgranted men soaring for a strike. Shop-stewards more & more active. A world that was beginning to snail like uncoiled machinery.

The Monty Sun sat with his bare feet in the sun



and looked at the sea & Beacon-Head & Star Point as though they were features of destiny. He had needed Liverpool Bay; some mysterious hand might have pointed him to this place just when his need had been inevitable, for Mr. Danton had come - like his world - to the end of a period of painful crepescence, & for a year or two strange groans & doubts had been rumbling in his like industrial dyspepsia. Now it that the world wanted to take off its shoes & socks & paddles, that it wanted to play & not with steel, machine tools, oil & petrol? Now it that a phase was passing, & social shackles were straining humanity?

What did modern man ask for, Southey different? More leisure, but leisure for what? More cash in the pay packet, or to feel more a person & not a mere creature who clocked in & out? The Greekish would that religion was dead. But was it? Might it not be that a new religion was in the process of being born, & that man seemed to be more than an ant in the commercial ant-hill.

Mr. Danton put on his shoes & socks & waddled back to where he had left that colorful & rather funny young man perched on the green knoll, but the fellow with the Elizabethan name & the roundness & beardness was dead gone.

Mr. Danton turned & stood for a while, looking about him.

Did humanity know what it wanted?

Did this English scene know what it wanted?

But a landscape was not man, save that man had helped to make it. The soil had a life of its own. The peaceful scene asked for sun & rain, wind & frost, & nature gave them, & they were neither retarded nor changed for man had developed artifice & ~~man~~ moulded nature to serve his



ends, food, drink, & sometimes beauty. Had he not been a  
 butler of beauty? That which he had created was not like  
 the old farm of yonder, a part of the landscape & in  
 partnership with nature. Corn, cattle, milk, & not gadgets.  
 Gadgets could be useful things, but man had been  
 long the cunning of his hands, that lively cunning which  
 could make the spirit of his feet sleek & good.

Idon, Don Donatya I remember the words of the  
 artist.

" A white town gleaming on the edge of the sea. "

A new beauty, a new grammar, an experiment in the  
 art of living!



## II

So in <sup>more callow</sup> ~~younger~~ days Frank Drake had painted a  
text upon his studio wall -

"No Man comes from Dory, he is Dead."

Admirable! Excellent! But when you found you art a  
craft ~~sympathetic~~, & the community did not ~~trouble~~ to buy your  
works, the doing of particular things became impossible, & death  
stood at your door.

Drake's door in Major Mess was blue, sparrows' egg blue, &  
so were the window frames & the window box. He had  
painted them himself for the sake of doing things, & in the  
name of economy. Major Mess knew rather dark on horses,  
& had become arty. Its grey cobble was pleasantly patterned.  
It had red doors, cream doors, green doors to add  
to Drake's love of colour. It was musical & literary, & it  
crowded for cocktail <sup>chatter</sup> into minute parlours when someone  
had the money for gin or sherry. A happy-go-lucky place  
- this - that grined all life & called everyone by their Christian  
names, & was less happy than it seemed.

Phyllis Drake's little-eyed thoughtful one window an-  
nounced back yard of blackened brick & <sup>Bath</sup> ~~stone~~ stones, but beyond  
the further wall a plane tree & a garden of Major Mess  
held the green flag aloft. Phyllis had tried <sup>growing</sup> flowers  
in boxes in this back tank, but the poor things had  
looked so sad & straggly & had flowered so poorly  
that she had refrained. Two deck chairs with green  
canvases decorated the yard, for here alone was some privacy  
& the open sky, even if the sky resembled a lid. Her  
husband would sit in the yard with book or drawing-pad  
or nothing but reflection & a pipe, & <sup>watch</sup> ~~see~~ his wife's face  
at the back window. If there was no flower here,  
that fairy face was a flower, which, with its speechless  
eyes & its intrepid pallor provoked him to strange  
tenderness & anger again, for Frank Drake was fond  
with himself & with friends <sup>as to</sup> the significance of Phyllis.

"The only good thing I did - even - was to persuade her



to many men.

But it had not been so good for Phyllis, though her wife might have flamed like a white flame had the world said so. She had had no children & the usually a temperate creature was her child. She understood him, believed in him, grieved in secret for <sup>the</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>in him</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>that</sup> was halbed. That which might have stamped many women into a scolding dowager had tempered her courage & taught her a ~~fine~~ patience. Primrose faces do not scowl.

Yet there were times when Phyllis Drake was afraid, & fear may be many a secret. One may dread the opening of some dark cupboard, or ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> fear to look into some sinister crevice where a preface crumbles into blackness. The Drake was so near the edge of things, & sometimes the little pale woman ~~knows~~ <sup>knows</sup> panic. Bills, no work, man - a box of depression on every wall. She sat afraid for the last quarter. There was impulse to be feared, the sudden fierce act of a man - who - in a moment of desperate & misplaced magnanimity right set her free. Free? She would not want to live - had too much drink! Yet, poverty could be merciful in something that creeps into dregged gaiety.

Phyllis Drake was at her kitchen window preparing a salad for supper when she heard the bell ring. Bills <sup>too</sup> were to be feared. She stood a moment, hesitating. It could not be Frank, though he should be back at any moment. Her sensitive hands dropped the lettuce leaves into the bowl. No use jumping things. That bell had to be answered.

She was wearing a flowing veil of many colours, & it seemed to emphasize her doped pallor. Delicate she might be, & often in pain, for she had a back due to a spinal injury as a child, but her air of fragility was fallacious. Other men - a woman - had discerned that she sometimes chicaned so.



Phyllis Drake

to confess  
She opened the blue door ~~and~~ Pavel Parashoff with  
his great white flaccid face & pendulous belly. He brought a  
shabby hat to her, & smiled.

"Greeting, - madonna. - So dear Frank at home."

Pomozoff's posturing beast! An animal in search of a  
meal or a ~~boon~~ which he now upaid.

"No. Frank is away."

She stood holding the doorway against Clephar. He had the  
skin of a rhino, & a fat impudence which swayed like his  
belly. Ya, there were the usual green spots on his  
waistcoat, & his short sleeves were shot to show the  
frayed edges of the cuffs. Pomozoff could play it further  
with elaborate detail.

"How sad, - dear lady. - I - am at what you call a  
loose end."

She looked at his great flat face & in your own study.  
Similar note. Her mood was to close the door on him,  
but the confrontation had other subtleties. The Russian cast  
a shadow for shadows had to be reckoned with. And  
suddenly she smiled, & her smile might have concealed  
cold steel.

"Come in, Pavel. I'm doing chores."

He bowed to her, passing his hat to his belly.

"How generous. - My legs carry much weight, my dear. And  
remember - I can cook."

He could, & serve up old fair game stories. Had she not  
guessed that long ago? Some might be mingling between  
them, & a canon that Pomozoff might not be prepared  
for. Finally assuming my could be dismissed. She  
made way for him, & her eyes & mouth were done.

"Come a bit, Pavel. I make a salad, - nothing more.  
How much does one pay for a lettuce & new potatoes?"

He looked at her obliquely, considering.

"Ah, dear lady, new potatoes! They are beyond me.  
Good. I like them. I like on green."

"She led the way down the very narrow passage to her



fills ~~for~~ <sup>hitchhike</sup>, & Pomchoff followed, filling the page like a train  
in a tube. He shambled; he carried a human smell with  
him; he panted. Almost she could feel his laboured  
breath on her shoulder.

" Asthma, dear lady. What does one do for asthma? Fog  
in the throat."

She turned to smile upon him with sweet remembrance. Diet  
a reduction of fat.

" Set down, Pavel. D. you mind if I work."

He lumbered into an old basket chair, - it creaked most  
bitterly.

bitterly.  
" Ah - wach! You country dear lady, does not respect  
art."

She stood half facing him, a ~~box~~ <sup>bag</sup> in her ~~hand~~ <sup>finger</sup> and bring out a cigarette case. When opened it ~~was~~ <sup>it</sup> empty.

He looked at <sup>the sky</sup> it with panting pathos.

"False one, you forget to be filled. One's soul can be so distracted."

" Is Samoh' good for nothing, Pavel."

" Nothing is good these days.

"Poor little man."

"Poor dear man."  
She left him to return with a packet of cigarettes. She gave them to him.

"Gasper, I'm afraid."

"Gaspar, I'm afraid.  
~~She saw~~ He felt his cue. She had expected that.  
Then had he a mailed man his. His indignance was like his  
short cuffs, a challenge to comparison. Even in gapping  
a pocket was part of the stage play, & as she watched  
his hollow finger she wondered how Maria had ever  
fallen from them.  
"No matter."

O. "Red master."

She lit a spill from the flat-lighter & held it out to him, & the little flame seemed to gleam in his heavy but cunning eyes. They were the colour of slate, & the brown hair dropped & showed the white sclerotic sclerotic below the iris. He inhaled smoke, & exhaled it through his nostrils.

though his mother. Ah, that is good. Dear Francis is out on business?

Oh, fortunate man!



So, they were coming to the point, of by circuitous ways. A bunch of radishes had joined her lettuce, & she cut the little red globes into slices. There were times when the Russian could give her a glimpse at, & he was gazing now, & she was waiting for ~~the significance~~ <sup>its significance</sup>.

"No, things are rather difficult, Pavel. Frank's heart content fell though. - I suppose you could not help us for the moment?"

He hunched his shoulders, & his great white face shone like an startled moon.

"I, dear lady? - But how dull! - I am what you say - on the rocks."

Of course he was, presumably so, & Pyllie Danke <sup>supposed</sup> ~~themed~~ that Francis had often rescued her. But why? Oh, yes, she had devised the <sup>method</sup> ~~method~~ of the <sup>perfection</sup> ~~perfection~~, & the <sup>high</sup> ~~high~~ prohibition of this <sup>great</sup> ~~great~~ creature's <sup>significance</sup> ~~significance~~, potency.

"Sorry, Pavel. I <sup>part</sup> ~~part~~ mentioned it. - Francis cannot afford - ~~do~~ <sup>at present</sup>."

She was aware of those shy, slate-colored eyes watching her. Would some theatrical gesture betray her? There were shadows in the room, <sup>summer</sup> ~~summer~~ shadows. She was among the shies of radish & the lettuce leaves.

"Loan, dear lady? - But no, you mistake me. Your husband has a generous soul."

"Too generous" said she calmly. "So often, Pavel, it is the generous people who make trouble for themselves."

"Trouble?"

"Oh, yes, - I know. - There are no secrets between me & Francis."

She looked at him with a little, mischievous smile, & saw those deep-set eyes so sullen. He blew smoke from his nostrils. ~~He seemed to be considering something like a frustrated doubt about some secret that he had been pursuing.~~

"Women are very forgiving, my sweet."

She took the dulled insult in ice.

"Are we? - Not always. - But sometimes it is worth while."



He leaved in the creaky chair, drew in his great flat feet, & rose slowly, the cigarette end pendant from an upturned flabby lower lip. Would she have trouble with him? She did not think so. The creature was cowardly, just like a serpent when springing, a pair of rubbing greasy hands & a fencible pouch.

"Well, well, dear lady, - I have my agent to see. Congratulations to dear Fania & so happy a wife."

She laughed, about gaily.

"Please do not always wash, Pavel. - I mean - there are no loads in the range. - Good luck with your agent. So your piano back again?"

He gazed at her.

"No, still with the Jews."

"What a pity."

He shuffled out & off, to close the blue door behind him as though he was <sup>to</sup> ~~speaking~~ away as from some pawn-shop where a little pale faced <sup>child</sup> ~~girl~~ behind a counter had had refused a pledge. - Yes, damn her! Had she been bluffing him, as did she really know?

Pravinsky spent the cigarette end on to the cobbles, put on his big black Bohemian hat, & remembered that he had just forgotten something in his right hand trouser pocket. Well, his explanation & search of other people's papers would have to continue, which was a pity for dear Fania had always been amenable to <sup>family</sup> pressure. The Russian seemed to stare into a windowpane. Cognac, brandy de France, Vodka, liquor brandy! There was something trying to escape him, for he who could smash his lips over such business & swallow their bouquet, had just forgotten something in his pocket. Damn that little pale faced bitch. She reminded him of a country that you could not cross, a stone stupid integrity spelled chief in godly mis-cases. Had she been going to him? Angels could he with some, Russian face.

Phyllis Drake put her salad into the tiny white refrigerator, a pendant of dogs that had displayed an evanescent happiness. She smiled as she closed the door. Some house affair.



17

could be put in cold storage. The skeleton in the cupboard,  
you, a creature like Darmhoff should not be permitted  
to rob its bones in the name of private property. She  
turned away, with a hand to her cheek, stood looking  
into the distant back yard. She saw the two deck chairs  
side by side. That too was symbolic.

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III

Francis Drake walked head on in down the western  
side of Plaza Square. It was still solidly respectable,  
& his colorful figure was a challenge to it to <sup>be</sup> <sup>bold</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>dash</sup>  
down. I had never thought when F. D. felt like a "chubby  
archer" who could spread his figure at Plaza Square -  
"Ello, ol' coah! 'ow are erupth?"  
... was a child of mood

But, mortal creature that he was, & a child of mood,  
 & passion & dispassion, he could divine Nig's spirit response to  
 his passing figure. - "One of those great figures from the  
 past."

Francis Drake was fairly named, & in a real cowardly way,  
a "Timed Oak" mood. Great fellow Noel who had  
chase to be ~~frankness~~ <sup>frankly</sup>. Yes, a Better Sport! F.D.  
whetted - "I'll see you again," & with the hearty sentiment  
of the melody in his blood he came to the cobbled  
causeway of the River. For a moment he paused, head up,  
carving off suddenly for a real brother. By this was done, waiting  
for him like some flower faced young lady, with a sweet  
smiling red nose for a heart. Having been faithful about  
your wife! F.D. smiled at him, & accepted the  
sentimental challenge. Self-censure could be cathartic & get  
confessing. You might be shut up in the scum of reality,  
& as for a woman could life you out & warm you.  
He came to the blue door, & modeled at it.

He came to the same conclusion.  
"Open - Service."  
Arabia Pytho - Scherzade! Yes, Pytho was like that.  
She told you the same story, but with a difference. He  
felt in his pocket for the key of the Yale lock, & saw  
the blue door open.

" Hallo, - Pull. - Have we one. 75

"Hallo, - Phil. - How are we.  
She heard his voice, & was thrilled by it. All its varied  
inflections were known to her. How was happy, sad, and  
rallying, a laughing tenderness. How good! He had seen an  
in his dreams. - He entered into the parlor -

He was turning his brown hair back after the fashion of a  
woman, she found his face of turned, ready to be kissed. There are  
many signs in which a man may kiss a woman, - a woman -  
she is sure - may divine the mood behind the hair, beautiful,  
perfectly, compassionate, concealing. She put her hands upon



his shoulders, a man tried as she wished to be kissed. His arms were round her. Love, desire, tenderness, no advantage to be hidden.

"Good time, darling? - Yes, you have."

Her "Darling" was not one of those casual endearments, but she a cigarette and into the fire. His face had lost its harshness. His dark eyes seemed kind.

"I know my window here, - what?"

"Had tea?"

"I rather prefer slops. I could do with another."

"Yes, let's."

good

Drake was used to household jobs, & somehow his motherhood did not resent them. After all, if the world did not want you & gave you no service, you could serve yourself & your ~~own~~ comrades. That one broad gentle strength in him had been ~~had~~ become more evident during these difficult years. ~~the family flower should not have to bear too much.~~

It was he who had collected the old Spode chair & arranged it on the blue tray & carried out a table to the two deck chair. His wife, curious of these activities, felt smooth & warmed within. No, she would not tell him of <sup>the</sup> Parahoff's morning.

It was she who made the tea in the flowing tippet. She had a mass of cake for him.

"All ready, - Frank."

He slipped an arm round her as they passed into the yard. He wanted <sup>to</sup> sit at the piano there.

"Good to be back. Sit, tell."

It was he who would do the telling, & she knew it. Curious here was his. He sat leaning forward with his hands drawn up, a plate between his feet, his eyes a dance in his left hand. He stirred his tea & she saw the random lines about his mouth, more deep than creases. His mood would be whimsical & shitting, & she waited.

"Remember Cromwell Bay, Phil?"

"Did she not?" She had spent a romantic day there when they ~~had been~~ by a girl.

"So it - Peacehaven."

"No, thank God. Since & still as ever. - But a funny thing happened. - A shabby little garrison turned up & ~~an old~~ car. And we got talking."



"He or you?"

He flashed a quick glance at her.

"Bott - you mine. - bell, - I'm doing all the talking now. A funny little fellow in an antique Thornton 10 doesn't sound - dramatic. I was perched on that little gray platform; you remember it, - I'm afraid I missed when he came jabbing up."

She nodded & bit into a scene.

"No, it doesn't sound thrilling."

"Nor was it, in a way. As I say we got talking, & the little fellow had me non-plussed. Stated off in prayer & the world situation - a reconstruction - all that. Put it to me in a new sort of way. Expression done well; a static & cautionary phrase in a way. I had taken him for a politician clerk or something from across from Whitehall."

"And he wasn't?"

Dexter put his head back & laughed.

"No, madam. When he went for a stroll I had a look at his car. There was a bag with a cap like with name. Gave you three guesses."

"Soldier, sailor, stockbroker, bishop."

"None, hold on, one pot at a time."

"The P.M.?"

"Cold, - dead cold."

"Bell, - I give it up."

"Sir John Thornton?"

"What, the master magistrate?"

"Just that."

"Bell, - well. And in a shabby old car."

Dexter ripped his tea with the air of a man swooning both his drink & inward reflection. His swarthy & fierce face seemed to warm & glow, & his wife knew that expression. Scully had proposed him, an idea, a vision of otherwise, & the mind would show through the flesh skin.

"Yes, just as much as Sir John in the flesh. Maybe it was one of his early models, & had a sentimental value. Also, it expressed something else."

"An attitude to life?"



Stark

"You've got it. Entenach can be no fooling. A millionaire may have interests. You see, as he put it to me, we have got to get away from the idea of the former business, a concentrate or distillation. No, he did not mean - rather. We have to give up the idea of making all over the world a profitable nature. That's finished. It's up to us moderns to concentrate on our own back garden, develop what we have, & with a difference. A new scheme of living, a new social consciousness."

She replied to his cup.

"Could - my situation? Had Curmell Bay any money - for his situation?"

"It had. That's another coincidence. I had been squinting there thinking what could be done with such a setting: windows opening upon foam, & all that? Beauty without being a Principal owner." or "

And he had the same idea.

"I believe he had. - You see he has made money of a sort, money of ability, <sup>maybe</sup> I was bothered by them. The idea of building something better."

Her face had a sudden gleam.

"I think I should like Sir John Proctor."

He was filling a pipe & she heard his laugh, though it was more like a dry chuckle. She knew that sound & its significant & ironical flavor.

"You might, Pyll, but not much chance of that. Ships that pass in the night. We don't mix with millionaires."

She watched him light his pipe, & blow out the little match-flame. So many times had been extinguished like that flame. Her eyes recalled an inward poisoning, the smart of his frustration.

"That's the fault of the millionaires. They don't see sense."

She said you, my dear. I feel rather a shabby person."

"Never mind she - "I believe in you, dear man. I always believe that something will happen some day."

He put out a brown hand to her.

"Good-bye - you keep me sane."



Coincidence was in the air. Francis Drake went shopping for that was a job which helped the household, & filled up the time of a man who was somewhat jobless. The building of houses had become a house affair, & the architect who was an artist <sup>now</sup> found himself employable only by the corporation or by a private corporation who selected men from the ranks of old standing. Drake had enjoyed occasional patronage, but his ideas were a little too original for people who asked for smooth neo-gothic or stockholm gothic, men were the men who could compromise, men to fill his purse.

Paris <sup>now</sup> might be in May fair, but Drake did his shopping in Soho where little shops & shopkeepers with a Mediterranean flavor offered for purchase a chair, chimney & pursued forth at prices which suited an artist's pocket. Drake was known to many of these Italians who did not stare at his colorful clothes & who accepted his swarthiness as belonging to the south. His handbag served as a shopping basket, & he wore no hat.

Now, on his homeward way Drake happened to pass the end of one of London's stately streets which showed the show-rooms of Martin Motors. Remembering it a previous impulse persuaded him to pass down the street until he came to the palatial building & saw the various Martin models displayed there. But he saw more than that. Burman appeared to be unusually static, & a little battered figure in grey was standing by one of the cars rather like a groom beside a blood horse.

Drake's impulse enlarged itself. He felt he had to one of the boys down & entered, to find himself standing alone with the interior of Curwell Bay. Salesmen were unexpectedly absent, & Drake addressed himself to the little man in grey.

"Good morning. Can I look at the models?"

Mr. John Martin turned to him.

"Can I help you?"

"Very good of you. - Curious consideration - the! So you



sell car."

"You, Mr Drake, I sell cars."

He too appeared to be enjoying some <sup>kind of</sup> joke. I saw some  
crinkle of secret laughter round his eyes.

"Which model interest you?"

"The ten, I think."

Sir John moved towards the latest "Ten", a splendid  
black one. Its upholstery was in brown leather, the coachwork  
black.

"You might like to inspect the interior before looking at  
the engine. We have one or two useful improvements in the  
latest model."

I saw they were interrupted by a detached salesman, who,  
returning to the showroom, found the great man acting as  
demonstrator to this particular style of elegant clothes.

"Excuse me, sir. - This is my responsibility. I am sorry to  
have -"

Sir John Drayton waved him away.

"Leave it to me, Mr Soames."

"But, Sir John, - I cannot -"

"Leave it to me, Soames. The gentleman - I have met  
before."

The salesman rolled off with an apologetic glance at  
Bohemian, & Francis Drake clipped his hair on the  
polished parquet floor, & a bottle of perfume rolled out  
of it.

"I must apologise, Sir John Drayton. - Really - I -  
Please forgive me."

The little man trembled at his.

"No need. - Mind that bottle. - Set me go on with  
our salesmanship."

Drake smiled.

"Set me confess that I can't afford to buy a pleasure  
much less a car. - Suppose. - I happened to look in  
the window, & saw you."

Sir John's little eyes held his.

"You - er - may have noticed -"

"I was playing Pooh, sir. - I was remembering Ansell  
Bay. But, I know who you were. - An splendid  
trick. - I apologise."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, one does to particular people."



I lay was interrupted for a moment by the entrance of other & more  
 expensively furnished, an <sup>elderly</sup> old lady & her daughter. The mother  
 was a much renovated blonde with an abundant hat perched  
 on the yellow tinsel, the daughter tall & now boned &  
 painted, & it was the daughter, who, addressing Drake, said a  
 throngy voice upon Sir John (Mortimer).

"We wish to be shown your latest studies."

"Certainly, madam."

About he looked at Drake who stood suddenly admiring  
 the whole picture, the creamed <sup>the cream</sup> walls, the burnished mirror of  
 the floor, the great windows with the spacious steel with  
 colour & in traffic, & these two marble ladies who were  
 truly perfect in a delightful soft. Singing person - the  
 little Magistrate! He moved on the day's menu, whereas at  
 Russell Bay there had been a touch of idle tears.

"Do you wish to see the tower or the saloon, or our  
 sports model, madam?"

But here the outraged, Mr Soames, his pallid face  
 & wild black hair blowing in upon the second calamity  
 hurried to intervene.

"Allow me - the saloon, madam, or -"

"The saloon - of course."

"Please stop this way."

The ladies did not appear sensitive to the situation, for  
 Mr Soames had more manner & appearance than his  
 employer. He led them off towards a corner of the great  
 drawing room, & Sir John & Francis Drake exchanged  
 smiles.

"More apologies needed, sir." By his scattered bayonet  
 where - made him should fear to tread."

"By fear to tread, Mr Drake."

"Oh - well, sir, I have never been in your happy position  
 of being - well -"

"Counted."

Drake was flushed. What a male he had been at  
 that first meeting!

"Yes, - but I am taking up your time."

"Do pick up that bottle, Mr Drake. You'll  
 tread on it."

"I will, Poppo. My wife knows how to flavour her  
 cooking. Been shopping in Soko. - Well, that you, sir,



for your name of him.

He collected the bottle & his stomach, but Sai John  
Martyr had not finished with him.

"One moment. - It seems that Curwell Bay said something  
to us both."

"You said this, and that not one thing."

"They should be very obvious to us. - Did at you say that  
you were an artist?"

And architect, - but - er - without much practice."

Sai John nodded, & his eyes studied Drake's face.

"I experienced that - phase, Mr Drake. - Will you  
tell me when you live?"

"I? - Oh, in Maya Pass, and No. 7. I have a  
- minute workshop in Cichea."

Sai John held out a hand.

"I have a board meeting in a few minutes. Goodbye,  
Mr Drake. Thank you for being mischievous."

Drake grinned.

"Personal appreciation of - mischief - is rather rare, and.  
Thank you for tolerating it."



## IV

The ~~gray~~ <sup>black</sup> limousine sailed round Prager Square & stopped at the entrance to the Museum. A chauffeur in gray uniform stepped out & opened the near side door.

"Will this do, sir? Not much room to turn <sup>in</sup> there."

"Quite right, Gater. There are some books waiting for me at the London Library. You might collect them."

"Very good, sir. Will you be long?"

"Perhaps half an hour."

Gater was clean & lacane, & possessed of a shrewd eye. Little creased his forehead as he waited for a few seconds to watch his master pass up the Museum. Great, <sup>little</sup> Sir John, one of those home-made aristocrats who do not forget man in the making. Moreover, Gater noticed something else, a somewhat <sup>naughty</sup> look, a stray stray hair, a cigarette in his mouth & a certain <sup>naughty</sup> look in his eye. Gater, a Londoner, was almost "Pygmalion" in his knowledge of London types, & the gentleman of the railway might have been a "Jee" or a "My fanitout."

Gater was getting into his seat when the lawyer came across to him.

"Pucci but you've got there."

Gater eyed him with polite hostility.

"You've said it."

"Look at the little gentleman."

"My boss" & Gater drove off.

Prater's look, yellow that. Face like a shuffler, with the <sup>see blue</sup> eye like the eye of a gull. Gater could smell a dog on the other side of the street, & Sir John had to be guarded from such gusts. Mr. Harold Pillingier, returning to the pavement, flicked his cigarette end into the gutter, & turned to observe Prager Museum. He could see the owner of that luxury car standing outside a particular door, & Mr. Pillingier was interested.

No. 7, what! F. D. the door. Now what was the <sup>indicate</sup> of a great favorite dog outside Draker's door? Did it mean that F. D. was a <sup>rich</sup> man, with a rich father visiting a fifth county home? Pillingier was of that order of <sup>naughty</sup> intellectual who call all the owner of luxury cars of a great favorite. He should have known better, but he did not want to know better, for life had treated



he got into a snarl of snow. In a matter of feet he had a personal interest in the blue door, & the comical call of the little stranger added to his interest.

Sai John Mortyn had rung the bell, & was still waiting at a respectable door, but he was content to stand & stare & savour the new information. Fifty years ago Major Mow had been a busy place, with snow, & much, good coaches who sailed <sup>present with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>with</sup> children. Now, there were no children, & coach-houses & stables had been converted to intellectualism. Sai John was beginning to wonder whether the brain had not out-moded & replaced the heart. He could remember his own young obscurity when he had talked at a table & a bench in a Birmingham back room. Happy days - those, eager & creative. Not much more. And what was more, the fatal illusion that if you were rich you were happy. A large part of the work would still chuckle that illusion. Pigeons ought to be cooing & fluttering here, & horses neighing & chattering ~~being~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> active.

Sai John turned again to the blue door, but nobody was at home. His ~~hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> was about to repeat ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ring when the door opened, & he saw a woman. Phyllis had been laying out some work in the back yard, but she had heard the bell, & ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~hesitated~~ <sup>hesitated</sup>.

Sai John said his hat. Being what he was & had been, he was quick in his impression. He saw the fragile creature with her glowing face, & those sparkling eyes that suggested steadfastness & a kind of original integrity. Her single, working peak was as glowing as her face.

"Excuse me, in Mr Francis Drake?"

"I'm afraid not."

"I'm sorry. - Are you?"

"Yes, I am Mrs Drake."

"May I introduce myself?" Sai John Mortyn.

They had been looking straight & approvingly into each other's eyes, & when they smiled the smile was simultaneous. So this was General Bag. And Phyllis Drake, sleeping



the ingenuity of the situation, felt her heart beat faster.

"Would you care to come in? My husband may be back."

"My S. - I thank you. I have sent my car away to collect some books, so there is no hurry."

That was what she felt about him, a benign & deliberate carefulness, which was unexpected in a man who had created speed & mobility. His situation was alive, & so was he, & this mutual living was what. So, the fragile, pretty creature was that of rather passionate person's mate. Surprising, but subtle & significant.

She led the way into the parlor. She noted that good old wood, a Sir John renowned its pleasant coloration & comfort. No Picasso chamber this, but merely a Spade, Chelera & Bantol, with two old Persian rugs upon the floor. A round, gilded mirror picked up the detail between two of S. De meter-colours. Sir John might have postulated tubular chain, & Eric Hill, a mountain which he claimed as significant. There would have been a Bantol bowl upon a gate-legged table.

"Let me take your hat."

His eye climbed at her.

"I thank you." What a charming room. <sup>center of a</sup>

He sat down on an old rather covered with Jacobean patterning. He was at ease, & so was she. He heard her laugh.

"How rich of me! I forgot to shut the front door."

"It is good to shut doors, one's own door."

"If one has fear - to shut in, however small the door."

"Excellent."

He was glancing about the room & savouring its charm & simplicity. Sir John Moxton would have said that it accepted you provided that you understood the bare nature of simplicity. Moreover, he felt about it was that it was warmer more than that, yet created & kept wholesome for the sake of man's man's creative moods. No gaudy ostentation here, <sup>no</sup> showy carvings.

He had seen who she had left to close the blue door, & he waited - standing - for her return, but her reappearance was delayed. He heard voices, a



man's low, & the male voice had an unpleasant, <sup>irresistent</sup> mutinous. It was thin & high pitched & suggestive of sarcasm. Some trout or dace? ~~And some he even drops~~

No. 1 - Frank's not in.

2 I can come in & wait.

" Sorry, I'm engaged."

Sorry, I'm engaged.  
Sir John did not quite catch the fellow's last remark, but it ~~seemed~~ <sup>seemed</sup> ~~as if~~ had a sceptical sound, rather like a file on metal. The sharp clang of the door smoothed it, & Sir John Master, looking at the sand mirror, saw he reflected it as she returned to the parlour. Her face had set a milk-white pallor, & her eyes had lost their bright vivaciousness.

" Sorry to keep you waiting. 9/17

" I hope I'm not in the way <sup>from</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hill</sup>

" I hope I'm not in the way <sup>from</sup> <sup>now</sup> of mending. Do  
" No. You saved me the trouble of mending. Do  
sit down. if it's all the same to you

sat down. She closed the door, with its closing her pale face seemed to clear. Something that could be cleared in company had been needed to replace that fellow with the unpleasant, happy voice. Yes, maybe this little house had its secrets. She sat down in an old Breton chair with her back to the light, her hands <sup>lying</sup> folded in her lap, but there was tension in the clasped fingers. That unpleasant encounter had left her rigid.

Swi John Martin smoked at den, for smelter was needed.

" Has your husband mentioned Newell Bay."

"Yes. - He - looked into your car.

Mr. John chuckled.

" And he looked in a car show-room the other day, & I tried to sell him a car."

" Frank is - an engineer at times. I heard about that.

Her right was fading, a sudden her face became a little flushed & palemate. She relaxed her hands. Her eyes had a sheen in them.

"Sir John Norton, may I speak to you frankly - as to a friend? No, I'm not going to borrow money."

"My dear" said he - "say what you please. I am an



old man, I have lost <sup>all</sup> taste for pulp & flummery. I just ask people to be - thinkers, not in the ordinary sense."

"Will you tell me why you want to see my husband."

"Because - I think - we have picked up an idea that - interests us both, a judge - because -"

She looked at him with an air of flustered earnestness.

"My husband is an exceptional man. He is too original for the normal. - He has never had - opportunity. As for knowing, you - who know me - my husband that there is a kind of infatuation among the fanatically honest."

He nodded at her.

"I do. - Real men are farmed upon. I cannot imagine you have had farming upon by body."

"Thank you, Sir John."

"I think that thanks are due elsewhere. - I wonder if your husband would come & see me."

"Of course."

"Mr. Mortimer Francis, No. 7. He will date Mortimer Francis. And I am trusting that my."

He rose, & sat with him, & when he took her hand it was with the air of an old comrade who might have it to his lips.

Mr. Hugh Pillinger, after his repulse by Phyllis Drake, had returned to the railway of No. 11. Major Sparke, & there he had waited until the black limousine had slid softly to the curb's edge. Lying a cigarette came from his breast pocket, he had approached for a second time a handsome Gater.

"Have a cigar, eh."

He <sup>had</sup> spoken in the vernacular as comrade to comrade, & Gater, who was conservative minded, <sup>had</sup> eyed him with hostility.

"What's the game?"

"Who's your boss?"

"Your boss will care."

And that had been that, & Mr. Pillinger had returned to the railway while Gater had sat with <sup>little</sup> changed indifference.







Some of those apes who could put pressure upon him because of a mislaid part. Oh, damn those that happened to you when you did not choose them & found yourself at the mercy of a bully who had put you down into the mud. - But surely had he - Second Lieutenant Hugh Pelly - been so situated on this particular morning? A heavy rain, & a winter? Could it be? His long, lean legs seemed to carry him like live compasses to the blue door. He opened it with the key he carried in a chain.

"Hallo - Pelly."

He now was at the far end of the narrow passage.

"Had a winter?"

"Yes, darling. Cromwell Bay."

"Good."

"He wants you to go & see him."



V

filed Mortimer Manion had succeeded a row of Georgian houses in Mortimer Square. Built of flint coloured brick, with white window frames it made Drake think that of a vast packing case set on end, or a series of rabbit hutches set one upon the other. Drake remembered that it was an American who had coined the word "Negafakchi", & all that it stood for, & Mortimer Manion was its symbol, a temple of negafakchi ability, & conception.

So, Sir John Mortimer dwelt here like some long old Plowman due to be snuffed - order that I might flood the new age. What ghastly place! And yet welcome for sub culture. The coming English farmer for back yards, pigeons, rabbits & poultry, or for nothing at all save that it was his, made more appeal to Drake than did some sophisticated place.

As he crossed the road, a sentence strong with across his consciousness.

"The quest of a new art of living."

So the marble faced vertebrate a stately, bald headed porter in blue & gold met his question with respectful negligence.

"Sir John Mortimer. I am floor, Sir. Take the lift."

"Lift operated?"

"No, Sir, you will find a lift boy in attendance."

It occurred to Frank Drake that the marginality of lifts was beneath the dignitary duty. You, at once becoming wretched to see your hands. He found a bright faced man in charge, a likeable man.

"I am floor, Sir. Take the lift."

The child smiled at him.

"I'd rather be in the air fan, Sir."

"Well, why not?"

The Mortimer flat looked south over the tops of the Mortimer Square trees, & Drake had a bird's eye view through a corridor window of the two tops & the sky. You might



have been floating in an airship over London, & he realised that the great building could claim a soaring seventy & a loop-pole. Loop-pole? And from what? The social scramble, the party, the autumn convention, noise, the noisy banner of every a living? Was it an old man's retreat, Capri in London, where you sat & pondered the past & dreamed bravely at the future? No more of youth here, no sweet new struggle, no false heart-beats or clanked feet. And the man who operated the light was more potently alive than the palace.

"I see you are, sir."

"I had you, my lad."

As he put his finger to the bell, Frank Drake realised that he was about to perpetrate the maddest act of his career. Yes, maddest than that inhibition of language which ~~he~~ had brought his ignominy. He was going to tell the truth. - And in the words of the old Roman - "What is truth?" Sanku's satisfying your own soul? In the words of the northern oath - the truth - the whole truth & nothing but the truth. Yes, in spite of Pyllos, in spite of frustration & bitterness, in spite of halcyon hopes. It was a fool! Perhaps? Could a man commit suicide on the down tip of opportunity? He could.

An elderly man-servant opened the door to him, a nice & neutral figure with mild eyes.

"My name is Drake. Sir John Martyn is expecting me."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take your hat, sir?"

For Drake had no far remembered to the occasion in that he was wearing a large suit & a tie & a quite respectable hat.

"This way, sir."

A gentle antechamber - this, who opened a shut door, & landed round drinks, & pressed other minor treasures, & where one breaking right to a mild beer at a neighbouring pub. He opened a door, scumbled in old gold & cream.

"Mr Drake, sir."

A voice said - "Come in, Mr Drake."

The thing that surprised F.D. was the great window that faced him, a huge oblong of plate glass, of



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laying there like a picture with sky & tree-tops & the London scene as its subjects. Sir John Martyn rose from a deep chair which faced the spacious scene, & unexpectedly informed us a blue & gold silk dressing gown. The colour of the thing made his face look old & faded.

"Sit down, Mr Drake."

But Francis Drake remained standing. He glanced at the chimney door, & then at Sir John Martyn.

"Complete window, sir, & no other ear, if you will forgive me."

"My man does not listen in."

"May I ask you a question, sir? I'm afraid I am in a wicked mood."

"You may."

"Have you any serious reason for wishing to see me?"

Sir John gave some study to his face.

"I have."

"What?"

"You, work, Mr Drake. If you wish me to explain, I will."

"But a moment, sir. - You like life to be like this window. So do I, on an occasion like this. So, before you make any suggestion I would like to open the door of a cupboard."

"I do - want you sit down."

Drake gave him a grim smile.

"I will, - in the chair of privacy." - That may sound foolish, but it is it meant to be."

He took another chair facing the great window, & leaning forward, elbow on knee, looked at the skyline & roof-scape as he talked.

"May I cut the cable, sir? I don't want my father's partner. - As an architect I'm worthy of a partner. People don't appear to like my stuff. But that isn't the main point. - I have a part."

He paused for a moment to mention his life.

"If that is going to make any difference -"

"Why not tell me, Mr Drake?"

"Well, here goes, sir."

His voice was quiet & deliberate, & there was no flurry or



emotional answer in his confusion. He might have been telling some other man's story, with infernal candour. Sir John Mordaunt was watching him, & making inward comments of his own. He had expressed many strong intentions, but there was no stage & no coldly honest air there.

"Well, that's the story, sir. I had to get it off my chest."

"I respect you for it, Mr Drake."

"Thank you, sir."

"And I respect you for what you did."

"Again, thank you, sir. I suppose I was a damned fool to feel as I did - at least."

"Does your wife know?"

Drake glanced at him quickly.

"No. Please God she never will. - I - er - changed my name. - It had to be Francis."

"I see. Does my boy know?"

Drake grimaced.

"Unfortunately, no. Three nice fellows. - They have done a bit of blackmail for years, but there don't seem to be much prospects."

"And you did not take action?"

"No. You can never tell. My wife is a rather wonderful person. I have seen some people whom one cannot trust."

Sir John Mordaunt sat forward in his chair, & he was smiling as though some secret had just been told him.

"Mr Drake, you have done a very smart & clever thing. You have given me your trust, & I will return it. Shut <sup>your</sup> the cupboard door, my dear fellow."

Drake's face went crimson.

"By God, sir, if I can -"

"Wait. - This seems to be an occasion for mutual confession. I have one to make. So, if you accept my idea, we shall be fellow conspirators."

Drake had turned to him, <sup>full faced</sup> ~~front~~.

"You - surely to confess, sir?"



"Yes, I have suddenly found myself - old."

"So a phrase -"

"No, I think not. - I have grown old & futile - become - Mr Drake - I am bored."

To Francis Drake, <sup>the victim</sup> a man of farline & ambition, the man indeed the other side of the picture. But it possible for a man to weary of rich & accomplished power & possession? Well, all the <sup>ancient</sup> old holy men had preached that doctrine, & prepared to pity the Caesar of the world. Say not of your yourself rich, where wealth & merit can exempt. - But this little old fellow. And looking into that tired & faded face he did not see the exploit - so called - of power. the oil of power, but a child & a simple child - who had weaned of a cup board full of eggs.

But he was both touched & astonished. He saw again the small, shabby car & the unshakable little man. Had that car been a substantial woman to the point? Had he been attempting to capture youth? And this vast view! Alas! Alas! seeing no more words to capture. What mutual revelation were there, between two relative strangers!

"I have surprised you, Drake."

"Well, no. - that you should confide in me - like this."

"Perhaps your confidence provoked mine. And perhaps I saw in you - something that I needed. In my career I have collected some knowledge of men."

"Do you know what they say about you, sir?"

"May make this, no doubt."

"That you had a genius for picking your subordinates, & delegating authority to them."

"I have been well served, Drake."

"And yet -"

"It is a common saying among the common people that a rich man has no friends."

"You believe that?"

"I am not so sure. But the misfortune is there. And the result might surprise you."

"May I be told?"

"I think so." ~~Si Joh Drake might disappear.~~

~~Drake did not reach a light~~

Si Joh was out of his chair. He walked to the door, opened it suddenly, declared it, & with a half-humorous



sigh, wandered round the room as though he had forgotten something, but could not remember what it was.

"Not so easy, Drake."

"I am better, sir."

"That was not my meaning. Can you open the door. I suppose you would regard me as a man so completely free that -"

"His freedom! But, sir -"

"I have every sort of service at my beck & call. My clothes are laid out for me; my secretary controls my correspondence, my good chaffeur drives me everywhere. My secretary deals with some part of my begging letters daily. Everything moves on oiled wheels. - And - can - you - see a moment."

His tired old face & smiled whimsically at Drake.

"I will show you something. Yes, my doctor is very sympathetic. Here is another significant cupboard."

Drake followed him into a super-bathroom tiled from floor to ceiling, a fall of gleaming cut-crystal. The tiles were white, the bath an antique green. A large cupboard with a large mirror occupied one corner. Sir John Montagu opened the door, as with an iron picture pointed Drake to look. The white shelves were packed with bottles, cartons, pills, & tins.

"You see, Drake, various antidotes to boredom. An old man's wine cellar. Dope, sleeping draughts, tonics, relief for dyspepsia, & what not."

Drake stared at the capsule collection, & the strong male in him was moved to pity & understanding.

"You would like to smash all that, sir."

"I would like to throw the whole <sup>darned</sup> medical museum out of the bathroom window."

Sir John Montagu rang the bell, & the dinner Parson answered it.

"Tea, Parson."

"Yes, sir."

"And go out when you have served it."

"Go out, sir."

"Yes, get some exercise."



"Very good, sir."

Parron looked up. He - the impeccable man - maid had been caught in the corridor, a Sin John "Go out" had roared like "Get out." Very much did the great man speak sharply to his staff, & when he did so the effect was <sup>positive</sup> ~~destructive~~.

Drake was standing by the front window, & feeling like a man who had been taken to the top of a mountain to be shown invisible & fantastic distances. Sin John was fiddling with a pipe, & eyeing it dubiously. Doctor ordered, and smoking before him.

"Are you a pipe man, Drake?"

"Very much so, sir."

"Good. I am allowed five pipes of mild Navy Cut per day."

"Restriction can be -"

"Damned irritating. In the vernacular - you have said it."

Drake smiled.

"You're telling me!"

Sin John reached for his pouch.

"Even repetition is standardised. Wonderful world. A cigarette saved on a boat off Lincoln - counter."

"All snack-bar, sir."

"Snack-bar! By George! Give me the lingo of the old cost cutting cabbie. You don't remember that."

"Not quite like G. B. S."

"Ah, there's a fellow who never seems to grow old."

Parron smiled with the tea.

"Shall I pour out, sir?"

"No, leave it, Parron."

"Excuse me, sir, I rather want to know whether you will need the car."

"No. Tell Gatte he can go to the Picture."

"Very good, sir."

Parron departed, & Drake offered to pour out the tea, but Sin John, with a sudden quirk of humor, took the duty to himself.

"No, Drake, - let me do something for myself. That's the beginning of sanity. - Excellent fellow, Parron, but



there are times when he makes me feel hysterical, & vaguely minded."

"A very refined fellow, sir."

Sir John pulled a pained face at this.

"Heavily. There are occasions when I would prefer a little come & cadence. Pour out your own tea your bloody old blyths. Haul-out and, Drake."

"I get you, sir. I presume that I pour out your tea."

"You say. But just where are we getting to?"

"Gossiping for a new <sup>sort</sup> of living."

"Gossiping, you. - Let's revert to Cresswell Bay. You saw something there. So did I."

"A white town by the sea."

"I saw? - Yes, - no, not quite that. A place where people do things, particular kinds of people. Not just city-activity all that. A place where people don't get bored."

"That's a problem, sir."

"Quite so. The only way for millions in the park or the pictures. Not a minute. I'm bored. Why? Because I have nothing real to do for myself."

"So that the solution? Give people so much to do that they haven't time to be bored."

"Drake, I believe we have got it. But the thing must be interesting & satisfying & simple."



# VI

Francis Drake walked back to Maggie Moore in an exultant mood of "Well I'm damned."

Could the thing be true? Was he on the edge of a great adventure & partnership with a man to whom a hooked thumb would mean little more than chick feed? One of the most brilliant of modern philosophy has declared that the individual conscience must be transformed into a social conscience, & Drake might have agreed the point with him. He was finally a rebellious individual. He did not ask to be lectured & directed. In fact, if anybody said to him "Do this" he was moved actually to do the opposite. Too much official prompting can make people either insects or rebels.

Social conscience! Sir John Mordaunt had the reputation of possessing a very sensitive social conscience. His contributions to charity had been numerous & magnificent, & Sir John Mordaunt was bored. And the reason? He was not sufficiently individual. He had become too of itself communal. He was like a cemetery that had become a spoon-fed & comfortable, with all human fears & struggles & hopes eliminated. About to symbolize the Socialist ideal of universal care & security, the immutable gale, an ideal that might end in mass boredom, & a sudden animal scream in the shape of war.

Walt cut wood, kept a good belly, cold finger, & the human satisfaction of fighting nature elements. Cutting your own wood, lighting your own fire, growing & cooking your own food. How primitive & provincial. But as Mrs. Mordaunt had her wanted William Shakespeare was a provincial. Mordapoli had no food to grow & no wood to cut. It was a belly, & the blood should be kept warm not by muscle-fire, but by blood & minimal central-heating. Something very scientific. The <sup>experts</sup> ~~fellows~~ might remind you that open fires are wasteful, & that coal & timber are limited.

"Well, damn it" thought Drake, "give me the good old cottage fire, & damn it to do to keep me warm."



Then, unexpectedly, or perhaps not so unexpectedly, he ran into a little pink pig of a man trotting round Regent Square, Mr Godfrey Palk, known among his intimates as Piggy-Porker. He was fat & pink, a rather rawler, with a <sup>little</sup> ~~slightly~~ <sup>slightly</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> & a rapid voice, & an ingratiating manner. He waved a flabby trotter at Francis Drake.

"How-do, ol' fellow-me-lod. Got thought of dropping in. How's dear Pylly?"

Drake smiled faintly.

"I should 'it! Not feelin' like greenin' any th'g."

Mr Palk's ~~pink~~ <sup>mouth</sup> looked stretched.

"Oh, my dear fellow!"

"Cheerio. I happen to be busy."

The third member of the Sagesse Society! Godfrey Palk had been ordinal-room squire in Drake's unit, & he now made a casual living as an insurance tout or something. He stood fondly in his path-coloured waist, & watching the receding figure of this artistic buccaner. How very hard to mention Sagesse! And what was the extreme significance of such of such offenders? Mr Palk trotted on considering the implications of such such insolence.

Francis Drake, feeling half suddenly among the Elizabethans, now dangerously head & air. It seemed to him that the significance of these three human gadflies had been squelched by his adventure into Reckless condors. That little old man up garden had a generation of his own, even in his inspired revolt against Ennui. That the Lord, he had begun by telling the truth! That fierce gesture had brought a letter into Sir John Montague's faded eyes.

And Pylly? What news to tell him! Work, adventure, no more stable catenings, or heart-burn. He was dead in his, bizarrely excited. But couldn't go to the devil. He felt that his ship was netting sail for some splendid Spanish Ocean. He came to the blue door. By heaven, Pylly should have all that he had failed to give him.

He had shipped the bag into the lock when yet another thought struck him.



"Ah! why didn't you ~~trouble~~ <sup>God the Father, God the Son, God the</sup> to that before. Woman needed. God the Father, God the Son, <sup>God the</sup> Woman was in to the needs of Woman."

He opened the door.

"Phyl, Phyl, hello."

He found her in the parlour, darning socks. For a moment she looked at him with wide & anxious eyes.

"Darby, - all's marvellous!"

He picked her up, kissed her, & called her round the door-room, <sup>down off little</sup> laughing & her flushed & glowing face.

"Give you three pence."

Her eyes looked back at him, but behind her laughing eyes lay infinite ~~thankfulness~~ <sup>carefulness</sup>.

"I can't give him this. Put me down, you needn't mind that."

With much ceremony he placed her on the flower settle.

"An of lady choose."

"You've got a cabinet."

He pushed in the oak table opposite her.

"Oh, more than that, as I'm much mistaken. Riches & business - the whole thing. Sir John Prynne showed me his medicine cup board."

"Medicine cup board."

"Yes, a most complete collection in a super bathroom. What do you make of that?"

Her face had gone swiftly serious.

"Not do you, poor old dear, & wanting to make a last gesture?"

"Christ, no! Sir John wants to be alive, very much alive."

"You mean - he is bored."

"Right, oh - I mean. Too much luxury, too much wealth, too much of everything. I don't see a new out of living. Tired of being a magnificent marchioness. We are both going to change."

"Oh, Frank! - And how?"

"Don't know yet. More consultation needed. He seems to have found me to be a fellow lunatic."

She let her head rest on the back of the settle, & her face went dreamy.

"Enlightened lunacy in a disillusioned age. Some kind of experiment. Slaying a life - creative fooling."



He nodded at her, his swarthy face a glow.

"Yes, of course, something of that sort. Beautiful woman, & to tell with - Megalops. - But that is not all. I rather fancy that woman will be needed."

"Yes, yes. The pettiest side of the picture."

a sociology.

She lay awake long after he had fallen asleep, with the moon's light making a pattern on the blind of the flower in the window-pane. Her nature was more cautious & sceptical than his, & though she had danced the triumphal dance with him, she was doubting the reality of the satisfaction. A rich & bored old man <sup>might be</sup> asking for new thrills <sup>though</sup> in an experimental hobby. The Mætyra machine had run itself down, or out of petrol. Could old men be vampires, & suck the blood of youth, only to weary of the new process, & leave youth wondering & desperate?

She listened to her man deep & tranquil breath. She could not bear him to suffer yet another bitter chill. That might be the end of way the.

She would go & see this old man. She had liked him, but it was a human error in this thing was not sufficient. Her love could be nothing. Alas, she felt that she could hold a pistol to Sir John Mætyra's head & say - "Get up & down & I will kill you."

Deak went off to Chelsea soon after breakfast, bound for that obscure corner where he frequented an equally obscure studio-office. It <sup>once</sup> had housed a famous clerk, but that had had been pushed off long ago in the name of economy. Deak was full of visiting Casswell & Co., & his eye was to get something down on paper.

Phyllis capitulated for morning jobs about the little house before setting out for Montmartre. Her attention to toilet & clothes was a studied affair, & she could smile at herself in her mirror. Blue was her colour, with a navy little hat perched at the proper angle. There is cunning in the pose of a hat, & so



few English women possess that cunning. But her mood was far less good than her face. As she closed the door of No. 7, there came into her mind with a <sup>start</sup> of anguish the memory of a scene of some months ago, short, falling, & Francis sitting <sup>in</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>before</sup> a marvellous fire, after one much better disappointment.

"I'm a rotten failure, Phil. Much better that I should go out & leave you free."

She had put two steady hands upon his shoulders. "Now do you want me to go out too?"

"Bye."

"Bye, I should 'nt want to go on without you."

So, in this most <sup>mood</sup> she came to Matthew's Marion, & was carried up in the gilded lift by the cheerful men. She "Saw right, Mr. Scott down you came to." At Sackham she felt cheered by this cheery child. She rang the Martha bell, & the door was opened to her by the demure Parson, but a Parson who was bolted & a little scared, & by no means welcoming.

"I have come to see Sir John Martin. I am Mrs Drake."

"I'm very sorry, madam, but I don't think -"

Most obviously Parson was far from admitting her, & she was resolute against refusal.

"Bye, he will see me."

"Sir John is - not - my well, madam."

"I'm sorry. Perhaps I can help."

In fact she edged in distinctly past the agitated Parson, to be met by most stage sounds - or rather by a cabaret in melody & stage systematic discords. Somewhere an electric gramophone was playing Clairvoyant Flower Waltz, & other choruses there were sounds of stage machinery.

A flustered Parson followed her.

"Excuse me, madam, but -"

His voice was a little shrill, & it must have carried along the passage, for the sounds of destruction ceased & a



figure in a blue & gold dressing-gown emerged from the bathroom.

"What's the fuss, Pawan?" - Oh, - I see. Mr. Dink.  
I am very glad to see you.

Pawan stood hesitant, still doubting his mother's sanity. Like a gentleman of regular habits suddenly went ga-ga & destructive, a telephone message to his doctor might be ~~indicated~~ necessary.

"Pawan."

"Yes, ma."

"Turn off the lamp here, & be - careful."

"Very good, ma."

Sai John Dinkley came down the passage, looking a little flustered & bright of eye. Embarrassment was completely absent. He had become Old ~~Man~~ Dinkley.

"Very glad to see you, my dear. I am playing a little game of my own."

"And I shall stop?"

"Not in the least. No, I am not cracker. Poor Pawan is rather upset."

"Please don't let me stop your game."

"Like to help?"

"Yes."

"Come along. I'll show you."

No trace occurred then. There was daylight in the air. Sai John led her into the bathroom. The machine cupboard door was open, & in the <sup>upper</sup> shelf lay a gable of broken <sup>broken</sup> glass.

"Just smashy all this - rubbish."

"How - lovely!"

"Like to go on?"

"She nodded."

"Come on then. The game is the deed the better."

He grabbed a machine bottle, & looked at the label.

"Havit - havit on other. Three times a day after meals. Take that."

He dunked it into the machine bottle.

"By one time, my dear. - That's a nice big one there. I mark it."

She did no, & suddenly they were laughing riotously &



or fling bottles of all sorts into the green receptacle.

"Splendid. - I should like to have chucked them out of the window. Too dangerous. Hallo, - there you a mauling supply of pills."

"Do we demand anything?"

"All but the hair lotion - a yeast. Eye-wash. I shall describe the lot."

She giggled.

"But how are you going to take a bath, Sir John?"

"That will be Parrain formal."

"Will the foam metal have to clean <sup>up</sup> - anything?"

"He will. Keep the foam metal busy for most of the day. Don't miss a pore."

"Don't you think we ought to turn a the taps? There is such a mixed mess going on!"

"Good idea. You do it, my dear. That of a woman's act. A really woman's act."

She turned on both taps, & as the water gushed her mind lay there was an escape from tragedy. The layer could she over-looked by the magnificence of millions, or scared of a rich antonath dispassionate whimsical. Sir John, collecting some had reached an intimacy that had denuded all face & make-behave. She looked into the green bath with its load of broken glass, pills, cartons, floating labels, & rainbow fluid, with a watch the water rise. How utterly collecting & fantastic! Sir John Monty had begun buying his boots before launching upon new adventure.

"What a lovely mess. - But oughtn't we to pull the plug out?"

"Precisely. - Well, - we can call this a most informal occasion. - Boredom can break all bottles."

He stood with his shapely feet on the edge of the bath, & bending suddenly, fished out a floating label.

"I see direction. So be taken or directed. - Well, I've taken it according to my own direction. - You must think me a most perfect person, my dear."

She was smiling at him.

"I think it has been lovely."



He cuddled up to you at her.

"I wonder what your husband would say. Collaboration with an old gossamer who behaves like a ball in a china shop."

She let out a delightful giggle, a Grouse-Annand giggle.

"Frank? He would have gone into it, & loved it."

Sir John grew serious.

"I think we might pull out the plug now. - And don't you agree that the banner of 'sincerity' better has eliminated all mutual self-concern?"

"I do" said she.



## VII

What later a Parson & the immortal porter said to each other in neither here nor there. The conversation covered the question of Sir John Montagu's sanity, & who should be responsible for clearing up the dangerous debris in the bath. That proved to be Parson's job, & for once in his life he protested.

"You will excuse me, sir, but I don't <sup>on</sup> consider -"

Sir John cut him short, for Phyllis Drake was calling Chelsea on the telephone.

"Don't worry, Parson. I am going round the world, & I am leaving you off. Get me a taxi, & tell the man to wait."

Parson's face went blank. Parson's <sup>him</sup> off? Going round the world? And with what? Parson decided to summon a taxi, & finally getting still in the vestibule, passed on the solution to Sir John.

"He says he's going round the world, & I'm getting the point. I suppose he's gone pretty about <sup>that</sup> a pretty."

Later looked <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~.

"Some thing. He's gone pretty about something. He's been acting funny for weeks."

While Phyllis Drake telephoned, Sir John Montagu retired to his bedroom to complete his toilet. Parson had laid out a sedate morning suit applicable to board meetings, but it suggested to Sir John other forms of boredom. He checked the custom-kelton-shelter on the floor, & opened a wardrobe door. A light grey flannel suit hung there, a summer suit with white liner & it, suitable for sea-travel & a lay chair on an ocean liner deck. Sir John took it down, & somewhat checked in his head. Grey, white liner, the white. The Jack White. Splendid. Much more fun in being a Jack.

Phyllis had made contact with her husband.

"Frank, hello. Can you come back to the Strand at once? Sir John Montagu wants a consultation."



- " Of course I can. Is he - "
- " No, he is dressing."
- " Dressing? - I say, where are you calling from?"
- " Martin Manion."
- " Gosh! What have you been doing?"
- She let out a happy giggle.
- " Helping to break medicine bottles in a bath."
- She left it at that, & ran off, & as she replaced the receiver, Sir John appeared in a summer suit, looking ten years younger, & stuffed with mischief.
- " Have you got Frank?"
- " Yes, Sir John."
- She winked & smiled round his eyes.
- " Excuse me, Mr White."
- " White?"
- " Yes, Mr Jack White. Sir John Manion has gone on a world trip, & I think he is going to get stuck in it somehow."
- " It is your back into & the gutter."
- " You mean -"
- " Sir John Manion is going to disappear - for a while at least. Please Mr Jack White is going to enjoy himself."
- " What a lovely idea!"
- " It is - rather. Give me more scope, & I shall better come along -"
- Sir John had bought a light grey "Humber" with him, & he put it in, & placed it briefly in a position.
- " A lovely lot, of course. I ought to tell it a bit for Mr Jack White. Don't you think so?"
- " Yes. Just like that."
- " Come in. I am well to Martin Manion, & a ballful of broken bottles."
- The taxi was waiting for them, & the reporter decided to descend the steps & open the taxi door for them.
- " Where to, sir?"
- " Manion House."
- " Very good, sir. Manion House, driver."



Mr Jack White followed Mr Drake into the taxi, & the porter, watching the taxi roll off, pushed his hat back & scratched his head. His personal reflection was "Some fellows have all the luck. Must have been luck. You wouldn't think to look at him that he had lost the brain & guts I have" which is a face-saving mechanism adopted by the majority of common men.

Mr White was leaning back in his corner.

"I think that Martin Home will be more <sup>proper</sup> ~~fortunate~~. It is my five minutes walk."

"Yes, Mr White."

"I have fellow - that porter. Society is supposed to produce portentious tips. But, do you know, I once heard him refer to me as "That bloody little money bag." Because the adjective."

She laughed.

"So you have no allusion about porter."

"Not porter - in particular. There is an curious bent, of dear. I may have given the world a million cars, but I am a sort of social outrage to million."

"Then the rich are always - right."

"They can always assume so."

He chuckled, & she looked at the creased fat neck of the taxi driver.

"Do you believe in a classless society?"

"Yes & no, of dear. Brain differs, swiftness differs. I may think a chauffeur an excellent fellow, but I ~~don't want~~ <sup>do not want</sup> to sit down to dinner with him. Man can be differentiated by his power to burden. I ~~had~~ <sup>would have</sup> people selected & grouped according to the savour of their souls."

A most surprising person - this! Extraneous <sup>can</sup> ~~could~~ be no deceiving. According to fleshly standards & his own current, the man who is gold at Martin's mansion should find himself replacing Mr Baldwin or rising in the great divide in the Foreign Affairs. Sir John appeared to have retired into a corner of reflection, & she watched the traffic & the crowded pavement & a wild bird sang in her. That most delicious Ritual of the Bath! Mr Jack White might be God's own Lamb.

She left the taxi, & walked towards King's Square, Mr



White must continue on the pavement edge, & as they turned the square, which was like a great green basket, Phyllis Drake saw something which made her catch her breath. Pavel Parnikoff was just turning out of Major Mow, repaid by a locked & unresponsive door. Would the gate meet her? He did not, & she breathed again, but Mr White had noticed not missed that sudden sense of tension.

He ~~stared~~<sup>glanced</sup> at her inquiringly & then looked elsewhere. He too had seen the Russian sliding like a white slug from the grey paved Mow. There was very few like that Sir John thought did not see, indeed that might provide a question. As a young man he had been full of questions, & that perhaps was why he was what he was.

Had some shadow out of Francis Drake's past fallen across her flower-like face? It was possible. Sir John had some knowledge of Duxton Street, with its narrow sidewalk. He tucked his chin, & watched the wobbly bulk of Pavel Parnikoff receding along the footwalk. Pretty looking fellow with a bulging forehead. But Mr Jack White did not remain upon the incident. If ~~tricks~~<sup>tricks</sup> ~~was~~<sup>should be</sup> needed in the future he could administer them with subtle precision.

They arrived at the blue door, & Phyllis Drake unlocked it. Then she half turned & looked at Mr White over her shoulder.

"I am happen' going in the room I came out."

He smiled & nodded.

"Thank you, my dear. I was then are going to matter to me, kindness & integrity, & of the two I think the latter is more rare."

She put him in the parlour, & passed through into the backyard to remove certain articles which she had dug out to day. Even complete candour did not cause certain unmentionables that were patched, & to her somewhat piteous. She was carrying the washing in when she heard F. D. D. try on the lock, & the light of Larry's mischief came back into her eyes. She tossed the patchwork into the kitchen & went to meet her man.

"Hallo, darling. Mr Jack White is in the parlour."

"Jack White? Who the devil is -?"



For the moment he looked fierce, &

She laughed, & there was a happy thrill in it to reassure him:

"Go in & see. I shall be busy doing chores."

Drake passed into the parlour to discuss Sir John Parson's  
with the Old Parichief.

"Hallo, sir!"

"Shut the door, my lad. My story must be explained."

Drake flung his hat on the table, & pushed back his  
chair. How & why had Sir John Parson become the Jack  
White?

"I think I owe you an explanation, Drake. The idea came  
to me suddenly after your wife had kindly assisted me to  
wind up my medical campaign. Sir John Parson has a part, &  
a certain social one. So much more intriguing to be plain  
the Jack White & at heart to behave like the Jack White."

The mordant smile about Drake's mouth became expressive, &  
there was a humorous rumble under those fine dark  
eyebrows.

"I commit you stronger, sir."

"Yes, & the right to cut across without being pilloried  
by the press. Rather a pregnant situation. Eligible character  
may be docked or receive stocks."

Drake sawy his lips & grinned.

"I see you don't fear that we <sup>will be</sup> - <sup>in the part.</sup>"

"My dear fellow, could you picture your wife -"

"I find you, sir. She is the one clear thing that has  
kept me out of despair. - Bendir -"

He hesitated.

"Well, - I see, my lad."

"I don't want to trail my own particular part across any  
enterprise of yours, sir."

"I think we can risk that. - By the way - as we were  
crossing the Square, I think something - startled your wife."

"Oh - <sup>what</sup> <sup>is it</sup>?"

"A large, fat, hairy person with a frame like a bread  
basket, & a gait that wobbled. He did not see us, &  
I got the feeling that Polki was relieved."

"I think I recognize the gait, sir. A Mr Paul Parichief."

"One of the - things - you indicated."



"Quite so, sir. Have you ever felt like murder?"

"Perhaps. A simple fellow can pinch one off of ideas, & three years of sweat & labour."

"There are people who would find your happiness for a five pound note."

"Why <sup>do</sup> ~~not~~ you suffer the Pains of?"

Diak gave a jerk of the head at a meaning glance at the door.

"I'm God's sake, sir. - She don't know."

Sir John looked cartilage, but he had in his own a clear open that most significant title - "What every woman knows." He rubbed his chin, & stared reflecting at Diak's swaying legs. Finer fellow - the girl an amazing suppleton, like some large & muscular boy <sup>imagining</sup> that he could drop a cloud of chocolate about innocent woman. But Sir John had no quarrel with Diak's Elizabethan make-up. He needed a partner with colour & passion & candour, not some drab of a copy-hant.

"Song, Frank. - The Pains of this world are usually cowardly creatures. - But to return to the adventure. Poor Jack White & our friend Diak are going to take a little trip together."

The Duke came back into Diak's eye.

"Soon, sir?"

"No time like the present. And guess one - of objective."

"Aussell Bay."

"Yes, Aussell Bay. We will travel humbly & observed in my old motor car." "Will you come?"

Diak got off the table, & held out a hand.

"No wonder you were now, sir."

"Do I?"

"But, by George, don't forget that bag, with your name on it."

Mr White chuckled.

"The deception is going to be thorough. I'll take a turn to my flat, & pack a few things, & I will arrange to have the old car delivered here."

"Can I tell my wife, no?"

"Of course. Bring her in. - I thank you & I had better take the trip alone."



## VIII

A gentleman with the bookish name of Bumpus was the licensee of the "Green Man" at Cresswell. It was Cresswell only in name, & Mr Bumpus was really of an antique, a slow, dark person with a pipe more a queer hooded yew. He looked laconic, & he was, no general language behind the bar, an <sup>an</sup> dispenser of gentle gag. Miss Bumpus, Clara, was otherwise, a good, kind, about of a woman, whose laughter was a kind of gurgle. How she had come to mate with the sour apple she had had was one of those rare puzzles which the shrewdest gossip found insoluble.

Mr Jack White drew up outside the Green Man. She was red tile above, a grey stone below, with a white face & an apron of ~~flowers~~ <sup>flowers</sup> in its lattice window. The apron was very much Clara. Francis Drake, Clerk at Mr White.

"Will you try it or shall I, su?"

"Would it be more practical to chop the su? Call me Jack."

"Doubtless."

"So far as, yes."

"You go. You look the part more than I do."

Drake got out & opened the gate, & as he did so the white door opened, revealing inside a dark shewer, & a wild, a brown.

"Good morning" said Drake.

Mr Bumpus looked elsewhere.

"Morning."

"Can you put us up here for a day or two?"

Mr Bumpus twined his brows.

"No. Can't do."

He turned his back on Drake, & that might have been the back end of the <sup>Bumpus</sup> ~~bar~~ but for the advent of Clara. Her ~~glabrous~~ <sup>glabrous</sup> back edged her husband aside. She looked at the gentleman, she bled, & she smiled.

"Any the I can do, su?"

Drake raised his hat to her. She was a good red apple, & no paring.



"By jove & I wanted to stay for a day or two, - but the gentleman says that he can't take us."

A guest from Mr. Baynes ~~will~~ sounded like "That's so."  
 Husband & wife ~~they~~ were framed in the doorway like a couple of figures in an old weather-glass. Mr. Baynes full pointed a finger at fair weather, the husband a ~~white~~ <sup>scarce</sup> like a depression in retreat.

Mr. Baynes wedged an elbow into the husband's ribs.

"Did you say that, Jack?"

"I did."

"Well, I say different. <sup>So</sup> it's a lady with <sup>you</sup> ~~her~~, sir."

"No, a gentleman friend."

That decided the question so far as Clara was concerned, for the world was not all Jacks to Joshua.

"He can manage it, sir, if you don't mind of his friend."

Drake said the rightest thing.

"I think I know a lady who can cook when I see her."

So, Mr. Baynes was all motion - prepared for dinner, a most exciting world in which Mr. Joshua Baynes would scold & scrape a whine <sup>on</sup> a very second fiddle.

Drake carried in the baggage, which was of the simplest, Mr. Baynes assuming all responsibility in the matter, while Mr. Jack White drove the little old car into the yard at the back of the inn. Marvellous canony - that car! Clara clasped the band on a steep stair, tatty as she went. They were not to be deceived by Joshua's surface. He was a chain dyspeptic, & you had to make allowance for a man who was full of wind & acid. Clara had two rooms to offer them, complete with trunks, lace curtains, & brass-robed bedsteads. One looked north towards the sea, the other south, with a view of the back yard & outbuilding.

She bowed up to Francis Drake. He was a looker, he was, & Clara had constituted him the pearl of the pair.

"You'd like this room, sir?"

Drake gave a little grimace, & caught a humorous glance from Mr. White.

"No, - I think I'll take the one. Mr. White is so fond of a view of the sea."



Mr. Bangor left them to settle themselves & their baggage, after asking whether they would like tea in the parlour or <sup>in</sup> the garden. Susan was in a blue & sunny mood, & Mr. White had voted for tea in the garden, if it would not cause Mr. Bangor too much trouble. No, Clara had a niece to help her, a younger edition of herself, a bonnie wench with cheeks like you.

Mr. White closed the door at the top of the stairs.

"I wonder whether we are taking the adventure with sufficient seriousness, Frank. The factious touch."

"Yes, like the gentleman who enters during an informative lecture on the filth."

They crossed across the passage between the two very remote rooms.

"Mass man, my dear lad. Don't have any the corner up for her. - I say, I have a trick."

"Also informative?"

"It says - 'God Bless You'."

"Do like?" - "What about the beds, sir?" - "I hope"

God won't look too much at my pygamas."

There was a creaky sound from Mr. White's room.

"A little myself, I'm afraid, Frank."

"Settle yourself down."

"Settle you down in the middle. Try your."

There was more creaking, & a laugh from Dan.

"No love couch this."

"Dear, dear! - I think the lady may prove myself."

"So bed, sir?"

"Right, right. Lie upon your, <sup>Frank.</sup> Have you a bed?"

"I have. Good in Love. - Perhaps God tried this bed."

"Blasphemous fellow! - Gossip is indicated, Frank. Social column. I rather think the lady will provide it."

They had tea & a very good tea it was in the garden, which was also an orchard, & the old apple tree <sup>was</sup> a hundred years old, & over the orchard hedge they could see the grey & shaggy spire of the village church outlined against



fertile gutter of the sea. The baron ~~never~~ had saved them, stood  
~~a ready of arm & a way the of up~~ Don White, having eaten too  
 soon of some made plum cake, filled & lit a pipe, &  
 forgot to wonder whether his stomach would want <sup>receiving</sup> so  
 bounteous a ~~tea~~ burden.

"Even thought, Frank, of the injured earth?"

Danke was also lighting a pipe, a very old pipe with a charred  
 rim.

"I suppose earth, as - Jack."

"Yes, the villain of stars of bird & stone, etc, sitting  
 on what was fertile soil."

"You mean, Landan."

"I do. Stage when you think of those thousands of acres  
 clamped down. I don't wonder that some of them. Does the  
 poor earth groan, & yearn to be alive again? Does it dream of  
 the green past? Do the Fleet & the Walbrook rob in  
 secret because they are sewers & not streams?"

"I'll confess I had not thought of it in that way."

"And supposing some day a genius came perfect some  
 explosive bomb, & Landan's blown to blazes, & the deepened  
 soil set free? Stage to think of it exciting a war?  
 & throwing up green and. Back then a beaver in Cheapside,  
 & the Stock Exchange a bed of rock gardens."

Danke sat tucked up, elbows on knees, & both hands at his  
 pipe.

"Savory to be said for Landan. Even its Smith's Street  
 lane one. Every old corner, every bow. Fat George, &  
 Decker, & Thackeray, & Dantely's abode. And old St Paul's,  
 & the polygon pit."

Don White nodded.

"Yes, old Landan, the Charterhouse, & the Tower, &  
 North Street. Landan won't put a belly there, & its symbol  
 a tin of gun or a French letter."

Danke laughed.

"Tut-tut, sir."

"Beaucliff, Frank. Good old vulgar England. Shakespeare's  
 buphonia. - I want to be coarse -"

"Good at, sir. She looks."

Clara was coming to inquire how the tea had pleased  
 them, & Don White pointed to the large V gap in the



cake.

"There is the proof, madam."

Mr. Baynes gave me of his pleasant smile. Her rich hair, folded over her shoulders, might have been giving some mild moment which produced those pleasant rays.

"There was one fresh egg in it, sir."

"Good egg, good country this, madam. Who rents the nice old farm of there?"

"French Farm. That be Mr. Bailey."

"Bill Bailey?"

"He's a William, sir."

Mr. White nodded at her appreciation.

"Madam, your husband is as excellent as your cake."

Clara was packing the tea things in the tray that she since had left leaning against a table leg, & she had now easy & deliberate. She appeared to be one of those comfortable creatures who are never in a hurry, & yet can battle without creating a draught.

"I am not a picnic in these days, sir."

"I suppose not. Who owns all the property about here?"

"Mr. Collywood Pampet, sir, of Beach Hall."

"A pleasant name."

Clara giggled.

"He's rather an odd gentleman, sir. For, he owns part of the village, & all the farms between the Head & Star Point."

"Very rich, I suppose."

"Oh no, sir. He tries to make money out of pigs."

"And does he?"

"Not by the look of his clothes, sir."

Mr. Baynes nodded off with the tray, & Mr. White felt in a side pocket for a small bag of sweets. He liked to suck a sweet when half-way through a pipe. Having helped himself he offered the bag to Drake.

"That was so small, sir, but -"

"Always - French. - I suppose I have reached the season of sickness that is comforted by sweets."



"Hardly that, Sir."

"Sweet saliva dilutes the nicotine & cools the throat! - Sounds like an ~~advice~~ <sup>advice</sup>. What a modest age it is. Like Potkin Pills & you'll feel like jiggling the snow each morning. - By the way, who was it who said that when he fell in love he felt that he had swallowed the sun?"

"Stephen Seacoch, - I think."

"Apt fellow. - What about doing a little explaining privately?"

"Propaganda people."

"Tom Bailey?"

"Yes, & we must remember that he is a villain. - That good lady has a nice taste for subtle chicanery."

"And Tom Collywood Parnett?"

"Later, I wish. I often walked catches many. - By the way, know anything about jigs?"

"Not - beyond I am a bore."

"Same here. But there may be alternative methods of approach."

Derek laughed. He was finding Tom Seach & White excellent company. Matthew Mason & Medicine <sup>Cabaret</sup> ~~approach~~ seemed to have drifted out of the picture.



# IX

Mr White & Drake followed the farm lane. It met the village street just below the church, & was guarded by a white gate & two ancient & sentinel yew. "Private" was painted upon the gate, which had not known paint for many years, & was green with a kind of shine, & one of its bars had been lashed up with wire. Hedge of hazel & thorn made off the lane a green tunnel. There had been another & primelier in the banks, but their flowering time was over.

The lane ended in a little grassy plateau upon which Samuel Sam stood, with its wind-blown orchard & rather ragged building. The house was of weathered timber & free stone, with lattice & one great central chimney, a white porch & a white door. It suggested some old wood-cutt, & a lonely face, a little sad & meditative, & its windows were now full of strange melancholy. A low stone wall, crumbling in places, enclosed a little garden, bright with Sweet William & early hyacinth.

Mr White & Drake paused at the end of the lane, for the view here was immense. Mallard Marsh lay green beyond the oak & beech of High Wood, & the sand of Star Point shot like a golden spear into a summer sea. A semicircle of sand curved to meet the high cliffs of Beacon Head. Northward the English countryside melted in hill & hollow toward the heath.

Mr White's face blessed the scene.

"Nothing particular - dear, Frank."

"Nature is it particular, son."

"No, that's good, now B.B.C. - You can't make silly points about the seas."

They were about to move on when the white door opened & a man came down to the gate in the wall. He looked all brown in cloth & face & beard, but his eyes were of an inexpressible blueness. He stood there, solid & vaguely hostile, surveying the two trespassers on the grass below him.

"Mr William Bailey, Frank."

"I think I mislaid the William."



Pom White took the initiative. He smiled, but Pom Bailey did not smile. Those blue eyes of his never shifted from a face, but stood <sup>at it</sup> with an almost grim steadfastness.

"I am afraid we are trespassing."

The farmer answered with a curt nod. He might have come straight from a Saxon or a Danish ship.

"Well, will you forgive us. We are on a short holiday, & your lane tempted us."

Again that curt nod.

"Yes, we shut the gate."

For the first time those solemn blue eyes showed the wrinkle of a smile.

Deak had stood by in silence, appearing this third set, costumed. This was a man of ancient ~~several~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~odd~~ <sup>odd</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~odd~~ <sup>odd</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~chain~~ <sup>chain</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~stick~~ <sup>stick</sup> ~~field~~ <sup>field</sup>.

He said - "Are you Pom William Bailey?"

Another nod.

"I design home, or try to. - This house of yours is just what I would see here. It's just part of this."

Bailey's eyes were a Deak's face, & they became less fierce. For the first time he spoke.

"This house grew here when the three of you were boys."

The growth of a tree, the growth of a house, the growth of such cities as Florence, Cadiz, Rome. Pom Bailey had known a ~~city~~ <sup>city</sup> ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> named - "The town in the woods," but modestly might have chosen the phrase - "The Vast Paradise of Pomellia." Deak was feeling Pom William Bailey as well as seeing him. He could see him as a bowman standing firm with the gray-hid nobility of fate standing down upon him. Firm, a silent & bearded, & armed by the cheerful nature of things, & yet ready to confront a Turk with nothing but a pike. This old farm house high above the sea might be a little further whose walls were slowly crumbling, & yet there were flowers in that front garden.

Deak noted he was on the old stone wall, & feeling for his tobacco pouch, offered it to the farmer.

"Have a fill, sir."

Bailey's blue eyes were fixed for a moment on the pouch. Then, he put out a big brown fist, & took it.







that the farmer the eyes softened.

"You can go where you please."

"Shah you. - Er, how far does your grand go?"

"To the old cliff <sup>where</sup> ~~above~~ the sea <sup>used to be</sup> there. All that sand &

grass ~~means salt~~. Below was marked off by the set of the tides.

"I see. Shah you, Mr. Bailey. We are staying at the Green Man. Perhaps you will come along & have a drink & a smoke with us one evening."

"Perhaps I will, sir."

Drake & Mr. White, turning round, found themselves in a grass field with three short Horn <sup>for horses</sup> ~~horses~~. The grass was rough & weedy with thistles, docks, & reynard. Stunned. Most certainly it was so. Mr. White came to a halt in the middle of the field, & stood looking seawards.

"I dear, I dear. Don't <sup>int</sup> ~~not~~ mess up local history in any messy old adventure. Make 'em better, not worse."

"I agree, sir."

"Listen to me - our little William Bailey need some new ideas, & a new market. - I like that fellow."

"Same here, sir."

"Wait a moment. - Here's another idea. More stepways cannyflye. A couple of caravans down there in the grass."

"Two, sir?"

"One for me, & one for you & Mr. Phyllis. Enphatic an attitude of looking immaculate. Meanwhile, we look around. How does it strike you?"

"Gretty. - But, if you'll excuse me -"

"I'm sure? - I forgot to say that - I'll ask you to accept a thousand & a year to begin with."

"What for, sir? - I -"

"Don't waste breath, my dear lad. Enphatic advice. I may need lots of it. - The gods, I shall have to learn to cook."

"Phyllis can - cook."

"Not so, - but I have to be re-educated & doing all sorts of once damned things for my dear old self."

The rough field where the horses were grazing sloped to the edge of the old cliff & a post & wire fence. Below stretched a broad belt of grass & dunes tufted with marram, &



A beyond the sandy hillocks came the blue curve of Cresswell Bay. A steep trackway wound down from the village to low stuff in green nothingness.

"Possible to build there, Frank."

Duck hesitated, considering the question.

"Right stuff, one story. Might have to sink piles. - Do you mind a bungalow, Sir?"

"That dand word has become a fetter. Bungalow growth, ~~now~~ I know."

"Not so good as ~~now~~ know. Call 'em fings."

"By dear lad, is it there an older track than? One staid hand in stone or cob. - I know parts of northern France? But of course you do."

Duck's eye went forward with a meaning.

"God, yes, old white place with shingles & rambling roofs. Bits of Picardy," & a substantial say say in his.

"Well, that sort of track than? Are you a flat roofed fellow?"

"I'm not. I'm a back number in that respect. May I say I've been to the Middle Sea & Palm Beach. I'd have that or stone slate or soft beam tiles. Flat roofs go with flat feet, & dropped-inlet minds."

Duck's eye let out a chuckle.

"You're from Cotswold, my lad. - What about this field? A little windy, I suppose."

Duck looked right & left.

"That headland would break the south-wester, but it is open to the east. - See where the village grew, Sir?"

"I do."

"The old folk knew a thing or two. Didn't go & share my own house right in the teeth of nature. There ought to be a row down yards near the headland."

Duck's eye nodded.

"Let's go & look, my lad."

They looked forward for the <sup>lower</sup> slope of Beacon Head sloped itself like half an eighth note, & gently so, & was sheltered by the high ground from south west gales & north east bitterness. It was mostly rough grass, beech & gorse, & young chest trees, & the slope was to the <sup>south</sup> east.

"You could make something of this, Frank."

"I could."

Duck's eye picked himself in a decrepit field-gate, & looked



at the sea. He was coming to himself, & Deak was studying his face.

"Well, Frank, well! Soethy lucky."

Deak was very cautious of the matter.

"The central idea, what? - New world playground for dear little children? The dear little children are not so dear. Say I own? Like it?"

"Not much, sir."

"Quite so. Parachute for necktie? Horrible confusion. Little lawyer. Try again."

"Playground for the proletariat."

"No park & no cinema, & no dog track. Could I do."

Deak smiled.

"I believe you are hiding something under your hat, sir."

"Well, I'll take off my hat. - What would this place be for?"

"Peace, without the sword."

"You've got it, Frank." I think I am beginning to understand the old. They like to sit a stone, but they also like to do simple things. They don't wish to be shut away in a tea-chest, but they like to sleep in peace. - Well, that's my idea, a refuge for the old & the tired. In this bustling, materialistic world, the aged are going to be less & less cherished. Choked in the sleep-deep. Poor models, & way you. Set last year's model next. - See the idea."

Deak nodded.

"I do, sir. - But I have seen enough of the world to know that some old people grow more a catastrophe."

"Right, my lad. We'd grade them. No room for them. No old dreamer. A Say I own for once old children."

"Who still can paddle a play at sand-castle."

"Just so, Frank." - All in one floor & no stairs."



## IX

The "Green Man" guests met at breakfast, & when Clara had closed the door on a dish of eggs & bacon, Mr White, in a guarded undertone, asked Drake a pertinent question.

"How was the bed, Frank? Male or female?"

"Not - female, sir. At least - it didn't accept me."

Mr White dropped three lumps of sugar into his tea.

"Mine was capitally - Bunsen. & I was in the sack, Frank. Carraway are indicated."

"Ain't it difficult to come by, sir?"

Mr White gave him a shy look.

"I'm afraid I am one of those fellows to whom things come easily. I blink an eyelid & an elephant is produced out of a hat. - Useful but boring. - I wonder how long it will take me to produce bacon & eggs like this?"

"Huger may furnish a solution."

"Oh, sure man! A world that seems to be trying for death will be grateful & glad at that. I can quite follow the prevailing theme, become, recently, four years, peaches, & care for everybody. Serve a sort of conveyor belt. Lightly shipped into you automatically. Why, damn it, how do small children grow? Concoct - wanting this & getting 'em."

Drake helped himself to a second cup of tea.

"Isn't so, sir. I'm afraid that if you have to work you have a grievance."

"Yes, of course, not the dignity of labor, but the humiliation of having to use your hands. Funny, isn't it?" "If you mind passing the marmalade."

"Sorry, sir."

Mr White helped himself generously to a third.

"Shows what an ignorant man I am. Don't know how to make marmalade. Isn't capable of boiling an egg. - Well, what's the next move?"

"A tactful approach to the man of property."

"Collingwood Puffet bag. Sounds thorough & highly. May be one of those fellows who sit on the earth & wait for



it defaced by humanity."

"A Square."

"But remember the page, Frank. Page my power prophetic."

Duke gazed at him.

"Biting a corpse?"

"No, taking a righteous line. Callwood Perfect Eq. might be persuaded into partnership."

"An interview indicated. I should approach, sir."

"No, I think not. I know I have attempted a big deal I have found - direction - more prophetic."

The most surprising thing about Mr Joshua Bayne was that he sang. Much as a conversationist, he would break into solitary song, a kind of melancholy moaning rather like the wind in the chimney. No music-hall matter either, but born of a most dolorous temper, in which death, sin, repentance appeared to tread a macabre measure. Mr White & Frank Duke, setting out to extract the car, heard this melancholy sound coming from the bowels of the earth, & it emerged in the person like a ghost rising through the cellar-floor in the person of Mr Bayne.

"Good morning, Mr Bayne."

"Pleasant."

"Does the village shop sell tobacco?"

"It do."

"Thank you. - Can you tell me how far it is to Beel Hall?"

"About a mile."

"Off the Godchurch road."

Mr Bayne greeted, a Mr White assumed a year.

They saw the Morton Jan into the yard, & for some reason Mr White sat with the gear in neutral, & the engine ticking over.

"I saw it, Frank, I can't think of an excuse. Can you?"

"Afraid not, sir."

"Let's try the village shop - first."

"For inspiration."

"By no means know."



Cresswell's solitary shop <sup>faced</sup> the church across a small tangle of grass where stood the village pump. Cresswell was little more than a hovel, & a dying hovel at that, for it's halcyon days had been those of the smugglers when hatches had run & cargo into Cresswell Bay. I have had been on a two bloody battles with the Revenue men on Cresswell Sands, & it was said that the parson of those days, cheered as a seaman, had got himself a bloody fall from a preventative main entrance. Now, the village, like some very old man had sunk into respectable apathy. The butcher & the baker deigned meat & bread from Godchurch, & the village shop was not Godchurch, but suggestive that a mother & the smell of milk. It was a little place with two white gables, a central green door, & a too window that displayed faded tins of canned beef & fruit, sad looking savour, & cheap crockery & enamel ware.

Mr White pulled up opposite the shop. An old colly dog lay asleep in the doorway. A vague figure in a white apron was doing something to a pack-case & the figure bent head was the same colour as the wood.

Mr White opened his door.

"Want a pair of boots, Frank?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Well, I'll see if they have anyth' but shoes. The whole place looks a bit shabby."

The dog did not move for man, & Mr White stepped carefully over him & entered the shop. The bald headed man was preparing to nail up the empty case. He had the face of a foetus, mild & expressionless, with pale eyes that goggled behind high powered spectacles.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning. Do you keep tobacco?"

"Only shag, sir, I'm afraid."

It was dark in the shop, & Mr White had not at first noticed a gull perched sideways on the left hand counter. He wore an old farmland shooting cap, & a plum gown with a bold black & white check. His hair was ~~grey~~ <sup>white</sup>, his stockings green, but his most arresting feature was his nose. Veritable Gygis that nose, an immense beak with



large bushy black eyebrows meeting a bunth across its root. Phatone appeared to have concentrated all his efforts <sup>up to</sup> that nose, for the face was almost chinless, & the absence of chin was explained by a ~~small~~ <sup>drooping</sup> Cavalry moustache.

The gentleman addressed himself to Mr White. He had a voice that ought have done duty in Poona.

"How, sir, had luck, sir. - Out of tobacco?"

Mr White smiled whimsically.

"Very nearly so. Silly of me."

"If you care for a fill, sir, try of pouch. I regret to say that it is only mild Navy Cut."

"I thank you very much, sir. That is of my own choice."

He accepted the pig-skin pouch, & as he handled it a sudden illumination came to him. Pig-skin, pig-skin. Could the affable giant be Mr Collywood Pampert?

"Don't guess of you. My friend out there in the car like let him. Can't <sup>manage</sup> ~~make~~ it myself. - You, we are staying a few days at the Green Room."

Mr Pampert said - "How, how, is that so. - And how are the heels?"

"A bit Bonyon, sir, but the food is excellent."

Mr Pampert let <sup>out</sup> another "How-how", & blew out his moustache out. He appeared to be a comparable soul, a topic for gossip.

Mr White returned the pouch.

"Please forgive me, sir, but are you by any chance Mr Collywood Pampert?"

"Right on the nail, sir. How-how."

"Well, well, well! By <sup>with the car</sup> ~~found out~~ <sup>there in an artist, a</sup> ~~domestic architecture~~ <sup>we happened to hear of</sup> ~~my last~~ <sup>your house, - found Georges I believe. - I wonder if you</sup> ~~would permit him to see it, - perhaps to sketch it~~ <sup>to</sup>."

"Delighted, my dear sir, delighted. A little old place, but my own."

Mr White lit his pipe, & glanced round the shop. He felt that he ought to make a purchase <sup>that of a</sup> ~~as a~~ <sup>to</sup> Dame Fortune. Bootlace? Rather too trivial. Sweets? Well,



they could be mixed in the Greenwell children.

"Oh, - sweet. Toffee cream. Can you spare a pound."

"With pleasure, sir."

Mr Pampet blew into his mouth, & watched the proprietor, whose name was Blair, take down the jar from a shelf.

"Don't say I like sweetly to such, sir. How - how, second childhood, what?"

Mr White seized the happy occasion.

"Same here. - Will you permit me to present you with a bag of, sir? Toffee for tobacco."

"I don't mind if you do, sir. Nice gesture."

"Two pounds - please."

"I'll have one now, Blair, I'll have one now."

"So will I, Mr Blair. - May I bring my artist friend & introduce him to you, sir?"

"Delighted, my dear sir, delighted."

"Oh, by the way, my name is White, Mr Jack White."

"A white man, sir, what! How, how."

"I hope so."

Mr White, with a toffee-cream in one cheek, & his pipe sucking smoke into the other, went forth & across the gravelled space to the waiting car. He poked his head through the driver's window.

"Come out of that, fellow. - Come & be introduced."

"Any luck, sir?"

"Toffee-cream. I've got one at work. - Do you think I've made contact with?"

"The vicar."

"Right off the target. Collingwood Pampet Esq. - Large & friendly person. Much more. - Said you were an artist making a study of Eybick down the architecture, & that we had heard about his place."

"You have a most fertile imagination, sir."

"Well, come & meet the Squire. - I have a sort of feeling that he might be - a - co-splaviant."

Mr Pampet was still perched on the counter, & making succulent noise beneath his billowing mouth, but he got off



the count like a gentleman when Mr White brought in his artist friend. Mr Pampet stood six feet - three, & stopped, as though his huge nose <sup>was</sup> weighted his back-bone.

"This is Mr Francis Drake, sir."

"Delighted, Mr Drake. Good old England, how - how. Got any change out of the Dons - lately?"

"Pence, sir."

"Gosh! Can't make head or tail of that stuff. Like throwing bits of ~~coffee~~ & pots of jam at a wall."

Drake laughed. Mr Collywood Pampet might be a Hee-Haw, but he was friendly, & kinder in the off-hand than he looked.

"A very apt description, sir. And like the new sculpture."

"I've seen it."

"And how would you describe it?"

"The Burn & Barb brigade. Haw - how -. Ecce me, B. his."

Everybody laughed, including Mr B. his, who was the people's churchwarden. Mr Pampet was the Vicar.

It was he who suggested that if Mr White & Mr Drake had nothing better to do, they should return with him to Beach Hall, drink beer, & survey the house. Mr White welcomed the suggestion for the both. They could take Mr Pampet with them in the car. And he waited at Francis Drake.

"Want to pick up your stuff, Frank?"

Drake glanced at him.

"No. I ~~look~~ <sup>like</sup> to look before I put anything in paper."

They were out of the shop before Mr White remembered that he had not paid for the sweets.

"Ecce me. Silly old man. - Be back in a minute."

Beach Hall stood bluffly on a plateau, a <sup>man-made</sup> island of artificial glade between billowing beech. They were hemmed in there, each a grey timbered giant, with the branches spreading like great green umbrellas. The grey house filled the southern end of this man-planned glade, its portico & windows looking towards the sea. It was of two periods, the earlier of local stone, to which had been attached a Georgian facade, with architrave & portico, the Ionic pillars painted white. A winding drive meandered



though frankland that had <sup>become a</sup> ~~grown~~ wild, & ended in a broad terrace partly stone paved, partly grass. Then was the house too large, or too much the manner, but a manner in miniature, a perfect with stone & proportion.

Drake's eye shined as the car approached it, climbing through fern, grass & brown. The man was in the house, & upon the splinted tree which clasped & sheltered it, thin pithy branches waving when a wind blew. Stately ladies - there - in green hangers and emolins, ladies of the great age of England.

"How old are those trees, son?"

"My tree dance, Mr Drake."

So, the man with the Lyons cane had a feel for the historic & present, & the stately grace of other days.

"The monument, or the quadrille. - I've heard you, I should say."

"I have ~~you~~ trees were planted, Mr Drake, the year Prince Charles lost Culloden."

Mr White pulled up his car where the drive met the stone of the terrace. Modestly could not be permitted to play the travelling coach or barouche, but Mr Pampflet presented him.

"Go on, my dear sir, these stones are tougher than your tyres. By all means in a dock, & likely to stay there. I need to keep him off the stone because he's a bit oil."

"I think I'll keep off the stone, if you don't mind, son. I'm afraid the old bar is not without of leaving in droppings, & she doesn't apologise."

Drake's first impression of the place was its wildness, an impression that grew as he moved his eyes. The wildness of the park joined the wildness of the garden, for, though the terrace grew <sup>grown</sup> ~~down~~, a place over the balustrade revealed a world of weeds & the Brian Rose. Plaster was flaking in places from the cornice & pediment, & the window sashes needed paint, but the soft, sad shabbiness of the old house & its precincts <sup>cleared</sup> ~~beck~~ a tragic loneliness of the car. It was like a face, that in spite of wrinkles, ~~now~~ had grown gentle & serene. Moreover, Mr Pampflet's clothes, when seen in full sunlight, were a shabby sympathy with the old house. Patches of leather adorned the elbow of his coat.



Dade, walking to a flight of steps which descended into a walled garden, saw the whole land a scene spread before him. Down garden lay William Birley's farm, & High Wood & the Manor, with St. Paul's pale in the same view, but Dade was surveying the scene with interested eyes. He saw that much of the lime belt was concealed by the old cliff, & that the suggested building site below Beacon Head was not visible. Mr. White's experiment would not block the windows of Buck Hall.

He turned about & saw Mr. Collywood Pargett & Mr. White standing together on the garden steps as though posing for a photograph, & they made a pleasant pair. David & Goliath, though David had a grey head. Dade strolled towards them, smiling. If the scheme came into being, this old home should be unobscured, the old would be glorified by the new.

"Like the view, Mr. Dade."

"I like everything, sir. - There is a kind of pleasant touch in being part of such a scene."

Mr. Pargett rubbed his nose.

"Can't spend as much as I'd like on the old place. I've taken a little that."

"I wouldn't touch - anything here, sir. It is all so utterly right."

"I shall speak the actual" said Mr. White.



Phyllis Duke was probably since a morning since of it when the bell rang. She was excited in the air, & she was expecting a message from Greenwell Bay, & she did not trouble to take off her gloves, but went gaily to the door. A telegram by night be on the other side of it.

Paul Parahoff! Her laughing face became blue flush.

"Dear lady, - I -"

"Frank's out" & she prepared to receive the door.

"Please, - I -"

His belly was heavy, & he drew his breath in gasps, & looked tragic, but she knew these tricks.

"I want to sit. - My heart -"

She looked at his locked waistcoat buttons, for she would have said that Paul's heart lay in that bag.

"Sorry. - I'm afraid I'm busy."

And she closed the door quickly & shot the bolt.

But the music had gone out of her mood. If Sir John Munton's machine was to be Frank Duke's opportunity, would the shine of these spangles follow him into Service? She had lied to the Russian in saying that she knew, & her possible victimization might be of little importance. If Parahoff or Hugh Pilbry had come to suspect that Frank Duke had come by a rich patron, their winter shop-tricks might threaten the new partnership. And why had Frank never told her? Why had he left her to infer from the persistence of these spangles that they had some secret. Told her he? Had he studied history, without realizing that she could suffer such history & sublimate it into a power to protect & arrange? She went back to her room, - there was not much of it, & pondered her problem. If Sir John Munton was to discover? But Sir John Munton was no ordinary man. No doubt he had <sup>experienced</sup> ~~more~~ attempts at exploitation, & (might spit in the face of the exploiter) (after hitting to them.)



Idem, the front door bell rang a second time. Was Partridge  
parenting? She went to the parlor window, opened it, looked  
out & saw the boy with the yellow envelope.  
"What is it?" she asked.

"I hat you - I'll take it."

She opened the telegram & read.

"All seems arranged a room for you. Can you come? Good-bye station. Good train. Mr White will meet you."

How really you lifted to the boy's face.

"No reply, I thank you."

was <sup>this</sup> God's own challenge. Her little face had a radiant ~~solidity~~ <sup>glow</sup>. She put her silver away, went upstairs, opened a drawer & took out a concealed purse. In it she had enough money to carry her <sup>small case</sup> ~~bag~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>where</sup>. She took a ~~bag~~ <sup>small case</sup> from a cupboard, packed a few ~~essentials~~ <sup>necessaries</sup>, & changed into her best clothes. Sir John Monty would meet her. She could wire from the station. Sir John Monty might meet her in <sup>other</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>a</sup> more significant way.

Poor Jack White knew little about pigs, save that they  
 differed in size & colour, & that all have were not  
 of the same quality, but he did know something about men,  
 & it had not taken him long to divine that pig to  
 Collywood Pampet was a creature of crude ability & no  
 by his own dreams. For the Pampet was poor, yet <sup>retained</sup> ~~still~~  
 possessed a curious quality called pride, & indeed a will,  
 poor, round backed Pampet had nothing to be proud of,  
 save a ramshackle old house, his tree & his pride. Her one  
 & only son had turned out a rattle, & had been shipped  
 to some obscure corner of the earth, where he wrote  
 incessant begging letters. Emily Pampet was a semi-invalid,  
 stricken with some incurable & slowly progressive disease of  
 the spinal cord. Poor Emily shrank to the patient, but  
 her dream was of the more sunny south where she saw  
 a mimosa, & a little chamber gambly at Riviera casinos.  
 Oh, for dear old Devon or Carmar where by land was  
 no more than a soldier's chick-chant! Her secret eye was  
 Brownie & his nurse.

So far, Mr. White & Collywood had stake to each other, & poor Pamflet was a somewhat simple soul who



liked talking, & had few people who would listen to him, & with Francis Drake sitting & listening at the time, the scene from early in one of his fits of tragic apathy, the owner of Beach Hall attacked him with a layer & defended day to the little man with the quiet voice & the kind eyes.

"Sige" is difficult - these days, no, damned difficult. - Spying upon people was strange -"

Mr White, feeling a little guilty, & being this large creature, listened sympathetically, while Mr Pampet drank beer. Pig breeding was not producing the profits that he had hoped for, & Mr Pampet had no essential pride in pigs. Andrews, he had suspicions that he was being swindled by his butler.

"I don't know why I should bother you with my worries, - White. - I'm supposed to love the old business, & I do, - but sometimes - I <sup>damned well</sup> hate it."

Mr White had mingled Collywood into the "Green Man", & given him a stiff whisky.

"Paddy took got him a Sanderson or farrow three days."

"Look, my dear chap, just planning - what you have a good settled man."

"Have another whisky, old man."

"I don't mind if I do."

Mr White, having previously obtained permission to park two caravans down by the sea, asked the inevitable question.

"Is it that you sell part of your property?"

Mr Pampet blew out his nose.

"Sell it? How - how! - That's funny, my dear chap. I'd buy a lot of semi-detached houses miles from nowhere."

"Someone might. It is a most curious coincidence that we should have met. - But I don't want to park business on you."

Mr Pampet put down his glass.

"What! - You interested in real estate?"



"I happen to be. But - you & I - are 'at out to be commercial!"

"My dear fellow, - I don't mind if I am."

Mr White wondered if he could offer C.P. a third whisky, & changed it, for which was a run at Buck Hall.

"Don't mind if I do. - But, I say, do you mean that someone might be interested?"

Mr White looked cog.

"That's so, - but I'm a little sensitive about discussing such a subject. You see, we rather like each other."

"I echo that, my dear fellow. - But as to being sensitive, well - one can't afford to be sensitive - when you are damned hard up. - I'd like to do more for poor Emily - So, you needn't bother about my skin."

"Well, I'll take you at your word. I happen to be at the head of a syndicate which is looking round for a suitable <sup>a certain</sup> place for a purpose. - No, not to spoil things. It isn't a mere matter of profit, but I represent one or two rich men who have social ideas. An experiment in creating a peaceful & pleasant retreat for the old."

"Go on, White. I'm struck."

"Well, when Duke & I saw Cresswell Bay, it seemed to offer us the very site we needed. Just consider. Now, if you could to meet us, or even to join us, we should take care that your - you - should not be offended."

"You would want to buy me out."

"No, no, no. - We should need the land down below there, along the coast & near Beacon Head."

Mr Puffin continued his monologue.

"But, my dear fellow, you would have to spend thousands on such a scheme, & what not."

"Of course. We are prepared for that. A capital new community. Not charity, my dear sir, oh no, not charity, & the stuff for nothing ideas. Our people will have to work, if they are capable of working, & of looking after



themselves. What is more, we have no wish to interfere with the aborigine. In fact it might be good for 'em. Poor Bhai of the village says might trouble his thumb, & Barley of the might smile over to put a vegetable & make a good thing of it.

Poor Pappet was still carrying his mountain. Maybe he was carrying a prospect in which <sup>agarden produce</sup> it might be more profitable, ~~a kind of dam or something~~, & poor Bhai sent to write at Menton. Now, the adventure sounded somewhat exciting, for, as a countryman Poor Pappet knew that much took more matter about the system & organic life on the land. Let some of these dear sentimentalists hold a confab. with Bill Barley at nine o'clock on a winter morning with your dirty finger under your foot. Poor Barley might tell the poet a thing or two. Poor Pappet blew at his mountain. No, good old Sander was not a bad sort of place, if you had the money to blow, & a stomach & good order.

"Come on, my dear fellow, - but have you gone back to the land idea?"

"Not exactly so. After all, belly in him, & he may be a damned suggest & hungry thing one day. I've considered the problem of feeding Sander's seven million or so, with our dear little island blackhead."

"I dare, sir, but dear old Sander has a glower, sir, ya, glower."

Poor Bhai gave a dry chuckle.

"Not so much glower when that is pretty left that you want to do, or buy."

Poor Pappet let out a hummum haw-haw.

"Remember with that happy position, sir."

"Well, you might be! But it won't be. No hurry. My syndicate would pay a good price for the land."

Poor Pappet finished his drink.

"Not much celebration needed, my dear fellow. - You know, if I'd been with dear old Satan & that mountain top, I



should have - a - fallow."

"I hope you don't see me with hoofs & a tail."

"Haw, - haw! - Oh no, sir. You wear a halo, a good old golden halo. You, that's a fact."

Mr. Bryson brought them a telegram, <sup>which</sup> said - "Arriving at Godchuck, three fifteen. Phyllis." Drake laid it beside a plate of duck & green peas, & looked up at the lady.

"No answer, Mr. Bryson, thank you."

Clara beamed & beamed at him.

"I hope the duck is to your liking, sir."

Drake glanced at Mr. White, who assumed for them both.

"It is an absolute duck, madam, - like the lady who cooked it."

Clara beamed. How was it that delightfully naughty of him! Joseph's coat was of no such colour.

"I'm so glad, sir."

"So am I."

When Clara had beamed out with a Drake passed the telegram to Mr. White.

"Could you manage it, sir?"

"Very much so. - You go on with your surveyor, Frank. By the way - our friend Collywood seems more than willing."

"So will I."

"You, sir, are not a glutton - or pork chopper, on the Berkeley Hill."

"Well, I wouldn't."

"So did I. Mr. Collywood is not from Cobbit."

At 1.45 Mr. White backed the motor 10. out of the garage & set forth for Godchuck, that somewhat little town with the agreeable self-sufficient name. Godchuck with U.D.C. seemed to be of particular significance. It might obstruct, or it might allow the ruin of financial <sup>favour</sup> ~~favours~~, but Mr. White was not worrying. He had had much experience in persuading obstructive officials to come in line from the chair of minor authority. The traffic in Godchuck High Street was a canal & obstructive: as a whole brook of local bylaws. Two vans, parked opposite each other with their tails well out in the road, caused Mr. White to



set a foot.

A dandy fellow, wearing a cane of sugar, glared at him.  
 "Hey, what's all the noise?"

"Do you mind making a little room for me?"

"I'm a bit of a 'mug', are you? We have to work for our living, we do."

Mr. White raised his hat.

"Sorry. So do I."

A strolling police constable joined in the argument. The driver of the van had the clear yards ahead of him. Let him <sup>condemned him</sup> move. But why should he move when I haven't ~~meant that~~ <sup>meant that</sup> I had to carry the cane of sugar within three yards.

The constable produced a note-book.

"Right-o. Case of useful obstruction."

"I am."

But the vanman moved.



# XI

Mr White purchased a platform ticket, & passing the down platform, was observed & commented upon by three loafers leaning upon the white rails of a fence above the station garden. Who was the old bloke with the summer suit & nobby hat, Godchurch did not live up to its high sounding name, or to the indelible beauty of its clock & market square. Every one in Godchurch was known to Godchurch, & any strange person was marked for observation & comment, & Godchurch's comments were neither subtle nor flattering. Godchurch was veritable Samson in its bawny indifference towards intruding foreigners.

Said one witness, such a green stem, "I would 'at be much to look at if ya took in out of his chatter."

His neighbour grunted. That could staidly might be charged as a universal, & Mr White might have agreed with it. Then the train came in, some minutes late, & a third class door opened exactly opposite where Sir John Martyn happened to be standing.

Off went his hat.

"A capital case of pneumonia, - madam. I delighted to see you. Let me take your case."

"That there a porter?"

"I'll be your porter."

"It's quite light. I can manage."

"Chivvily furbish."

The gentleman with the green stem nudged his other neighbour.

"So - that he wyl 'e robbed up. Look a bit odd for the job."

"Sane o' these little old fellows 'ave got plenty o' spunk."

"See-see. I would 'at mind bein' in trousers."

"On out of 'em."

So spoke Godchurch.

Neither Mr White nor Phyllis Deane were actually conscious of the vulgar world, though the broad grin of vice may be preferable to sadness. Mr White was thinking what a charming little person was Frank



Drake's picture, & Phyllis Drake were trying to get the feel of the Stanton mood, & whether the <sup>five of the</sup> ~~small~~ was propitious. And yet, had they not shared an intimate & long-lasting intimacy in the breach of those bottles?

The White opened the door for her.

" I'm afraid I haven't brought a sup.

" I'm afraid I have at bought a ring.  
" O! - I don't want one. - It was kind of you to come  
a meet me."

"I rather like some sort of hindrance. Frank is busy  
digging out the land."

So, - there is a chance,

Bl. very much so.

Oh, my soul so."

He closed the door, opened the back door & stowed  
her suitcase away. She did not lean back, but sat  
next her son & held in a clasp forced by a question  
or confession with indignant solemnity. If the great advantage  
was not being, should she not take the brief full force,  
look at in the eyes, a clear distance.

He had been given a

look at it the eyes, a clear distance. He had been given a  
 On White noted a closed the door. He had been given a  
 figure of ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> rigid little figure - of that infinitely serious  
 & floating face. Was she so of course a shy of him as a  
 divine, for had the significance of your words tightened up  
 her heart-strings? Sir John's reference of human  
 integrity - its varying standards had been comprehensive,  
 & adequate. The word of the gentleman, the word of  
 the rough gentleman, the civil ceremony of the average  
 woman who would play of the gentleman, only to become  
 turbulent when the gentleman - gently, barely exploded - ceased  
 to be gentle. Sir John had experienced all three phases.  
 His attitude had become one of benign criticism towards  
 the crowd, & of sensitive caution towards the exceptional  
 few.

few. She was silent while he rehearsed his way through  
God Church High Street, but when they reached the open  
country she asked him a sudden question.

"So, it goes to happen. Please tell me."

Can mean - our experiment?

" Pa. "

"Yes."  
He came slowly - with cannon fire, while firing cannon  
of the turret.



"You know what it might mean to Frank?"

"I do, my dear."

She leaned forward, her hands clasping the back of the empty seat.

"It's no chaffin' for me. - But - Frank's future is no very precious."

"Are you trying to tell me something about Frank?"

"Yes."

He let the car slow down.

"Frank has told me."

She gave a little gasp of ~~surprise~~ <sup>wonder</sup> & relief.

"Then he told you - something that he has never told <sup>to</sup> me."

The car came to rest in the sandy pit, a dozen yards by the sea. The white seat with his hands resting on the wheel. He had taken off his hat & placed it on the seat beside him.

"Rather pleasant here. One can relax, you know, even in a car. The whole art of driving is never to be worried or flustered by the other fellow."

She had relaxed into her corner, ~~her eyes~~ <sup>her eyes</sup> ~~looked at the~~

"Will it make any difference?"

"None at all."

"You are a rather wonderful person. - No, I don't want you to tell me what Frank told you."

"I couldn't, my dear. - Frank is a somewhat peculiar person, with a peculiar feeling for the realities. - His tragedy was that he ~~has~~ <sup>had</sup> fallen into a certain ~~conviction~~ <sup>conviction</sup>, & that good machine took its revenge. He defied the Red Hatted Beast, & was pilloried."

"I wish he had told me. - I know there was - something."

"When a man has a secret sore, my dear, & loves a certain person -"

"Yes, - but -"

"Pride, pride, & the house of destiny. - I know my man when he ~~stopped~~ <sup>stopped</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup>. before he would accept - what might be called a favour. - But - I gather - that certain ~~ingenious~~ <sup>ingenious</sup> gentlemen might discover a profitable opportunity - were they to know -"



He could see her better for green grass in the driving rain.

"Of all the vile & cowardly things, - blackmail -"

Mr White gripped the steering wheel with one hand.

"There can be no harm - even in such attempts at exploitation. I think I might discuss your interest in getting these gentlemen to what we might call blackmail. Besides, it may even happen. ~~he can wait & see.~~"

She gave a hard little laugh.

"If one were pursuing one might spell the mail - in the meanwhile. ~~blackmail~~ <sup>suggested</sup> <sup>reflections</sup>"

Her laughter had ~~been~~ <sup>suggested</sup> other things to Sir John Martin, & he turned sideways in his seat.

"I gather, my dear, that you are one of those - who - when someone ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> or something you care for is threatened - become what shall we say -"

"Ruthless."

"Yes, that's the word. - So do by things are hard to be ruthless."

"Have you been - ruthless?"

He looked on straight with the face a smile.

"I have. So the inefficient & the lazy, the liar & the humbug. - So, we have another virtue in common."

She sat looking at the distant sea.

"But I should not call - this - scheme of your ruthless. I'd wonder climbed round in you."

"Let us call it reaction from too much intolerance. - Now, are we ready to go on?"

She nodded, & the nodder ~~approach~~ <sup>came</sup> to her.

"Let us not call it a Scheme for Broken Silver."

They found Francis Drake sitting in the seat before the Sun, with a note book on his knee, & his coat & hat beside him. He was a figure in the sun, colorful & bright, with a secret smile playing about his marbled mouth.

Mr White gave the black in the hand.

"Down your gorilla."



Dan was up to greet his wife, & the hair she gave him had more than grown in it. Her lips clung.

"Had a good journey, darling."

"Perfect."

Mr White was taking the car. These two should be left to their own dear devices, for the new would wear at their feet.

"Like to look round, Phyll."

"Yes, at every thing. Oh, my dear, what a stage & what an orchestra!"

He laughed, & put on an air about his mouth.

"Yes, about Sculim. Let's go & stand a stare."

Avoiding the village they took a field path which brought them to a grassy plateau or ledge on the edge of the old cliff. It was like a palpit command the whole congregation of Cresswell Bay, with Fresh Farm & High Wood in the gullies, & Beacon Head like some soaring choir roofterd with blue sky. They stood there, Dan's arm across his wife's shoulder, & as he gazed & saw as he saw the South Coast.

"There's our stage. - And I'm to be stage manager, at a thousand a year & commission."

"Oh, my dear."

He looked down at her.

"And which paper you must, filthy lace on the project?"

"Don't you know?"

"I can guess. Main opportunity, & your mouth. All the domestic amusements. I amed word."

"Let's sit, - Frank. Are you seeing - this?"

"I am."

"And is it really true that the landowner will sell?"

"I could do. I don't at the idea. - He's in an urban mood."

"Too much pugging due."

"Tell me what you see."

He drew his chair & moved his right hand as a pointer.

"Down there - below the headland a little fresh group of white houses. Yes, some of them may be claimed."



Gardens. Grass ways. The sea & the beach at their feet. See  
 that flat space there. Community centre, cottage hospital, a doctor's  
 quarters, one house, summer house, perhaps a hotel for the visitors.  
 No concrete parade, no crowding. Sky broadly white or cream  
 or yellow, or flushed rose, with here & there a touch of  
 blue. And spaciousness, yet with intimate grouping. And yet  
 pleases them the old children can paddle in the sea.

She was silent, soft of face & down of eye.

"You are - guess, Frank."

"I see." What a nice word to apply to a husband.

"No, darling. What I mean - you are not passing  
 to perfect a - personal program. - You are taking a  
 feeling beyond the art-art. You are being human."

He laughed & bowed his head.

"Perhaps I am being - you."



# XII

Two blue & <sup>yellow</sup> green pointed bows or green pluck, otherwise two super-cannars parked on a stretch of sweet turf between the old cliff & the sea. Mr Collywood Parfett had seen these two down a whole swampy down Barrell Hill behind two bright <sup>red</sup> yellow larvae. Mr White, the man of <sup>means</sup> ~~Parfett~~ & of mystery, was a magician weaving a wand, & producing more than rabbits out of a hat. A cupful of magic had gone forth to one of two ~~men~~ <sup>gentlemen</sup> who was in the company, & three days later the cannon had arrived. Mr John White, squally and the sand dunes, had watched Francis Drake <sup>superior</sup> the parking of these gay chabits in which.

The sea sang a summer song. It was a blue day, & Mr White took off his show & sack, turned up a pair of red grey flannel legs, & paddled. How pleasant to be inflexible & impossible! He was expecting a voice to hail him, & it did.

"Hello, sir."

"Hello. - long time in order."

"Absolutely. My signature was sufficient."

"Phyllis satisfied."

"Phyllis is ecstatic." You, the larvae have left. No snapper.

Mr White waded seawards to meet Drake who came sitting down a dune. Mr White stood holding his trousers & looking contemplative.

"Sadder inspiration, Drake."

"You are full of inspiration, sir."

"I shall have to grow a beard."

Phyllis Drake was exploring the new home, & doing so with wonder & delight. There were two compartments in the caravan, a two bunk bedroom, & a tiny kitchen-parlour complete with carved sink, gas-stove, water-tub, & cup boards. The little window was fitted with flowery cretonne curtains, & on the bunk lay what she imagined to be rolls of bedding & neat canvas covers. Phyllis opened cup board door to find bottles, sarsaparilla, catnip & silver, & inferior packages which suggested china. Other packages had been unloaded from the lower in the



87.  
" Shall you be away long, sir. - I mean - can I report."

" Tho. - No better. - Not a damned better. - I may be away a year."

But I have looked somewhat taken aback, but knew that it would be injurious to raise eyebrows.

" I see - the board will act -"

" Quite so."

" I hope you will have an excellent holiday, sir."

" No doubt about that."



grass. Tent-poles protruded from a roll of canvas. A green canvas bath lay beside a wicker basket & a folding wood seat. Other canvas bore red labels - "Fragile", but the fragility of Pylhi Drake was settled in a bath of foam.

And where was Frank? One was needed, one with a sword & a mail restriction.

"Frank!"

"Hallo."

"Do come & help."

Drake & Mr White came climbing the dunes, & both of them were laughing. The sea too was laughing. Mr White waved his hat at him.

"You'll have to get busy, my lad, & so shall I. Rather fun this. How long does it take to grow a beard?"

"Oh, about a month or so, sir, I imagine."

"Never done it?"

"Not more than three days' growth when we were stranded up to the eyebrows."

"I shall have to apologise to Pylhi for looking like a tramp."

"I'm very happy you're contented, sir."

"Ah, yes, the Spanish desperado."

But Mr White could confess that they were being too frivolous & facetious. Growing a beard was a serious business, so was the sitting of a patient, even though a tent camouflaged it, & so was the production of bacon & eggs & drinkable coffee. Mr White had never cooked for himself or made his own bed, & these initiatives into the domestic art were to be both serious & sacramental. For the mount campfire was in the air. They would stroll up to Russell Valley & <sup>enjoy</sup> Claire's excellent cooking.

"Better apack some of these cases, Frank."

Mr White came on with them, & Drake found a swordsmen & a two tyre lever. Mr White was looking with whimsical eagerness at the wicker basket & seat. He pitched a rug from the car & carried it. So, the fun began. Cases were opened, & the <sup>best</sup> food that three of them surrendered caused Pylhi Drake to exclaim.



"How marvellous! Did you think of all this?"

"I missed an order, my dear."

"But - tinned peaches, & caviare, & sherry! And sherry!"

"My representative has been a little lavish. Continuity will begin when I cook my first dish of eggs & bacon."

"I shall be coach."

"Oh no, my dear, - my motto must be thought, even if it begins with a thought man."

Mr Collywood Pampet, standing on the edge of the old cliff, surveyed the scene, the colourless carcass, the two tents, the middle of Jack's camp, & the three busy figures. Mr White was in his shirt sleeves, & a pair of trousers & bottles to Phil's Drake passed on the doorway of the Drake house. Mr Pampet covered his mouth. He was feeling good, very good. He had broken the news to Emily, & poor Emily had had an attack of sudden tears.

"Oh, Pam, is it really true?"

"Yes, my dear, I'm agreed to sell. Pardon me for you."

"But are you sure that anything is all right?"

Pampet might be a single soul, but his sense of, small was adequate. The Pampet I'm might not be a luxury car, but Mr Jack White had a way of injuring people. Moreover a thousand acres was not his a diamond mine; you could not pocket the land, & <sup>pass</sup> sell it to some receiver in Whitechapel.

Collywood Pampet strolled down & joined the upachy party. He was pleased & impressed by the car. Pretty symptoms vehicle there, & a salute to the solidity of Mr Jack White's syndicate.

"Good, - never seen this like this. - Can I give a hand?"

Mr White had a bottle of sherry in one hand, & a corkcrew in the other.

"Have a drink, old man. Having a Bitter Milk."

Mr Pampet held his fire near the <sup>cover</sup> screen of his mouth.

"Don't mind if I do."

"Phil, my dear, the glasses. Old man's milk for my body."

Pampet low-bowed.

"I say, you can't include the lady in that, White. She's an infant."



Phyllis Drake's retort was instant.

"I'll take it as milk."

"How, how, in a tumble?"

Collywood Pampet sat down on a patch of moss, & held up his glass to the light. The rich dark wine of Spain seemed to dance lightly in his eye.

"Well, here's to it. The game's on, White, so far as I am concerned."

"Splendid" said Mr White.

Drake & his wife ran down to the dunes with towels over their shoulders. The tide was up, & the sea pouring gently on the sand. Drake gave Phyllis a hand over the sandhills, & still holding hands, they waded into the sea.

"Gosh" said Drake. "silly men! We've forgotten to drop the towels."

He took both towels, waded back, & flung them clear of the women's reach. They flattened like two white birds & came to rest. Somewhere a gull screamed approval in a protest. He splashed back to Phyllis in his light blue bathing suit.

"Where did you get that?"

"Self-made. I had a brain-wave."

"Suits your colour. I'm going to carry you in."

"Oh - Good!"

He picked her up & waded till he was waist deep.

"Shall I drop Anabelle?"

"I think you are a gentleman."

"Well - said. - Faith does it."

He laid her floating, & she splashed water into his face.

"Oh - I'm so happy. I wonder what the dear old man is doing."

"Combing an important beard."

But Mr White was much more solemnly engaged, & making a Christmas mess of the business of cooking his first breakfast over the bachelor charcoal patent stove. He had dared to promise half a calf on lamb & bacon & eggs, but in his innocence he had dared too much. He did remember to grease the frying pan & managed to float his eggs in it



without breaky golbs. The pygmy appeared to be part of  
chief's nature, & he concentrated upon it, & the sweet illusion  
that some of milk & coffee could soothe him & his look  
after themselves. The milk was the first to shatter his illusion,  
& while he was seeing the bubbling & bubbling fluid, the coffee  
was emulating the milk.

"Damn both of you" said Dan White, grubby old hatter &  
dysentery the flannel sausage & the shoe topped deer, which  
propitiously cracked.

"Blat -!"  
Dan White regarded both hatters & then stood helplessly, looking  
about him for some safe refuge. The canvas strips suggested  
themselves. The flood then could cool in the sea air. He  
held a scorched stick, & remembering the pygmy, discarded  
other chances. The eggs were spluttering, & the bacon had  
coiled itself into blackening curls.

"Blat" said Dan White again. "It's a bloody creation."

So, the Doctor found him, definitely a fried mess beside  
the milk & the coffee. He gazed at them, frowning.

"Hallo. - Discreetly <sup>is</sup> limitation."

"You poor darling" said woman, "you should have left  
it to me."

It was Hagd Pellay who discovered the silence & the  
stratagem of No. 7 Druggist's Room. He stood & knacked, &  
receiving no response, looked at the window & saw that the  
curtain was drawn. Had the Doctor done a bunk, &  
left debts & persecution behind them?

Pellay was fazed. As one of the world's most notably  
failures, a <sup>poor</sup> ~~poor~~ man with a passion for justice  
which had been denied him, he had discovered a pathetic  
satisfaction in feeling that he had a hook in Frank Drake's  
throat, & could play him. Love had not been his  
principal inspiration, but the knowledge that he could make  
the other man flinch, a man who in the world of war -  
had been his master. And Pellay had a little &  
very many to arrange, the means of a certain incident in a



skilled track when Drake had caught him playing the studious fool.

"What's the idea, Pillsbury? - If the man have to take it, what about you?"

Scams! For Pillsbury had not been a naive againist coward, but one of those coldly intelligent & self-loving men who see no reason why their own pecuniary interest should be sacrificed unnecessarily on the altar of fate.

The door of No. 5 opened, & a bright & pretty blonde emerged. She smiled up at the galled man.

"Wanting the Drake?"

"Not at home, - it seems."

"No. I think they are away somewhere on a holiday."

Pillsbury had raised his hat.

"Thank you. No idea - I suppose - where."

"I'm afraid I haven't."

Upon one wall of the caravan, & over Francis Drake's back hung a grand plan of the new world that was to be. Each day she took it down & added some feature or piece of detail. The plan, over a column, & a gay affair, & Pillsbury could watch its growth as she lay in bed.

Drake had a portfolio which was filled with sketches & designs. He had worked out the picture of the plan of half a dozen houses, & something a soft coloring was his art. Some were to be cream, others a buff yellow, others a soft rose, one of two pinkish blue. All were to have cream colored shutters, & apple green doors. His last design was for the Central Centre, a neo-classic building with a colonnade, a <sup>compartments</sup> ~~cupola~~ topped by a gilded cupola. with a flower faced clock included.

Mr. White pored over these plans, rubbed a stubby chin, & found them good. He had been right about Francis Drake both as man & artist, & there were other plans submitted to him, & these were genuine. Pillsbury had ideas upon domestic economy. The little kitchens were to be compact



a labor-saving affair. No back break here, all your tools ready to hand. Hot water on taps, built in cup boards, small refrigerator, a radiator or two for winter warmth. Mr White did much head rubbing over Pythi Diader's extracts. They provided an electric supply & many other refinements, but Mr White was not bothered by such cap literature in the case of simple living. Always he had welcomed difficulties, new ideas, some piece of cleverness which put you a head of the other fellow.

He was much more bothered by the planning of his head. Sometimes a confidential contact had to be made, & Mr White was preparing to make the mortgagee present a plan. He was going to get a damned lot of fun out of the party. Finance? Yes, finance. Mr John White had to be the master of funds, & a defalcation badly accounted, a certain subtle foundation was inevitable.

Diader was going into court. Price for home, road, sewing, water, electric current, & Mr White rubbed that stubby head. He was intrigued by his finger, he who could remember nothing a foot closer for S. B. 2. 9. Fingers were fun, especially so when the enterprise had a long future & human beauty.



Sir George Gay had been <sup>born</sup> the son of a country grocer, a looked like an aristocrat fit for the turf. His portrait had appeared in the Academy, & was the only favorable portrait of its year, for whether by then are more successful or more provocative to portrait painter, it would appear to be a fact that artists prefer baboons. Sir George, painted in a time, black velvet with blue benches, & with stags, a buckled shoe, rested a prominent chin on a lace cravat, & gazed with sardonic darkness at the beholder. The year in that lean & handsome face followed you, & gazed you with moral but not sinister humor. He had been conspicuous before the picture, & more than one poor darling had spoken of Sir George's mercurial eye.

Sir George Gay, champion of the Great Central Bomb was a somewhat inaccessible person, & dwelt like an eagle in its eyrie at the top of the Bomb's headquarters. His potency was prominent, & that it functioned in many quarters, but there was no prominence with acumen. Paris, Berlin, New York knew him, & another paid court to him. He was a man to be feared by ingenious florists of fustle & phantasy. His strength was absolute & a good deal, & he had a most <sup>quittingly</sup> servatory tongue.

At eleven o'clock one morning his secretary brought him two cards. A visitor desired a personal interview, & Sir George placed at the cards.

"Mr Jack White."

"Sir John Martyn" - wishes to introduce Mr Jack White."

So far as Sir George was concerned strange visitors were held under suspicion until he had seen them & investigated them, & directed their methods & their motives, but a gentleman who was introduced by Sir John Martyn was other fare. Sir George & Sir John were more than personal intimates, but fellow club-men who had never loved each other. Sir



George & the great Central Bank was the Martin banker.

"What sort of fellow, James?"

Mr James was very much startled, an excellent man in detail, but not specially with human interest.

"Oh, an elderly fellow, sir."

"Well, I'll see him. Show him in."

Mr Jack White walked into the sumptuous sanctum, & Sir George rose courteously from his chair behind the big spacious desk.

"Good morning, Mr White. - Please sit down."

"Good morning, George."

For an instant Sir George's austere face went stiff, & then his dark eyes flashed with comprehension.

"You old scoundrel! - You took me in - for a second or two."

"Good business, good head, George. - Well, I'm done on business."

They sat down & smiled upon each other.

"Why this thump, Jack?"

"My dear fellow, Old Martin was bored. He has gone to Hants. Old White has hatched out of the egg. - Sir George's approach. Time to get out of one's stuffy old shoes."

Sir George observed him affectionately.

"What is the new idea?"

"I'll tell you. No, not a fetcher. - You may think one cracker, George, but crackers need fining."

"I see."

Mr Jack White's reputation carried no confidence, & it was good for three farthings. And as this could only be, it must be good for half a million."

Sir George laughed.

"So?"

"Sir John Martin drew a cheque for five hundred thousand in favour of Mr Jack White. Mr Jack White opens an account with you. You set a cheque & credit in the firm."

"What in the firm? I'd like to know."

When Mr White told him, & the face of the banker seemed to soften. He too was capable of cheating. He played with a gold pencil, & scribbled a few notes.



- " Rather a pregnant idea, Jack. Human being instead of machine."
- " Exactly. The old & the young & the tired, people who are not supposed to matter. - And - an experiment in living."
- " Have to pick your people, - or -"
- " Quite so. No sprucing parades."
- " Got the site?"
- " Yes, Crosswell Bay. I know it."
- " I happen to. - You want - u -"
- " No, I shall not. Got an architect with ideas, & his wife."
- " Also with ideas."
- " Very much so. - I'll let her handle the domestic side."
- " Sir George leaned back in his chair."
- " How long will the board - function."
- " Mr White groined at him."
- " Say enough - to exclude Sir John. - He has disappeared."
- " Yes, I know John, & is helping me to fool creation. Great man John. - By the way, were there your hand at Cooky?"
- " Afraid not."
- " Good for our self concert. Made a dinner menu of my first breakfast - Well, if I write a cheque I suppose you will honour it?"
- " I rather think so."
- " And away -"
- " Yes. You need not interview anybody. What about specimen signatures? Don't the resemblance -"
- " Never mind. - I may have a clean twelve months before the Press gets hold of anything."
- " Supposing I take the kind cousin into our confidence? I'll warn him that as a leech -"
- " Good idea, George. Have you a brand at Goldchuck?"
- " I expect so. I will find out."
- " I shall open an account with them. Now, for it."
- " Mr White produced a cheque book & drawing in chair close to the desk, borrowed a pen, & wrote the first cheque that Sir John Mortimer was to sign for many a day."
- " There you are."



" What about Mr White's enrolment."

" I am it, I had almost forgotten that. - Well, here you are. - Oh, - by the way, if we - a fortune - then our share into a private company, would you serve on the board."

Mr George nodded.

" I should feel - honored, Mr White."

" Thank you, Mr George. Your name - I am <sup>convinced</sup> ~~sure~~ - would add weight & distinction."

Mr White passed on to lunch at an obscure but <sup>gastromic</sup> restaurant in Dean Street, <sup>Solo</sup>. Mr Sam Skaner joined him there, & was a bottle of Barolo drunk & health to Mr White's new board.

" I hope it won't get about, Sir, that I have married you - for some financial reason. - How long will you be there?"

" It may prove a permanent growth, I am. - As for me, if my chippiness gets moved abroad the world is much more likely to suggest that I have gone off with a girl."

" And would that - annoy you."

" I rather think not, I am. Might make an old fellow feel a bit of a lad."

" You never will be an old fellow."

" I am rapidly becoming one, shopping for my second pair. Not worrying about all this, are you. - You will know where to find me. You can always address a registered letter to Mr John White, Ainswell Bay."

Mr Skaner nodded his glass.

" I always like the Italian wine. - No, I'm not worrying. Sales are up, & we haven't had any ship-steward soured for more than a year. - But, Sir, I suppose - some day - I may return Mr John White in person."

" Not yet, Skaner. I may have one or two soiled shirts to iron out. - Possible spousers. Sir John Martin must not be - perturbed."

Mr Sam Skaner gave Mr White a shield grin.

" I see, Sir. Or perhaps I don't."



"Never mind. You may some day. - Warm in the wood, sweat  
 drops in the cabbage & all that. - Sounds a little mad &  
 my stomach, but I am going to have all sorts of fun."  
 "I think you are, sir."  
 "Good. Have a cigar."

Mr White had travelled by train, leaving his car keeping the  
 caravan company by the sea, & getting to Godchurch by train,  
 found himself alone in a first class compartment with a dark, precise,  
 sandy coloured gentleman with a very much documented & packed  
 case. The White fellow traveller was situated further in  
 the train in the baggage. He read & read, & inserted paper,  
 & scribbled notes on a margin. He might have been a con-ward  
 addict, but his attention to business was too obvious.

So Mr White the gentleman was a type with which he  
 was very familiar, handsome, legal, parchmented, & rooted in  
 red tape, & Mr White had one of his signatures. He felt  
 that he could place his fellow traveller in his precise  
 & particular niche.

"Excuse me, sir."

His vis-a-vis gave him a cold look.

"Do you change for Godchurch?"

"No."

"Is it possible to get a taxi at Godchurch?"

"It is."

"I thank you."

And that was all that passed between them, but Mr  
 White made a bit with himself - "I will <sup>wrap</sup> my boots to  
 a pack elephant that this gentleman represents authority in  
 Godchurch. I'd spot him as the clerk to the local  
 U.D.C. And if no - I may strike my first snag.  
 I'd official mind that wants to say No to anything. The  
 conversation of energy."

Mr White & the stranger left the train together, Leghari  
 scribbled his paper together at the last moment. He did not give  
 Mr White a glance or a word, but left the carriage first, &  
 allowed the door to swing back in Mr White's face.



The white wood a Sordani bat.

"I had you, An."

But the gentleman did not hear him. He was sitting on  
his legs towards the exit.

Pan White found his fellow-traveller getting into the car & <sup>both</sup>  
only time that happened to be waiting, - Pan White was flapped  
& alarmed.

"Entertaining" bloke, - gave <sup>over</sup> my care away. Well, well, well."

He turned to a father who was truly a bore.

"Any more time available?"

" Maybe, Cant say."

Mr. White wanted just minutes, & then a very christable  
vehicle drawn by a stout man who had not shaved,  
arrived a war chariot. Mr. White gave the address of the  
Green Man, Russell, for he did not think the car capable  
of negotiating the steep, rough track to the Russell  
level. He would walk from the Green Man, & walk  
he did, passing at the top of the hill to survey the  
scene & enjoy it, & down below he saw two figures  
busy on the <sup>to</sup> day & gather slope from Beacon  
Head, Frank Drake & his wife with a measuring  
chain, & a bundle of white pickets.

Mr White walked on a down to the two caravans.  
What time was it? Too late for tea? But he had  
been seen, & the two figures leaving their tent, came  
down to join him.

" Well, here we are. - Love late, Snuggare, for tea.

to answer would you have

"No, we wanted. all ready in our place parlour.

Ben White smiled back. "So how it was good to be waited for by such a Pythe" & such a Frank.

"Had a good day, son."

" Excellent. Stage set, curtain about to go up.



Part II



# ~~XXXX~~ I.

Now, at the <sup>of this</sup> beginning, Mr. John White, coming in now  
playful sympathy, enjoyed what might be described as  
negative fun, though to a man of Mr. White's temperament it  
was to become combative playfulness. Mr. White was not a  
lover of political phrase, & he did not speak of United States  
or Progressive Propaganda, or Planned Parenthood. He had  
experienced the friction involved in getting things done in  
England, & maybe he had not been very sympathetic to such  
cultured intertia. After all there could be pleasant people  
who <sup>did</sup> not welcome the spilling of Progress over that  
which was beautifully serene & static. There might be no  
land, no labour, or no exposure to labour. A  
comfortable inertia can resist interference, & the situation that  
suggests the form a form of a monotonous way.

The General Syndicate was in being, & included Mr.  
Collingwood Paupt & Francis Drake. The contract for the  
sale of a hundred or so acres of the Bush House estate  
had been signed. Mr. Paupt had booked his departure, &  
was far less interested in progress. A firm of London lawyers,  
recommended by Sir George Gey, <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ acting for Mr. White.

And there stood Godchuck, with the U.D.C., its club  
& its council, & all the comfortable stasis of a community  
that was more belly than head. Godchuck was like a  
layer, a safe dog who resented the mere appearance of  
an intruder. Godchuck was content to stay put. Not more  
than six new houses had been added to its estate role  
in fifty years.

Mr. White's first contact with Godchuck came to him in his  
call upon the local branch of the Great Central Bank. Mr. White  
was feeling moribund, & had put on a somewhat shabby old  
suit. Francis Drake, who had offered to relieve him of  
some of these formalities, had been met with a friendly  
smile.

"Who has the better temper, of you or I?"



Dick had gazed at him.

"And Pity the, mi. - Yes, I do regret that."

"Yes, my dear lad, Goodchurch might be Fifth of November with you around."

So, Mr. Jack White walked into the bank, & had to wait while the cashier at the counter capitulated a group with some local custom. The cashier was a sandy young man with flat eyes & no enthusiasm for the <sup>care</sup> ~~care~~ of other people's money. He was suffering from suppressed self-assertion.

"Good morning, I want to see the manager."

The cashier eyed the somewhat shabby & bearded old gent with bored indifference.

"The manager is engaged."

Mr. White produced a card.

"Will you take this in to him."

The cashier glanced casually at the card.

"Have you an appointment?"

"No, I just wish to open an account."

The cashier called a junior clerk.

"Take this in to Mr. Somers. Someone wants to see him."

Someone was left standing, but there was a hard chair against the wall, & Mr. White sat down & surveyed the scenery. He sat there for ten minutes before the manager's door opened, & a bald & flaccid gentleman addressed him.

"Mr. White?"

Mr. White rose, & followed the manager into his private room. He was not asked to sit, but he did sit, while the manager gave him part of his attention, & the other part to portions of the morning mail.

"I understood that you wish to open an account. Any references, sir?"

Mr. White was beginning to feel many things.

"I could have. - I had in my mind that I should like to see you."

"For?" The manager gave him a moment, oblique attention.

"A little more country & active attention."

The <sup>dull</sup> manager ~~flat~~ eyed him.

"I beg your pardon -!"



Mr White had produced a <sup>wallet</sup> ~~packet~~ book & a cheque. He handed the cheque across the desk. The Mayor read the figure. It was for twenty thousand pounds.

Mr Soames eyed it with an air of suspicion. His flabbin was exaggerated & infinitely. He was one of those men who may be lacking in the essential secretion, & who are late out of bed, & never catch up with the sun. Moreover, a bank manager has to exercise caution, & Mr Soames gave the mention another of those oblique & sceptical glances. Had he to do with some old buffer who suffered from illusion of wealth & of <sup>rank</sup> ~~position~~?

"Rather - a - a laquid sum, sir. Are you a resident?"

"I live in a caravan on Llewellyn beach."

"I see, no permanent address."

To Mr Soames the situation seemed more & more lunatic.

"You will excuse me, - but I hope you are not perpetrating a joke."

Mr White beamed all over his face. A joke! Now wasn't that just scepticism. He had been running his hat, & he put it on & rose to his feet.

"I think - I had better go - elsewhere. Or if you like, Mr Mayor, I will use your telephone & my Mr Sir George Gay at your head office. He can vouch for me. He happens to be a personal friend."

Mr Soames gave him rather the look of a cod fish <sup>last</sup> ~~of~~ a marble slab. For a second or two he was motionless.

"I - er, you will excuse me, - rather a weary lot of <sup>this money</sup> ~~business~~. Of course - I accept your cheque, Mr White. I am sure we shall be honoured to -."

Mr White nodded

"You can my Mr Sir George - on your own, if you so wish."

"Oh, no, sir, - I am sure it will be quite necessary."

"Quite so. That cheque will be honoured."

Honoured it was, & Mr White walked out of the bank with a new cheque book, Mr Soames accompanying him to the door.

"If I can be of any assistance, sir, in any way -"

"Can you direct me to the Comptroller's Office?"



" In the Market Square, on. Turn to the right & you will be there."

" I had you" said Mr White.

Like Gorkha he marched on to survey the walls of Jericho. Mr Paupt had informed him that Curwell was included in the Goodchurch U.D.C. district, being too small for a Rural Council of its own, though the County Council might have some say in the matter. The Market Square was surrounded by old Georgian & Regency & houses, some of which had been converted into shops. It was a pleasant square, with its grey cobbles, & the sturdy tower of the fourteenth century church, capped with old grey & black slate, but Goodchurch had slipped badly in the matter of its official centre. The Council Offices were modern, rowed back a pace, with two bay window porches at the square, a roof ridge & gables decorated with flared tiles. It was a pompous & pompous building, <sup>redundant</sup> its <sup>redundant</sup> suggestion much taste of a particular colour, & a type of cantonment that would not brighten either to beauty or to innovation.

Mr White was still ~~still~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~perplexed~~ <sup>perplexed</sup> after the affair of the Bank. Obviously the contents of your pocket <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ of more profound importance than your coat of cantonment, & the official building had not a friendly face. Mr White decided to explore. He found a large & polished door marked "Supplies" & ~~another~~ <sup>another</sup> he opened it, & saw a young woman seated at a desk. She did not appear to be aware of my presence, & perhaps ~~she did not~~ <sup>she did not</sup> ~~would to be~~ <sup>would to be</sup> ~~interested~~ <sup>interested</sup> in it.

" Excuse me - "

The young woman was an electric blonde with a high colour & a Roman nose.

" Yes? "

" Is the Surgeon in? " for Mr White gathered that the Surgeon was the gentleman to be approached in the first instance.

She scrutinised Mr White with carnival & hard blue eyes.

" I think so, " & "

" Can I see him? "

" Got an appointment? "

" No. "



"What name?"  
 "Mr White."  
 "And your business?"  
 "I think, your lady, that my business is my own."  
 She gave him a lengthy look. Chubby old gaffer! But she did dignify to him, a glower an inner door, a sudden <sup>burst</sup> ~~burst~~ in a throaty voice to the occupant.  
 "I came to see you, Mr Sirghin."  
 "What name?"  
 "White."  
 "What about?"  
 "I can't say."  
 "Oh, well, show him in."

Mr White was shown in. He had always understood that a Sirghin was a somewhat rare, small bird, a migratory at that, but Gadschick Snygor was a large & beefy gay man with a good tapered face. He wore a ~~pe~~ brown frock coat & spectacles, & looked much more approachable than the building in which he functioned. Actually, he stood up to greet his visitor.

"Good morning, sir. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

Mr White sat down. He liked the look of Mr Snygor, & the sound of his voice, & his air of being a really healthy fellow. Mr Sirghin did not look like a stopper, or full of youth's ignorance like the Roman named your lady the other office.

packed with

"I have come to you for advice, & possibly for assistance, Mr Snygor. You are an expert with local atmosphere, & I am a stranger."

"What is your need, sir?"

"Just what I want to build."

Mr Sirghin frowned, but not at Mr White. The business of building was ~~business~~ in the static town.

"For yourself, sir?"

"Partly so."

"Well, between ourselves, land is not easily come by."

Mr White nodded.

"I have the land."



" Son of old church, sir."

" Oh, Cromwell Bay."

" Cromwell Bay."

" Yes, at present - about a hundred acres. A sale from Mr Collywood Perfect."

Mr Siskin sat up in his chair, gave a tug to his brown breeches, & stared hard at Mr White. He was far more quick to react to the possible significance of this elderly gentleman than had been the manager of the bank. Mr Siskin, who first he had been appointed Surveyor, had looked for self-expression in the constructive art, but Mr Siskin's Council were more than conservative. Its motto was "What So - Should Be." And Mr Siskin had been taught caution, which is a negative virtue for the somewhat young.

" Am I to understand, sir, that you propose to build a mansion?"

" Oh, no. Little place for the old & the third, <sup>the</sup> not too well off. And nothing that is not - modest."

Mr Siskin rose with up more & more faintly, his elbow on the arm of his chair.

" A charity scheme, sir."

" I am charity! - Consider in a new community as somewhat original here."

" Oh, yes, charity, sir. And am I right in <sup>presuming</sup> suspecting that you favour opposition?"

" You are. I am used to - opposition. - I know that plans have to be passed, & they will be passed - eventually, but most of time a energy are being."

Mr Siskin leaned forward over his desk.

" In confidence, sir, between our selves, my council is somewhat - conservative."

" In the very sense, Mr Siskin."

" You could go on our desk, sir, if my council on the C.C. passed it."

" Quite so. A public inquiry with a chairman from headquarters. - I have had to do that on other occasions."

" And had your plan approved, sir."

" Oh, yes, ~~they~~ were approved."



They smiled at each other across the dark with a friendly knowingness that seemed at once negative.

"May I ask if you have any plan out, sir?"

"Only in the rough. My architect, Mr. Frank Drake, is working on them. Perhaps you would like to see what we propose to do."

"See - not inspect, sir!"

Mr. White put out a hand, & Mr. Siskin layed his paw out it.

"Congratulations, Mr. Siskin, on a sense of humor. I have tea with me. As one living in Canada on a Cornwall Level. I can assure you that we mean business, business & beauty."

"A rather rare combination, sir!"

"It need not be. I am leaving this in my old age."

"I shall be <sup>very</sup> glad to come."

"You may be able to give me valuable technical advice, on water, sewerage, & electric current. I should prefer to use local labor. Having imported labor would be rather a problem."

Mr. Siskin rubbed his broad nose with a clubby finger.

"Local labor. H'm! - It is going to be an expensive project, Mr. White."

"My syndicate has pretty good <sup>backing</sup> ~~being~~ <sup>well</sup>, come a look round."

"Would tomorrow suit you, sir?"

"It would."

Mr. White had lunch at Goldsmith's restaurant; the Black Swan, & a very bad lunch it was! Mr. White met somebody's grease of yesterday on the edge of his plate, & refused the introduction.

"I'll have a clean plate, waiter. - And another fork," for the particular fork revealed egg stains between the prongs.

The waiter was a melancholy soul, & his tongue was stiff for the moment, & he was old-fashioned. He groped in a trouser pocket, & produced another fork, an emergency ration.

Mr. White objected.

"No, thank you. Not out of trouser pockets."

He left the Black Swan with an interval too full



of half boiled potatoes & some chum, & certainly the Black Swan was a Sumter bird. Strange people, the Lydick, who cooked with a <sup>carnal</sup> complacency that was not deceptive. Mr White stalled, but with an eye for detail. Could Godchurch exhibit anything in the way of building craft? He passed a somewhat yard strictly full of old brick & chimney pots, tallant, & some corrugated iron. That was peculiar.

And then Mr White stalled upon a prominent, a row of decrepit cottages, white railing, a ladder at each corner, some of a <sup>step</sup> down & a stock, going hand going man carrying heavy bricks newly laid bricks into chairs.

"Call that laying brick? - Why can't you do a job with some picks. Clear that much up, & do it all <sup>over</sup> again."

Mr White was intrigued. He passed & waited for the going hand going man.

"Excuse me, do you build."

A pair of fins the man surveyed him.

"Build? - I would if this bloody old town wasn't like a rotten potato."

Mr White was piqued by such frank & passionate language.

"Have you a card on you?"

The man produced a wallet & a somewhat soiled card, & Mr White read - "Herbert Blueberry, Builder & Decorator - South Street, Godchurch."

"Thank you. You may hear from me."



Francis Drake, looking at his wife's little flower of a face saw more colour than that of rose. Could one be so beautiful about one's mate? It seemed so, for Francis Drake was a man who woke with the lark, & ran down to swim in the sea & thought of all the fascinating jobs the day held for him, the sites of the first two colleges to be begged out, a second day road surveyed, plans to be gone through with that explosive but refined Jacob Ben Hubert B. Chubbey.

Climbing back over the dunes he saw Pylhi in the corner doorway, & Mr White sitting on the steps of his backless home & wheels, caressing his new grey beard. ~~with a pocket~~ ~~coat~~. Mr White appeared to be rather proud of that grey beard, & had turned it to a much painted tinge that suggested Spanish & the grapes.

"Sea, Frank."

"Sea it is."

He now floated down the steps in his flowing frock, & carrying a cup to Mr White, & in the same regard two shortbread biscuits.

"Thank you, my dear. - But you must not go out old gentlemen."

He rose to take the cup.

"May, May, not contrary, how close my beards grow. Drake's yes were many."

"I should call it, no, & most creditable appearance."

"Go along with you, young fellow, not so precious. We are workers - we are, & our single tail!"

For the Cresswell Bay Estate was coming to being, & the opposition had been less serious than either Mr White or Francis Drake had expected. One gentleman on the Godchurch Council had described the scheme as "High falutin' Irish", & but he had been out-talked & out-voted, for a large section of the Council was re-elected, with a new community within six miles of Godchurch might provide Godchurch with increased trade. What would the town



People were beginning to ask the inevitable question  
who was the Dan White who could throw them out  
about?

One or two foolish people became busy, & discussed  
nothing.

Some understood that Sir John Parnell was abroad on a  
lay vacation.

Parnell's & Gifford's Path sent outside "My Dear", by post to old  
the saying of the Duke. "Is such what is  
Frank?"  
"Dear Frank!"

"Some most forward letters."

An answer of first just three letters by mail the day.  
Parnell added one to them.

But J.D. does come occasionally to town.

The new bay also nearly ready, & future to be moved.  
The motor.  
The van.

Parnell Path interested

J.D. himself.

A conversation. J.D. somewhat.

"When are I going?" said out & he claimed to you."

Parnell took the motor over.

Cornwall Bay.

Parnell has no relation of passing of matter to other  
members of the Society.



dad considered getting out a selling of to save the little that would be left to him. He was sure a shov. about it, so that when White walked into a <sup>corn</sup> field to find the farmer driving a <sup>reaper</sup> ~~tractor~~, Belham Bailey was left for a place. All Remwell knew now what was in the air, with the scheme had been talked to talker in the bar of the Green Inn.

"May I have a few words with you, Mr Bailey?"

The farmer stopped the old horse, but he remained in the ~~chair~~ <sup>reaper</sup> seat, he says that your friend fancy is a bit winter.

"If you've come to get something cheap, sir, you can get out of my field."

"I hope it will stay in your field, Mr Bailey."

The blue eye lost some of that fierceness, & Mr White, remembering his hat & rubbing his forehead, for the <sup>converting</sup> ~~beginning~~ day was hot, drew nearer to the car & the machine.

"I have car for a chat, Mr Bailey, because I think you can help us. Can you spare ten minutes?"

"Ah, maybe I can."

Mr White patted <sup>one of</sup> the old horses.

"Well, you may have heard something of what is going to happen down garden."

"Ah, I have."

"A new town in a new sort of way. - I don't want to interfere with other people's lives; I want to work with them. I want to buy as much as I can locally, & what shall we want to buy, eggs, poultry, milk, fruit, vegetables. You <sup>would</sup> have a share market, you know, right on your doorstep."

Mr Bailey got down dismounting from the seat of the <sup>reaper</sup> ~~tractor~~, & the old horses seemed minded to go to sleep - standing.

"That's an idea, sir."

"Well, we have ideas. - We shall need a shop, a kind of universal provider, & as I see it - you might supply us."

The farmer's eye was set in a reflective stare.

"You mean I might switch over to market garden crops?"

"Just that. - Would it be possible?" And it would pay you to plant broad fruit."

"So you don't want to buy one out, sir?"

"Of course not, Mr Bailey. I don't see. It might be worth your while to plant apples."



The farmer stood looking across the field, with its white sheaves, & the standing corn, & the stubble. Such a scene had been the background of his life, with wheat, oats, straw tillering out, the waving corn, the gradual gleaning or silencing of the crop. Was he to change all this for acres of cabbage? And the labour? He had two oldish men who might be over-ripe for change.

"It's a problem, sir. Planting is the cost of it. There's more labour wanted for market-garden crops, a more long."

"I dare say we could help with that, & in more ways than one."

"And how, sir?"

"We could pay part of the cost of buying & planting. And we don't propose to cater for a crowd of loafers. Many of our oldish people will have some work left in them, & we shall want work for them. Death came to those who have nothing to do."

For the first time since they had known each other Bill Bailey's blue eyes lit up as he looked fiercely at Mr White.

"Ay, you're right, sir. That's what's been troubling me. You mean to say your people could give me a hand?"

"Why not? We <sup>shall not</sup> advertize a loafers' paradise. ~~Give~~ <sup>Give</sup> the ~~stomach~~ of them <sup>shall not</sup> have a spade. The woman could help with the first picking. It would be a mutual benefit society. That's how I see it."

William Bailey was smiling, ~~with his eyes on the peasant man.~~

"You see good things, sir. May be I see them in your do."

Harvest is, stubble to be ploughed, & winter in the offing. Mr Herbert Blumberg was concentrating all the labour he had been able to collect upon the first two houses, Mr White's & Frank Dicker's, for even a winter sales might be out of sympathy. These two white buildings were coming into being under the old cliff, some few months' work, & a few hundred & a still somewhat rumpled sea. Meanwhile the problem of the Syndicate more multitudes, water, power & light, sanitation. As well village draw its water from



local wells, & had neither gas nor electricity. The Goddard Water Co. ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> not welcoming the suggestion that they might supply water to Russell Bay. They agreed that their own supply was not too low, & that the capital outlay might not be justified by the water-rate they would collect from the new community. The Electric Light Co. were equally unhelpful.

~~Mr White was willing to buy up~~

Mr White became impatient.

"Let's do the whole damned thing ourselves."

But here more problems presented themselves. Formulation was in the air, authority <sup>was</sup> to be generated & placed, & Mr White enlisted the <sup>influence</sup> of Sir George Grey.

"Can you move these people, George. Will you & the bank be behind us, & that the Indian barometer. We want to sink our own well, put up our own power plant, & install our own system of sanitation."

There were oppositions, inevitably so, the Goddard Water Co. claiming that the water rights were theirs, & that any deep well sunk in the neighborhood might trespass upon the own supply. Sir George became busy. He shed conflict, & went into battle with muffled canyons. An eminent geologist visited Russell Bay & reported, so did a well known firm of Sanitary Engineers. Conferences were held, plans architected, & the decision made by the Russell Syndicate referred upon those in authority. A Ministerial Inspector visited Russell Bay. He happened to be a gentleman of vision, & having dined with Mr White & the Doctor in Mr White's caravan, framed both the challenge to the project, & the cooking.

Mr White saluted Spide.

"Behold our cook, sir."

The guest man bowed across the table, & his eyes showed appreciation of the cook's person.

"Madam is an artist"

"Ah" said Mr White. "I am coming to the conclusion that the only happy person in the artist."



## III

Phyllis Drake was happy, & with a happiness that  
cheered of cheering, for the man was happy, & the joy of  
life had come out of his eyes. And with Phyllis Drake  
happiness had brought better health, & an animation of those  
secret pains which she had hidden from Isaac Drake.  
How often in the May's & June days had she concealed a  
bleached face behind subtle camouflage, & an aching back  
with deep & course. Sometimes she would say had been  
"Oh, to be down for ever & ever," yet the pain had  
been such that it would stay with her at night, & bed  
had brought no blessed relaxation. She would lie rigid &  
still, refusing to betray these poignant pangs to her  
husband.

But this exact same wheels had given her less  
labour, & as she watched that other house grow with  
honey in woman's smiling the details, there was less fear in  
her. For there had been fear in her, the dread of a  
growing incapacity, inaction, of failing her comrades in a  
war of patriots. Pain & a secret terror can be  
humanly measurable, but Phyllis Drake, least was in the  
man's sacred trust of life, had smothered petulance,  
& that was her human halo crown of courage.

She had been giving Mr White cooking lessons, & he was  
giving a pleasant profit. He had back a a "fish" for  
flavour, & during these lessons they had shared other  
confidences.

"Just a little pepper, - but not too much."

"Not too much of anything in one of these soups, my dear.  
How is the back?"

"Oh, keeping pretty quiet."

"That's good. I am to one woman need much to measure  
cooking stove & sink & washing boards. Mrs Bay & the Back want  
have what suits Mrs Hapth Doughty."

Phyllis laughed.

"Did that idea originate in your workshop?"

"It did. You would be astonished how good, light, good  
ventilation, & efficient benches help production - and temper."



" Satellite mountain."

" Exactly. And that leads up to some of our personal problems. What are your ideas about a community center?"

" For one thing - keeps stirring soup."

" Sorry. Apologized. Well, pleased."

" A restaurant, a library, an amusement room. A hotel a small hospital. Shops."

Mr White kept stirring.

" And - stuff. First class cook, etc. Mother is a couple of miles. - ~~Shuman~~. Shops before. - ~~By~~ idea is that the community should be able to supply some of its own labor."

" Why not?"

" One could select one population partly on capacity, some to run the local cinematograph, some to act as chef, gardener, a handy man electrician, - shops, etc."

" I would make one provision."

" What?"

" The labor should not be regarded as a guarantee, but <sup>as</sup> ~~for~~ fun."

Mr White wagged his nose-spoon in the air.

" I see, oh green. Some old mischief will be brewed."



Mr White had expressed the difficulty of getting the done  
in England.

There might be no land, no labor, or no eagerness to labor.

The comfortable situation of the fields.

Mr White went to the local bank.

I want to see manager.

Manager agreed.

The offer of an account. A suggestion of compensation &  
refunding, probably not intended.

Mr White had a cheque for \$10.00.00.

A joke?

"If you want credit, or I'll get Sir George to advance,  
Personal fund of mine."

The manager falls over himself.

The U.D.C. Building

A builder?

Mr White shall.

Newbury having a desire to prove.

The matter, surely you will agree.

Mr White accounts for.



## XII

When Sir John Norton made up his mind to do this or to do that, there had a way of happening with speed & precision, but Sir John Norton was now Mr Jack White, a adaptation had to be considered. Mr Jack White might propose to head a syndicate, but the City knew nothing of Mr Jack White, a mythical creature with no credit. Moreover, the Buffers beds were proving utterly intractable, a Gorkhai gafferer did an all powerful smell, & at night the band would not cease from animal noise.

"I have caravans, I mean."

"Yes, sir. Not easy to get at the time of year."

"I'll get 'em. - going up to town for a day or two before embarking in the Queen Mary."

"Caravan returned, sir?"

"Yes, & paid for, but somehow Sir John will ruin the boat."

So, Mr White travelled to London by train & put up at the Strand Palace Hotel, registering under the new title. He did appear for half an hour at his own headquarters & as usual, to receive an order to the particular representative who could deal with the problem.

"I want two caravans, I mean, - delivered within three days to a friend of mine in Sumatra."

"Three days, sir?"

"Yes, get 'em, a good pair, fitted with everything. And our car delivery department will handle them."

"What address, sir?"

"Cresswell Bay, Sumatra. - The man must report to Mr Francis Drake at The Green Man, Cresswell, & furnish the caravans when he directs."

Mr Thomas made notes. He knew Sir Norton & that caravan had to be covered up from somewhere.

"Very good, sir."

"I want the business completed before I sail. I have arranged with Mr Marchant to do act for me in a way way."



The Red Book,

Warril Deffing

Copy of Original Courtesy of

Sir Reginal Worthington

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Sir Charles is much moved. John looks at his mother's portrait, - he takes the red book, & replaces it in the safe. Sir Charles leaves him, sad but reassured.

John takes a photo. from the mantelpiece. It is the picture of Lady Dorothy Wallace - the lover & mother of Harold - to whom he is engaged. He looks at it very tenderly, fondly.

Bullock enters, - announces - Miss Diana Fremham.

Caradoc enters as John is replacing Dorothy's picture on the mantelpiece.

She is a brilliant, - mysterious, - the mother of a nation. A political widow, - she is famed for her extraordinary plain & intuitive. Her prophetic powers are amazing. She exerts a unique influence. Many men have come to her in critical moments of their career. John was a friend of her late husband. She is interested in John's career & in John. She is in fact with all the political intrigues & movements of the day.

She is rather contemptuous of Dorothy Wallace, the Doll as she calls her, & she teases Harrington about her.

She has <sup>called</sup> ~~come~~ to give John some intimate information that has come to her ears.

In the midst of it Lady Dorothy Wallace & the Hon. Mrs. Harrington are announced. John is to take them to dine at the Rectory <sup>afterwards</sup> to the theatre.

It is subtly revealed that Dorothy is jealous of Diana Fremham, of her cleverness & <sup>power</sup> ~~influence~~, & her influence over John Harrington. In the interplay - the antagonism between the girl & the woman is developed. Dorothy is no fool, - yet feels herself overshadowed by Diana Fremham.

Diana Fremham leaves. Leaves.

Dorothy gets her out out of the room by persuading her to go & look at some of the new miniatures that John had added to his late mother's collection - the drawing-room, which opens off the library.

The lovers are left alone. There is a passionate love scene between them.

"Do you love me, - John? Do you trust me as much as you love me?"

"Dear heart, - yes."

"How can you prove it?"

He says that he will prove it. He takes out the two keys of the secret safe, - & shows her the safe & the book of memory.



He gives her one of the keys.

"Now, - you have the key of my soul, & my heart, & my hand."

## Picture II

Si Charles Grandison <sup>driving down Parliament Street to</sup> can ~~enter~~ the yard of the Houses of Parliament. John Massingham is with the great chief. The car is held up for a moment. Pege b recognizes Si Charles. A crowd gathers & cheers him.

The Terrace of the House overlooks the river. Crowded & animated.

Sady Dorothy Vallance, the Hon. Mrs Mansfield, Si Charles Grandison, & John Massingham at tea. Badminton & Mr.

Diana Fensham joins them. Both men wish to get her a chair. Si Charles lays his hand on her at the same moment that a boy runs at the next table reaches for it. The man is Alan Prandegast - the Prince of Journalism. Between these two men there has existed an extraordinary hatred, a political feud. They look at each other; neither will surrender the chair; - then Prandegast bows & smiles at the ladies, - says sweetly & politely with apparent good-humour, & places the chair for Si Charles.

Diana Fensham leads the conversation. Dorothy makes a valiant attempt to shine against this brilliant woman of the world. She is out-talked, - & with a silence, noticeably watchy. John Massingham & Mrs Fensham.

So Alan Prandegast - while being largely polite to his own party, is silent in observing Dorothy. He admires her; he has too judged the power that her beaded lips & beauty & her immature cleverness.

He realizes her fierce jealousy - her hatred of Diana Fensham's influence over John Massingham.

Si Charles Grandison & John leave to enter the house. Diana, despite her wish to see friends at another table. <sup>The Hon. Mrs Mansfield</sup> creates an acquaintance.

Dorothy is left alone.

Prandegast joins her. He is large, pleasant,



incisal, - surely of a tear. He looks across at Diana  
Freskham, - & begins to press her to Dorothy.

"What a remarkable woman! - She has the <sup>power</sup> of  
mag men in her hands."

He goes on to speak of Harrington's career, & ends  
with Dorothy with the power Diana Freskham has over  
him.

Dorothy's jealousy & her pride are challenged. She laughs,  
talks back at Pendergast. They provoke each other with  
fierce & long debates.

In the end she pulls out the key of the Harrington  
safe & holds it up ostentatiously.

"Mrs Freskham has not been trusted with that."

Pendergast is mildly curious.

"Well, - what is it?"

Impudently she tells him that it is the duplicate key  
of the safe where the Harrington Memoir lies hidden.

At the H.C. Mrs. Maggessa returns to her charge. She &  
Dorothy are to go.

Pendergast stands looking after them, smiling. His  
party breaks up.

He leaves his car, - for his route of room - the  
Coffeyham Hotel.

He is seen in his library, - looking at a letter deposited there.

He takes a book out of it, - & sits down in his  
chair.

On the first page of the book is written in large  
letters

"Unpublished incidents in the life of Sir Charles  
Gradeni."

### Picture III

Roller Row. John Harrington & Diana Freskham  
are lying together.

Dorothy meets them. Two women are fighting bitterly  
to each other.

Dorothy & Harrington lie on together. A lover's  
quarrel over another woman, - John insisting that his  
friendship with his dead friend's wife is platonic &  
political.

Dorothy leaves him & rides back to her house in  
Park Lane.

She notices of a picture of a friend gone  
woman.

Mrs. Maggessa tries to comfort her, is rebuffed.

Dorothy takes out the key of the Harrington  
safe & holds it up.



In the evening, - concerned with jealousy & aggrieved by a dare  
of Mary she drove to Mary's house.

Bullack - the buller looks uncomfortable.

She passed h' & made her way to the library. Viced.  
She waited at the door.

She entered.

John is walking up & down with a paper of notes in  
his hand. Mrs. Graham is sitting with her back to the  
portrait of John's mother. Mary is declaring a  
part of the great speech he is to make - the House -  
the Irish question, - & Miss Graham is entering it &  
saying h' will be appropriate.

A scene.

Miss Graham leaves.

Dorothy makes a suggestion.

"You will give up the woman."

Mary is there to read with her.

She exits.

He refuses.

She says -

"Well, - we shall see."

She goes out.

Next evening  
Mary has <sup>just</sup> come, but h' library began say to the  
House.

Bullack says h' a letter.

"Dear John"

As you know, we are all going down to  
Hadda tomorrow for the week end. I shall  
expect you. Dorothy."

John smiles. He says for Bullack, & over h' order  
as to packing. They will go to Hadda by car.

Mary leaves.

Dorothy is watching the door.

When she sees h' can drive off, she enters, rings, &  
the door is opened by a footman. She passes h',  
meets Bullack outside the library, - makes the excuse  
that she has forgotten to mention Dorothy in her letter  
& sits down to write a note.

Bullack leaves her.

When she is alone, she presses the paper, opens  
the safe with her key, extracts the manuscript from the  
leather case, packs a book into the case instead of  
the, & replaces the safe. She <sup>supplies</sup> the manuscript  
red book into her vanity-bag. As she is going out her  
eyes are to the portrait of John's mother.

She stands motionless for a moment.

Then, she goes out.



## Picture IV

The House-party at Hadden Hall.

Sea on the lawn off the Summer garden with the terrace & trees in the background. A close, sultry day, with thunder in the air.

Sady Dearth, the Hon. Mrs. Mansfield.

The Countess of Silchester.

Betty Wake &

Hilda Stamer

Sil friends of Dearth's.

The Marquis of Exeter.

Bernard Quere the novelist.

Bobbie Hardcastle young men about town.

Noel Forbes

Alan Pendergast.

Dearth is vivacious with the vivacity of a woman who has something in her mind. John Maddingham has not arrived. She chats to the members of her house-party, - but all the while her eyes are on the watch for the coming of her lover.

Alan Pendergast attaches himself to Dearth. He is sympathetic, - friendly, full of understanding. The party breaks up after tea, - the young men to play tennis. The Countess of Silchester flirts with Bernard Quere. The Hon. Mrs. Mansfield & the Marquis of Exeter sit & bore each other.

Still no John Maddingham. Will he come?

But Dearth has another terror in her mind. She has begun to be afraid of that fatal red book; it burns her conscience like hot metal.

She goes to her bedroom, passing up the steps to the Dearth Verandah door, pausing on the steps to look back.

Pendergast, - inevitable, & heed, - follows her.

Dearth in her room. She goes to an old bureau, & takes the red book out of an inner drawer.

She stands, - holding it, almost as though it were burning metal. She replaces it, - & goes below.

She passes along the ball-room to the ante-chamber, & stands there looking at the pictures & the tapestry.

The portrait of Dearth Verandah attracts her eyes. She stands staring at it - wondering, realising for the first time that she is strangely like the girl in the picture.

Pendergast enters by the Dearth Verandah door.

Dearth is moved by a sudden impulse. She is afraid of the Red Book.

She confides in Pendergast, - so far as her fear of the book is concerned.



Prendergast's queer smile.

He is selfish - selfish. He agrees to take charge of the book. Dorothy goes to get it, - & returns it to Prendergast. As she takes it under his coat, - while Dorothy stands looking past him with tragic eyes. He goes out into the ball room.

John Prendergast has had appeared in the Dorothy Vernon doorway. Dorothy is seeing him, she experienced a feeling of relief. He has come; she retains her hold over him.

He explains that he has had some trouble on the way down. She meets him with a mixture of happiness & surprise, - but he is so obviously her lover that she relents a little.

Mary has had a book in his hand. He lays it aside on a table, - & forgets it. There is a scene of playful passion between them. They go & stand at the Dorothy Vernon doorway. They are growing very dark. There is a distant gleam of summer lightning.

The Countess of Silchester & Bernard Querc appear, come up the steps. Sighs - a badinage.

The men go to dress for dinner. The Countess asks for a book. She notices the book that

Mary has left on the table, picks it up, & finds it is one of Querc's manuscripts. - & a paper falls to the floor.

Dorothy picks up the paper.

"You can take the book. - I will give this to John."

The Countess of Silchester goes out.

Dorothy looks at the paper. The writing is in a woman's hand. The paper contains notes & suggestions on a speech. At the bottom stand the initials D. F.

Dorothy again. She crumples up the paper & hides it when she dines.

## Picture V.

Dinner in the dining-room at Haddon. Jacobean furniture, - tapestry, colour.

The party is very small, - but Dorothy is constrained, & silent. John is troubled. He had believed that they were at the end of their quarrel, & her happiness towards him is perplexing.

Alan Prendergast is a great pain. John looks at him intently. He <sup>was</sup> supposed to disappear & disappeared to find



Prandegast one of the party.  
While the father was to go, - Dorothy says sweetly to  
John - a venture.  
"Come to the terrace. I have something to say to  
you."

She men also talk & smoke. The Maquis of Leicester  
& Prandegast stand in the oval window & look at the  
ship. There is going to be a storm.  
Prandegast watches Maryham, who is walking on a  
ledge.

John goes out.  
Prandegast follows, goes to his bedroom, & says for  
his man.

Pratt - his valet - enters.

Prandegast tells him to pack, - to order his car to  
be ready, - & to say nothing.

He opens a despatch-box, - takes out the Red Book  
& looks at it, - slowly. Then he sets down  
with a note.

"Dear Lady Dorothy  
I have no news

She goes back on the terrace.

Heavy lights from the church - a twilight.

Dorothy waits, - leaning on the balustrade.

John appears.

The great scene between them.

She goes out her side.

"If you say you love me, - & yet you let the  
other woman come between us."

"Dear, - she is nothing, a mere political friend, an  
acquaintance, - if you like."

"You tell me to be of the sort of which you never  
speak to me. Am I a fool? And I want to  
share in your career, your ambition?"

"Dorothy, - politics is another & a clean game. I  
would rather play that the woman I love -"

"But - I asked you to give her up. Have you  
given her up?"

His eyes fall - & then rise to her.

"No. - Because - it seemed to me - that you  
demanded more of me -"

She pleads.

"Very well. - Either I come first - or last. You  
shall have your choice."

She shows him the key.

"When is the Red Book?" she asks him.



"He is as terrified as he is scared from."  
"Why, - in the name of - - - - -"  
"No."  
"But, - Donally, -!"  
"I took it."  
"You took it! - But for God's sake, dear -"  
She tries to take full height of him again.  
"Sister, - I no longer have the book! I have given it  
to a friend to keep for me. - Now, - John, do you  
understand, -?"  
"His fear."  
"But who, - who has it?"  
"Prudent."  
He is amazed, - shocked to the soul.  
"Prudent! - Good God, - you have ruined us  
all!"

Mary Ann leads in the ballroom. Donally,  
realizing that she has done some very stupid thing,  
goes to him, and lays a hand on his shoulder.

"John, - What have I done?"

He turns on her in amazement.

"Donally! - You have endangered secrets that would  
ruin the lives of many people. - You might have  
compromised my house, - and my mother's name!"

"But it will be easy to get the book back.  
It is safe -"

He looks at her fiercely.

"Safe! - You don't know, - you don't  
understand. Prudent would give his soul for  
the secrets in that book."

It is her turn to be alarmed.

"I will find him - at once. - Come with me,  
John."

He pauses.

"But what can you do? You should have done this long ago. I  
trusted you. - But you know that you have  
ruined me, and everything?"

She flinches but asks -

"And the other woman?"

"Nothing, - nothing. She gave me advice; she  
helped me. - But we must find Prudent  
and get that book. - Be calm."

They return to the house, - trying to look  
calm and unconcerned. They shall fight with the



drawing-room. She wears a "the Maggie of Escote" and later,  
but no Prudgent. She other have gone to the billiard room.  
She drift and, - a by the billiard room - but Prudgent is  
not there. It is young' dash. She to the drawing room,  
the great hall - the chapel. In the courtyard she  
meets one of Dorothy's servants.

"Have you seen Mr Prudgent, - I think."

"I passed him in the hall-room, your lady ship. I think  
he was going out into the garden."

She hurries into the half dark hall room & along it,  
a young' agitation. She holds back. There is a distant flash  
of light as the great door Dorothy Venus' doorway into  
the garden. She hears through the garden like two  
beats, - also leaves, up-steps, when the year, ever where.  
She finds no one. She returns to the ante-chamber, &  
pansy - look at each other.  
Dorothy speaks.

"Wait here - He says he is in his room. - I will send  
a servant."

She goes out. John Merryman waits, <sup>many about</sup> restlessly in a  
agony of suspense.

He hears a sound. Dorothy appears - the doorway, a  
hand at her throat, - a piece of paper in her hand. She  
sings a little as she stands.

"He has gone."

"Go on."

She holds at the note. Merryman has to  
strike a match to read it. His hand is unsteady - & the  
wavy light plays on his face.

He reads.

"Dear Lady Dorothy,

A very painful event in my life has  
necessitated my leaving immediately for Scotland. Please  
accept my apologies. I did not wish to disturb you  
in the midst of your house-party.

Yours truly

John Prudgent."

Merryman looks up, wildly.

"Go on. What he says? - How -"

"His name. His name has gone. - O, - John - "So

Prudgent you think he has the book?"

Merryman has covered his face.

"O, - you had, - the book! - Of course. - Why,  
- it is impossible that will ruin Graham! - & a quarter  
the Graham! Prudgent takes Graham, - had  
replied for years to John's. The book - is a



knife, - a sword - he had - "

He looks at her with a bleak, tragic face.

" You have given me the knife, - the death apparently  
that he has needed for. And you are - ? You  
understand? He has picked up with it; he has ~~been~~ meant  
to be no more. - It is over - "

He throws up his back, & stands very still, - body into a  
far corner of the room.

She makes a movement towards him.

" John - "

He makes no answer.

" Don't speak. Sister. - I will tell you what was  
written in the last page of the book, written there by  
my mother the day before she died. On the first page  
she wrote - " I, John, a sacred trust. " On the  
last page - " Death comes to those who betray. "

And you - you have made me betray my mother.

Again she makes a tragic movement towards him.

" John, - I - "

" Don't speak to me. - But you see, - there is only  
one left. To follow my brother, - and then to  
the darkness. "

He looks at her. Dorothy Vernon's doorway into  
the night & the storm. Dorothy tries to follow  
him, falter, - & as she reaches the doorway there  
is a vivid lightning flash. She staggers back, &  
stands in the doorway, looking up at the  
portrait of Dorothy Vernon.

There is a second flash. The picture is brilliantly  
lit up for a moment.

Dorothy stands at it, - & the fields in a  
faint.

Darkness. Slowly - the picture on the wall  
begins to glow - & to become brilliant with  
colour.

Dorothy Vernon is seen in all her beauty. The  
figure in the frame seems to breathe & to stir.  
It moves - steps down from the frame, steps on  
oak table & faint-stool that stand below it.

The figure of Dorothy Vernon <sup>beats away</sup> ~~stands~~ <sup>in</sup>  
the encased girl. She stretches out her arms  
over her descendant.

Sudden darkness.

The sound of thunder.



## A CAVALIER'S ROMANCE

Warrick Deeping

Copy of Original Courtesy of

Sir Reginal Worthington

NASEBY'S fight was lost and won, and the cavaliers scattered in confusion over the countryside. By hamlet, moor and stream they sped, spurring their foam flecked steeds for very life, as followed on their trail, the exultant hot gospellus. Bitter were the workings of many a noble's mind that day, as furiously he galloped from the field, nauseous the draught that fate had thrust roughly down his throat, in the shape of another defeat at the Parliament's hands. That crop-headed plebeians and low born clods should dare or presume for one instant to stand before the gentlemen of England, amazed the haughty followers of the King. But when the flower of high born chivalry was trodden down and tumbled in the mire by sturdy knaves and stout apprentices, the startling fact brought arrogance washing to the ground, like the forest tree before the wood-man's axe. No wonder they rode madly from the field ; cursing in impotent rage and muttering vows of vengeance.

Yet their defeat was by no means due to want of bravery or determination, but to the superior general ship of



their opponents to their own hot headed folly.

When fiery leaders such as Rupert, are matched against the cool, collected genius of a Cromwell, the result could ever remain for one instant in their doubt. Cromwell's personality was a mighty army in itself, steadfast and calm he stood, upheld by religious ardour and love of his country's freedom ; a granite rock, against whose massive sides the waves of England's chivalry could dash in vain and reel back broken in confusion.

Down a narrow lane rode two horsemen, their blood stained garments testifying to the hard fighting they had experienced. Very differently were they influenced by disaster ; the one sat on his horse proudly, gazing before him with a fiery glance that no adversity could daunt. The other bent low over his charger's neck, and his dark ringlets mingled with the steeds black mane. Sense of defeat seemed strong upon Prince Rupert's hasty folly.

Steadily they pursued their flight in moody silence ; with disappointment too deep for conversation.

At length the younger spoke, flinging back a mass of golden curls from a broad white forehead.

" It seemeth to me, Sir Ralph, that Canroch Grange



would be our safest refuge for a time, my half brother Richard though unwarlike, is I think trusty, and for the faith of the house servants I would stake my life. The grange is old and stragling, and in its (hidden) depths lie secret nooks, which would baffle the scrutiny of the keenest foe. A bare seventy miles lie before us, and tonight we can sleep secure at Ravenstone in a hostel that I know of."

"As ye will," replied Sir Ralph Stockton, "nothing remains for us now but to hide like conies in a burrow, and leave these canting devils full possession of the country. The king flies to Wales and that fiend governed Rupert to Bristol, but God blast me if they ever gather head again after so heavy a defeat.

"I fear thou judgest rightly," said the other. "Had the Prince turned after his furious and successful charge, to crumple up the enemies flank, instead of attacking their baggage, all would have been well."

What a wasted opportunity was ours. Had but Rupert turned after then left rung were overthrown and driven ranted from the field, the day would have been most surely won, for Faufax's centre was land open to attack.

"Yes a thousand curses on him, and on Cromwell's foul Ironsides. Didst thou see how they cut our squadrons to



pieces ; my troop melted before them like snow before the sun."

Phillip nodded sadly in reply, as his thoughts varied him back to the mad fight ; even again he saw himself and his companions born down struggling desperately, by the headlong rush of those grim iron troopers.

For many miles they trotted on in silence, through the lanes bounded by dog rose tangled hedges, and shunning all hamlets and villages so as to be safe from meeting stray parties of the foe.

Evening was rapidly approaching and the cavaliers urged their weary steeds to further exertions. On topping the next rise, they saw before them in the valley the village of Ravenstone ; and their spirits rose at the prospect of food and rest. As they entered the village, the rustic's gathered around eager to hear the news ; for all day they had listened to the far distant booming of cannon, telling of deadly conflict. When tidings of defeat spread, women wept in pity for the hunted King, and strong men cursed.

Phillip addressed the landlord of the village inn, who had forced his way through the crowd, and now stood beside him.

" Ha, Will Goodbody, darest thou shelter for a night,



two flying wretches ? Our steeds are well nigh foundered and our bodies bruised and wounded.

“Insult me not, Master Ashton,” replied the jolly innkeeper. “ Were Cromwell and his canting rogues on yonder hill, I would wish my life for yours, and thou knowest it.”

“ Then I thank thee from my heart, and here’s my hand ; and should, pray God, the King’s cause prosper at some future time, thou shallst find neither my friend nor myself ungrateful.”

“ Never mind the thanks,” replied sturdy Will. “ Get ye into the house, where Dame Alive and my Marjory shall find soft linen and fresh water for thy wounds, trust me to fodder the horses and prepare a roaring supper.”

The weary fugitives dismounted gladly, and strode stiffly to the inn ; at the door Will’s buxom wife and bright eyed daughter waited, and Sir Ralph marched in surprise that their greeting savoured of humble affection as well as of reverence for his companion. After washing and dressing their wounds in a chamber, where the setting sun cast wavering patterns on the floor, they descended to the supper room, eager for the well spread meal.

For half an hour they sat without a word, eating



ravenously and quaffing tankards of frothing ale ; for not a morsel had passed their lips since early dawn, and they were faint with hunger.

Then when the inner man was satisfied, the landlord spoke. " Say, sirs, how came it that so fine an army fled before Sir Thomas Fairfax and his preaching hypocrites ; I scarce can realize that the royal forces lie dead, or are prisoners and fugitives."

" It fell about as follows," answered Sir Ralph. " The fiery Rupert charged their left and drove them broken from the field ; Treton was down and many more unhorsed or slain; then in a mad moment, he rode to sack the baggage, instead of cutting up their unprotected centre.

Meanwhile Cromwell had charged upon our squadrons under Sir Marmaduke Langdale. Vain wasn't that we fought like friends, hacking and hewing with desperate valour ; they bore us back and threw us in disorder. Had Rupert turned but then, he would have retrieved the day, for our centre was unbroken and the reserve untouched. Then, I blush to say it, the King turned bridle and fled ; at such a falling off nothing remained but for us to fly and join the routed rabble. Truce it was, that the King cried, " One more charge gentlemen, and the day is ours," but Ronald of Carnwath seized his rein and dragged him



from the field.

“ In hot pursuit the roundheads followed close, and we had to prick our chargers mercilessly to escape from out their hands.”

“ Well sirs, I’m sorely grieved at the King’s misfortunes, yet better times may come again ; and now I see ye both are weary and would to bed. Be not uneasy as to a surprise, for I have placed stout fellows on the roads, to warn us should the enemy approach.”

Bidding good night to those true friends in need, the cavaliers retired to their chamber, and prepared for a well earned rest.

As they discussed the events of the day in the stillness of the night, Sir Ralph remarked on thee with feelings akin to affection and charming daughter casts more than a sister’s glances into thine eyes.

“Ay, they owe me merely a slight debt of gratitude.”

“ Will tell me the story, for I see there is one by thy hesitation.”

“ If thou willst have it, then I must comply,” replied Phillip.

“ I happened to be riding towards Ravenstone a year or two ago, by a deserted road, when a woman’s shriek reached my ear, a cry of terror and appeal, and it trilled



through my brain, sending me flying madly in the direction where it came. After a minute's gallop across meadowland, I rounded a small wood, and there a sight awaited me which filled my heart with fury ; for I beheld Marjory Goodbody struggling despairingly in the clutch of a ruffian, who vainly endeavored to throw her to the ground. She saw me approaching and screamed for help ; the villain's back was turned so he knew not of my coming villains back was toward me he knew not. The soft sward deadened my charge's hoof-falls. Hastily dismounting, I drew my sword and ran towards them. The rascal must have seen the light of hope in her eyes, for he turned and saw me ; with a savage oath he snatched his blade from its scabbard and came at me with the viciousness of a baffled tiger.

My blood ran fire, and my heart was hard as oak with the determination to kill him in a few passes it was all over, he lay taring at the sod with convulsive fingers and gulping blood, for the agony of death was on him.

I carried Marjory back to the inn in a dead faint, and ever since then the good people have been burning to repay me."

" A romantic tale, upon my soul," exclaimed Ralph. " I always considered thee an ideal knight errant, Phillip.



Thou ought to marry the fair damsel and so complete fates pretty picture."

"Thy shot has flown wide of the mark, there," retorted the other. " My heart lies far from this spot, my affection for Marjory is merely the liking of the preserver for the preserved."

" Well forego love confessions now, old friend. Sleep must cradle us in her arms, for God knows we may want all our strength of endurance on the morrow; so good night to ye."

Then sweet sleep stole into the room with the moonbeams ; she kissed those wearied warriors, lulled their fierce spirits unto rest.

-2-

GAILY broke the morn, the glorious and unheeding sun shining such sad events as battles, deaths and mourning's.

The cavaliers awoke with the twittering of birds under the eaves, and the scent of jasmine delighting their nostrils. Renewed in strength, they rose and buckled on their armour, dented in places and splashed with mud and gore.



Down the narrow stairs they clanked to the sunlit chamber below, where a hearty breakfast waited, acceptable as the smiles and kind enquiries of the Dame and her fair daughter. When the meal was done, they wandered out to examine their steeds, who showed by sleek coats and restless behaviour the change worthy Will's care had brought. After grateful adieus and heartfelt thanks for their generous hospitality, the cavaliers mounted and rode on their way with the good wishes of the villages ringing cheerily in their ears.

Many miles rode they without a halt, skirting the larger towns and villages where roundheads might lunch; till the burning sun had reached his course's summit in the cloud-flecked sky. Then they laid them down by a sequestered brook, under the shade of the trees, and devoured a goodly meal from the viands the dame had packed for their use, and in one holster they discovered a bottle of choice wine, the best poor Will could unearth from his humble cellar.

They were aroused from their lethargy by a distant sound, a sound of dread meaning, even the trotting of steeds, coming not from Ravenstone but the opposite direction. Hastily they sprang to horse and rode forward warily, glancing keenly before them to catch an



early view of the unknown riders, who might be friends or foes.

The clatter of hoofs drew rapidly nearer and suddenly they espied three horsemen where the road debouched from a wood. The sunlight glittered on their casques and breast plates, and the musical jingle of their accoutrements was born on the breeze as the chargers bounded beneath their rides.

“ Ironsides, by God,” muttered Sir Ralph “ a corporal and two troopers. We must fight Phillip. Ah, now they see us, look how the sun flashes on their blades as they snatch them from the sheaths. Ha, ha, a chance for revenge, come Phillip, lets at them, now for the King and fair Ladies love. Hurrah.”

The cavaliers spurred their willing charges to a gallop and rushed furiously on their foes. They met with a mighty crash and one of the roundheads went down horse and man, as Phillips charger struck him full on the flank. A whirling flash and another's sword descended on Phillips shoulder, it cleft his shoulder belt and sent the empty scabbard clattering to the ground ; but here the blade stopped for the good cuirass held true. Then before the trooper could recover, Phillip replied with a deadly thrust, which unhorsed his man and laid him



dying with dread.

This deadly lunge sent the roundhead reeling from his saddle to the road, where he lay calm and still, his life's blood licking up the dust in trickling streams.

Meanwhile Sir Ralph pressed the corporal hard, and on Phillip turning to assist his comrade, the worthy affair thinking discretion the better part of valour against such odds, jumped the hedge and galloped away over the fields.

They then turned their attentions to the trooper whom Phillip's desperate charge had overthrown ; he was merely stunned and lay pinned down by his fallen horse. Having extricated him, they bound and left him by the roadside to recover his senses at leisure. As for the last one, the sword had pierced his heart ; this had been his last fight, never again would those glaring eyes flash free, and that strong right hand grip the sword hilt. The voice that had roared the fierce battle cry and perhaps murmured tender words of love, was now silent as the grave. After Phillip had provided himself with a new sword belt taken from the fallen foe, they proceeded on their way, rejoicing in their good fortune.

" By my halidome, Phillip," said Sir Ralph, " thou art the stoutest fighter I ever saw, the way thou dadst that



rascal over when thy charger struck his, was the finest piece of dexterity and horsemanship, I ever set eyes on."

"Merely a chance of favour from dame Fortune," modestly answered Phillip "he might have overthrown me had he not foolishly turned broadside to stop my rush."

-3-

CONVERSING lightly, as is the habit of men who lie continually at death's door, and so grow contemptuous of danger, they reached late in the afternoon the neighborhood of Canrock Grange, and in the distance could espy its tree fringed towers. About a half mile from the grange, they left the road, and wended their way across the woody park. Here and there, were small woods and coppices, dotted about like islands in the sea of greensward; sometimes the rides disturbed the timid deer, who went bounding off across the undulating grass. In one of those small coppices, Phillip bade Sir Ralph wait, while he himself rode forward to announce their coming and insure secrecy. A few hundred yards from the Grange, a large deerhound suddenly appeared, and growling fiercely came galloping towards the intruder; but when he recognized his master, the poor brute's joy was



wonderful to witness ; he bounded round and round the charger, baying the heartiest welcome.

Then from the shadow of a mighty cedar tree, tripped a lithesome form, and at sight of it Phillips face lit up with the heavenly glow of all consuming devotion. He sprang from his saddle, and heedless of the hound's rough caresses, flew towards the approaching figure. Then they met, ah, what a meeting ; a flowing together of two noble souls like the clear waters of two streams ; a reuniting of long sundered hearts. Neither spoke, too intent were they in bathing in each other's glances, and fathoming the depths of her tender eyes. Again and again Phillip pressed in ecstasy those red lips drinking nectar. At last the maiden spoke, breathless from the deep violence of her passion. " Phillip, my adored, a thousand thanks to God that you are safely returned. Ah, how I lived in torture and in an agony of fear departure and then came the news this very morn of Naseby's rout. Then seemed it as if a dark wave of despair surged above me, soon to break and overwhelm my soul in its brittle waters. But now I clasp you in my arms and drink renewed life from your lips."

Phillip kissed her a thousand times, and looked into those sweet beseeching eyes, and murmuring in broken



accents, "O darling Phyllis, my life, my queen, my very heart's blood, how have I longed for this glad moment. On the cold camping ground at night, and in the battle's rush the divine thought has swept the chords of my soul with magic hand and they have rung in wild responsive tones to its touch. Mighty strength has it given to my arm, and reckless daring to my heart; for thy dear sake I would be a very Paladin. So saying she tripped lightly away, casting back tender glances towards her lover, and followed humbly by the great hound. Phillip's returned to bring Sir Ralph, together they made their way to the mansion.

A goodly meal was spread in the old oak panelled chamber, and they sat down together at the massive board ; but Phillip was far too much engaged in feasting his eyes on his cousin Phyllis' features, to do justice to the plenteous food before him. Dame Ursula was a good example of the high born lady, her features were dignified and bore an expression of piety and gentle lovingness ; wavy white hair lent additional charm to her noble and intelligent face. In spite of her favourite grandson's safe return, gloom cast its evil winged shadow over her, for she loved and revered the King with all the devotion of a faithful nature and was sorely



distressed by his misfortunes. Richard Ashton was two years younger than Phillip. A dark, unsuitable man was he and he loathed his brother secretly with a keen and deadly hatred. For did not Phillip stand a block, his ambition in being heir to the wide domain of Caniock, and also the accepted lover of Phyllis Grey. That cold face never betrayed emotion, except perhaps when he intercepted some passion winged glance exchanged between the lovers.

After a pause in the conversation, Richard broke the silence. "What dost thou propose brother, hiding here till times are greater, and then making dash for the coast; thou mayest be away from us for years." This cruel blow was aimed maliciously at Phyllis, and the wretch grinned with glee as she paled at the thought of Phillips prolonged absence.

"Yes," replied Phillip, "Our present plan is to remain concealed here as long as possible; everyone in the house can be trusted and I shall take further precautions by posting watches on the road to warn us of a foe's approach."

They sat conversing till late in the night, the cavaliers recounting adventures and perils of war, and telling of the fight on the road, in which they had been



so signally victorious.

As Phillip related tales of imminent danger, Phyllis grew pale at the thought of how nearly she had lost her loved one, and as she caught his gaze full of tender meaning, her pallor would give place to comely blushes. At last they retrieved to rest, Phillip and Sir Ralph sleeping in the same chamber in case of emergency.

-4-

RICHARD ASHTON retired not to rest with the household. When all was still and the Grange wrapped in sleep, he stepped out on to the terrace and leant over the weatherwary balustrade.

The moon was full and her silvery light cast weird and fantastic shadows through the clouds ; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers and over the earth reigned a divine stillness, broken only now and again by the mellow carolling of a nightingale in a neighboring thicket.

Nature's peaceful lethargy was in strange contrast to the black machinations of the man's mind ; his brain flamed with hate and jealousy and the working of his features betrayed terrible emotion. Carried away by the



bitterness of his feelings, he cried aloud.

“ At last, at last, the opportunity has come, for which my life has been one long yearning struggle. Ah, Phillip, stumbling block and cursed rival, you barrier of flesh and blood fated to bar me from my Paradise. Thoughtless one, I have you in the toils, and as the gladiator binds his helpless foe, so will I draw my net tightly around you, and stab your unsuspecting heart to death. What ; does conscious whisper with gentle voice, ‘ Foul traitor, ponder on thy villaining and repent betimes.’ Bah, to Hell with conscience, what have I to do with penitence. My soul is bound with iron against all human feeling. Even this day as I watched their sportive glances telling of love’s old story, my spirit flamed within me, and my fingers twitched as if they clutched their throats. What care I, if Phyllis droops and dies after her lover’s death ; better to gaze on a lifeless corpse, than on a happy bride rejoicing in my rivals fond embrace. Go to perdition, all ye devils from Hell ; for willingly I damn my soul to gratify ambition.”

Richard Ashton in his abstraction had failed to notice a listener to his disjointed ravings.

From out an upper window a nightcapped head was peering curiously ; this cap ahead belonged to the old



family butler, who hearing a voice on the terrace, rose from his bed, consumed with curiosity to see the being who held forth at such an unearthly hour.

As expression of puzzled surprise invested his ancient features, as he listened breathlessly, the cold night all playing round his scantily clad person, and sending tremulous shivers through his limbs. He was soliloquising with chattering jaws on the unsuspecting man beneath.

“Umph ; what did I hear ; Phillip, traitor, roundheads. Ugh, I don't like it ; what the devil does Master Richard want to disturb people at such an hour for as this just like him. Ah, now he's going, so am I ; this wind bites like a hound, and me 65 and touched with rheumatics. Mistress Ursule said to me only t'other day, ‘ Why Mack Oliver you hobble like a lame cow.’ Ugh, bed's warmer than an open window at this time o'night, so to bed say I, and to bed we go. Shall tell Master Phillip about this in the morning ; never did like that there Richard with his fox face and sharp eyes ; might turn traitor, ugh, never know, never know.”

Grunting and shivering the old man hobbled back to bed, to dream of roundheads, argue, and mulled win



INSTEAD of re-entering the Grange, Richard strode towards the stables, with the firm crisp step of a determined man. Reaching down the cumbrous key from a nail on the wall, he unlocked the door, swearing as it creaked dangerously on its rusty hinges.

Choosing the swiftest steed, a fine roan mare, he hurriedly fastened a saddle and bridle and after wrapping some sacking over the animal's hoofs to deaden their ring on the stones, left the stable, locking the door behind him and pocketing the key.

Down the avenue he picked his way carefully, choosing the deep shadow and avoiding moonlit spaces ; when the park opened clear before him, the sackcloth wrappings were cast aside, and the steady amble changed for a fast gallop.

For some miles he continued his wild career over the open country before taking to the road ; then he reined in his steed to a swinging trot. Past hamlets sunk in sleep, he sped ; through rustling woods where the raven croaked and over the dreary deserted moor. The rushing night air cleared his brain, and fired his spirits like wine's hot fumes ; the passing breeze lifted his curling locks and tangled them in wild disorder. On and on he



sped with blazing eyes and bated breath, his whole soul fixed in dread fierceness on the enterprise before him.

Mile upon mile were passing and gone, till at last the roofs of a straggling town shone in the pale moonlight. This was his destination ; for here by report were quartered a troop of roundheads, and to them he turned to aid him in his traitorous designs.

As he clattered noisily up the street, from out the shadow of a house sprang a dark form, crying, " Stand in the Parliament's name."

Richard Ashton reigned in his foaming steed and sprang to earth, an eager reply and counter question rushing from his lips, " For the Parliament, and who art thou ? "

" I'm of Captain Halliday's troop now quartered in this town by order of that godly man Cromwell," answered the sentry. " Our captain sleeps in the room above. What's thy business ? "

" I must see him without delay ; go wake him for my need is urgent ; no time have I to parley here."

" Speak softer, my master ; I'm no serving man to be thus ranted at."

" Anger me not," muttered Ashton, " but get thee gone and do as I bid. Here's a crown fellow, I can pay for



worthy service."

"Ha, Ha, spoken like a true gentleman; wait but an eye wink and I'll do thy bidding."

The trooper dived into the house and scarce a minute had elapsed before a light shone from an upper window; next, the lattice was thrown open, and a head covered by a mass of short tangled hair appeared.

"What wantest thou at this hour, stranger," bawled the apparition.

"I'll tell my wants when I know thy name; art thou Captain Halliday?"

"Yes."

"Well I must speak with thee in private, my information is precious, so waste not time."

"Come up then, Sir Stranger, and let us discuss this weighty matter over a cup of sack."

Ashton flung his horses bridle over a nail, and with hasty steps mounted the narrow stairs. The officer clad in a long riding cloak waited expectantly, and bowing as Richard entered, prayed him to be seated. The trooper oblivious of the visitor's meaning glances sat coolly gazing at the ceiling and whistling softly, being bent on making a third to the party.

"Did I not say that we must converse alone," chafed the



plotter. "Send that fool about his business."

"Get out then Dan Jeffreys," roared the captain, "And mark me, listen not at the door, for by God Heaven Almighty, good oak prevails not against a pistol shot."

The trooper lumbered down the stairs, knowing well that his officer was no man to be trifled with but at the same time doggedly determined to discover as much as possible about the stranger, by examining his holsters and horses appointments.

"And now sir, that we are alone," continued the officer ; "pray recount to me this news, concerning which thou makest so much ado."

"First swear thou wilt never tell mortal man of my visit, unless I bid thee."

"I swear it."

"On the bible ?"

"Ay on the bible."

"Well now to the point. I have a half brother, who ousts me from my heritage ; heir is he to the wide lands which may be mine, and the maiden of my choice loves him ; a thousand curses on them both. Now this damned brother lies in hiding, and with him a noted cavalier, a cunning man from whom thy party has suffered much. I at dead of might will lead thee to their retreat, then shall ye seize



them easily, and once in the power of Cromwell all hope for them is past."

"Ay, Ay, trust me to see to that."

"Now mark me, if this venture prove successful, and I return as master of my brother's patrimony, then will I remember the man who helped me in this plot. Catchest thou my meaning?"

"Ay, and that I do. And thou sayest this brother hold these lands unfairly."

"Yes, yes ; by steath he stole them, therefore have no pity."

"And the name of the other fugitive is?"

"Sir Ralph Stockston!"

"What that cursed man who oft has baffled us. Right I am with thee for weal or woe, why to hand that man to Cromwell would give me a colonelcy."

"Ha, ha, I trusted we should not fall out. Now listen to my every word. Tomorrow, or rather today at midnight, bring a score of trusty men to Canrock park and wait there by the blasted oak close to the ruined well. Then I will come, and lead ye by a secret passage safe within the Grange ; the buds will be asleep, so they may be taken even without struggle."

"Agreed, and here's my hand to close the bargain. Dost



thou return at once ? ”

“ Ay this very minute, for dawn must light on me asleep at Canrock, and my charger feeding in her stall.”

“ Well God speed thee, farewell till midnight, I’ll not fail.”

“ I doubt thee not. Adieu.”

Richard Ashton exulting in success strode from the chamber. Without the house, Dan Jeffreys was scrutinising his pistols and on Richard appearing he thrust them back hastily into the holstess.

“ What now, ye meddlesome rascal, keep thy filthy fingers from my property,” exclaimed Ashton aloud ; muttering to himself. “ He hoped to see my name engraved upon the lock, but I’m not the fool he takes me for.”

“ Easy, master, I was only looking at their ugly barrels, and wondering if they would fell a man at 50 paces.”

Ashton deigned not to reply, but springing to the horse rode swiftly off.

Away, away, homewards in hot haste he flew, for the night was far spent and dawn at hand. Already a slight glow was visible in the east, heralding the rising sun. On, on, he sped, cursing every other obstacle that barred his path, not daring to use the spur for fear of scarring



the animal's strides ; sweat and foam covered the mane's coat, but this troubled him not. Brighter grew the morning light and faster ever faster they rushed through the grey dawn ; ever and again he struck the animal viciously with clenched fist making her bound beneath him, for he saw full well that the race would be a close one.

As yet not a soul was stirring, and the adventurer was close on the Grange ; a short distance from his goal he dismounted and led the panting steed as noiselessly as possible towards the stables. Ha, ha, he laughed inwardly, " undiscovered, ha, ha, I thank thee worthy Satan the villain's friend in need." His hand was on the key and the lock springing back before his vicious wrench, there round the angle of the house strolled a sleepy groom.

" Too late, too late," muttered the enraged man, " ten thousand curses on this filthy loon, he has seen me."

Desperately he dragged the steed to its stall, rushed back and barred the door and then set the work to unharness and groom the animal as if his very life depended on it.

The task completed, he emerged cautiously, expectant of the fellow's questioning stare, but behold not a soul



was in sight, the place was still as ever.

Slipping round to a postern in the left wing he opened it without a sound, and drawing off his boots crept cat-like to his chamber.

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PHILLIP rose with the light, and wandering into the rose garden, sat down to meditate on life in general and love in particular.

A handsome man never buckled on sword, and the graceful symmetry of his figure was shown to advantage in his present posture.

Over those broad shoulders fell a mass of golden curls in glossy waves, a rough soldier's garb clothed his person, and the cut sword belt, now mended, spanned his manly chest. Very precious was this belt in his eyes, for the delicate work upon it, betrayed the mark of maiden fingers.

His reverse was disturbed by old Mark Oliver, who ambled down the sun lit path, bearing on his fat features a look of deep importance ; and as he walked he wheezed and coughed as a result of last nights watch.

“Hallo Mark,” sang Phillip, “thou hadst better betake



thee to Jan Snell the smith, and get thy bellows mended, thou snorest like a winded horse."

"That's gratitude is it, Master Phillip," grumbled the old servitor. "Here am I watching from out an open window, nigh naked at dead of night to see what Master Richards a ranting on the terrace ; and now when I've rheumatics fit to kill me, thou makest joke of it ; bah, if that's gratitude —— "

Phillip broke in upon the old man's querulous anathema's, and appeased him ; when he had cooled down, he desired him to explain his statement concerning Richard Ashton.

"Thou sayest my brother was on the terrace at midnight, and that he talked aloud to himself."

"Ay, Master Phillip, he was a raving and cursing like a madman ; there was only a word here and there as I could catch ; he was a muttering about thee and roundheads."

"How long didst thou watch him ? "

"Why till he took hisself off like a sane creature and then I says' to myself, 'Look ye here Mark Oliver, thou art an old bird, and standing in a draught at midnight aint exactly wise, and the graves a colder place still. Ye'd better scuttle back to bed, and tell the young master in the morning.' "



“This is mighty curious,” replied Phillips with a grave look, leaning chin on hand and gazing steadily before him. “I have had my doubts, but no, such thoughts are folly. But mind ye Mark, say not a word to any living soul, but watch like a sleeping weazel.”

“Be my Lady, I will, Master.”

“Right, I know I can trust thee, so warm thy fat paunch with a tankard of hot ale, for its good for the ague, may jolly Bacchus.”

“Never despise God’s gifts, Master. I’m ever thankful for his smallest mercy.”

“Ay, even for a pot of ale.”

Phillip was left again to his thoughts, but they were of a more serious nature judging by the expression of his features. He had never loved his half brother, but he was just a man, and would neer suspect a person of wrong, lacking ample proof. Yet in spite of himself misgivings would arise and a sense of uneasiness stole over him, tingeing his spirits with a foreboding of evil.

Had he not been so wrapt in thought he would have noticed that a clump of rose bushes close by, shook now and again. Round this leafy screen peered a laughing face, and a hand clasping a red rose stole gently forward ; the white fingers flashed for a second in the sunlight



and with deadly flight the flower struck the dreams full in the face.

Roused from his reverie, Phillip half guessing the culprit, gazed round curiously, in the endeavour to fix her hiding place. No movement betrayed her, and the brush was dense and thick, but on the broad white path a slender shadow lay, and Phillip catching sight of it, realised where the original was hiding. He strode gently round the bushy blooming mass, and caught the laughing maiden in his arms.

After he had kissed her till she stopped his lips with lily fungus. Smiling in mischief, he murmured ;

“ Why Phyllis mine, thou art sweeter than your poor rose plucked from her home, these blushing cheeks shame their pallid sisters of yesterday.”

“ Ah thou foolish boy, see thou not that I am like unto the rose ; for when the sun shines she lifts her head to meet his bright kisses, flinging back her odours in return. So even I blush rosy red as my love shines sunshine on my upturned face from out his sparkling eyes.”

“ Yet explain this riddle, little witch. What does the rose when her sun shines no more ; does she not droop and die ? ”



“ Yea, and the false sun beams brightly on the white rose, forgetfull of his old love. I’st not so ? ”

“ Nay little traitress ; thy sun shall sink in darkness ere his love dies for thee.”

“ Ah Phillip I know it full well, and should thou cease to shine, thy poor rose shall fade and crumble into dust.”

“ Over her lover’s shoulder, Phyllis saw Sir Ralph approaching, smiling amusedly ; she started from Phillip’s arms and blushing hurried to welcome the guest. Sir Ralph declared himself a different man after his long nights rest, and laughing merrily amid their conversation, they wandered into the house, to partake of the morning meal.

Richard was already seated at the table and in spite of his exertions he looked fresh and his eyes were bright ; he greeted the new comers with a nonchalant air, inquiring how they fared after yesterday’s hard ride. Phillip scrutinised his brothers face narrowly, but those dark features were like some runic mystery, unreadable, for they gave no intimation of uneasiness or care.

After the meal, Phillip drew Sir Ralph aside, and together they wended their way to a rustic arbour where they could converse in secret, undisturbed.



Scarce had they settled themselves when old Mark Oliver appeared, marshalling before him the groom Hob Morris.

“ Now Hob, my buck,” said the old man, “ tell us what ye beheld this morn by the stable yard.”

“ Well sirs,” stuttered the yokel, abashed at having the onerous duty of spokesman thrust upon him. “ As I was walking to the stables, feeling rare drowsy and wishing myself a bed, who should see entering the stable, but Master Richard. He was leading our Betty smothered in foam, and mighty angry he seemed to set eyes on me. Well sirs, he dragged Betty into the stable and banged the door, and when I goes to open it, sure but it was fastened on the inside.” Exhausted by this flight of eloquence, Hob came to a sudden standstill, coughing and reddening.

“ Wake up man, wake up, we wait for thee to finish, take heart,” spoke Phillip encouragingly.

“ Urh Urh, then thinks I, it ud be better for ye to slip back to bed for a space. Hob moves, for Master Richard ain't no light handed soul to be meddled with, as ye found when he clouted ye over the head for kissing Moll Sanders. So I strolls back and has a quiet snooze ; now when I goes to the stable, dang me, but the door was unfastened and Betty a feeding sleek and cosy like in her



stall."

Driving this narration Phillip's features grew darker and darker, and at its conclusion he gave utterance to an angry exclamation.

"Thou swearest to the truth of this, man"

"O yez sir, as I hopes for glory."

"Has Master Richard spoken to thee since?"

"Nay, I've neer set my eyes on him."

"Well listen Hob, should he come and ask thee if thou hast told a soul what thou sawest, answer him, 'No.' Dost understand?"

"Ay master."

"Well do as I bid thee and disobey me at thy peril. Stay here's something for thee to buy thy wench some bauble at Cholmondely fair. Now go."

"What did I tell thee, sir," exclaimed Mark, delighted at having his prediction born out."

"I believe thou art right," mused Phillip, "but nevertheless keep strict silence, and let not my brother escape from thy vigilance."

"Trust me, master, I'll watch him well; even now he bides him to the lake to fish, thither will I follow and lie concealed."

When the old servitor was out of ear shot, Phillip



turned to his companion with a grave face.

“ This brother of mine hatches mischief ; last night Mark Oliver watched him on the terrace as he talked in fierce tones like a man who ponders on some stroke of villaining ; now this groom has caught him by the stable door, early this very morn, his steed blown and foaming as after some desperate enterprise. We must live in fear of treachery.”

Sir Ralph leaned forward in deep silence, his hand wandering amid his locks, and the expression on his face was stern and keen.

“ Ay, I grant thee it looks mighty suspicious, I have caught him now and again, casting black looks at thee behind thy back. Can’st think of no plan to frustrate his treachery ? ”

“ Wait, let us ponder awhile, and rack our brains for some expedient,” replied Phillip.

Nigh upon an hour these two men sat silently buried in thought. The fair landscape imaged itself on blind eyes ; the throstle piped with joyous note to ears deaf and heedless and through the leafy windows the murmuring bee soared on his honeyed way, unnoticed by the moody souls within. Slowly a subtle light stole into Phillip’s eyes, heralding the grim smile which overspread his



features.

“ I have it, ha, ha, I have it,” he exclaimed “ now hear my plan.” The two shuffled close to one another and inclined their heads till gold met black, then Phillip spoke in accents low and sure. “ Tonight every window shall be surely barred against all exit, thou shalt watch by the postern, I by the great gate. From the Grange runs a secret passage opening to a dense shrub grown wood, by this the villain probably means to leave us and admit the foe. Now in this passage lies a secret trap door, and below a dark vault, that door shall be unbolted ; should the traitor enter that passage, he steps upon the door and dashes headlong to destruction.”

“ Bravo, bravo, a clever plot by black Oliver. Ha, ha, let him turn traitor and slay himself. What about the Parliaments ? ”

“ Trouble not about them, they’ll never find the passage without his aid, and should they force the house, there are nooks fit to baffle old Nick himself.”

“ Say, Phillip, I have heard much from then concurring the mysteries of the Grange, t’would be well for ye to explain them to me, in case of need.”

“ So be it, follow me and we will explore their hidden depths in company.”



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THE plotter after finishing his repast at leisure, strolled apparently aimlessly, to the regions of the rear of the house ; the very person he was in search of happened to be grooming a horse in the yard, hissing after the manner of his tribe.

Richard Ashton approached noiselessly, picking his way daintily amid the slushy pools, till he was close behind the unsuspecting groom. For a minute or two he stood in silence, watching in amusement the man's exertions, and listening to his mutterings as if some thought were troubling his mind.

Worthy Hob at length happened to glance up, and beholding the person he least wished to see standing by him, started round, blurting out surely, " Morning, master."

" Sawest thou me leading the roam mare into the stable ? " questioned Richard, fixing his eyes on the sturdy yokel.

" Ay, sir, that I did."

" The devil ; thou didst not ; dost understand me ? "

" Nay, master," persisted the groom stolidly, " I saw



thee so help me Holy Mother."

"Thou sotted look, catch ye not my meaning. Thou sawest me not; I can pay thee well for feigning blindness."

"O Ay, if that's thy game, I'll play fair."

"Ah now thou seest reason, I'll give thee gold to comfort thee, my poor blind bat."

So saying Richard drew from an inner pocket a score or so of golden guineas, and dropped them one by one into the groom's hairy palm.

"Now mark me, 'Thou sawest me not!' and by heaven if thou play me false, I'll try thee with metal of a sterner kind."

Hob answered by a meaning grin, and thrust his tongue out scornfully at the retreating figure.

"Hey, Master Richard," he muttered "thou forgottest to ask whether I was blind from birth," then pulling the money from his pocket, he gloated over it in avaricious glee, dreaming of the joys of future rustic revelry.

Richard returned towards the house, and on his way fell in with Mark Oliver.

"Hast thou brought my bait?" he asked.

"Yea, master; yonder comes the lad with a pot of fat dunghill worms, dainty the fish that despiseth such



face."

Ashton took the pot from the lad and snatching up his rod from a seat, walked off leisurely across the park. This sporting expedition was merely a ruse to enable him to think in silence, and to avoid the company of his relatives.

Arrived before the lake's reedy shore, he chose a quiet sheltered spot, and settling himself at full length, sank deep in meditation. Here we may leave him pondering on his nefarious designs, and return to the cavaliers busied in their dusty investigations.

In the oak panelled dining room we find them kneeling by a capacious, massive sideboard, the floor around a confused medley of tankards, salvers and flasks of wine. Phillip was lying half in the cupboard, feeling carefully along the wall ; at last his fingers touch the magic spot and slowly downward falls the massive oaken floor, disclosing a secret stair. So solid was this slab, that when struck it emitted but a dull thud, deceiving the searcher into the belief that no hollow yawned below.

Sir Ralph was amazed at the neatness of the contrivance, and following Phillip he clambered as best he could down the stair, swearing strange oaths as he



brushed (there is about an inch of free space right here) his person against sharp projections.

They halted in a small stone chamber dark and cold, a tiny ray of light from an air hole ran athwart the ceiling, intensifying its pitchy gloom.

Phillip kindled a torch, then moving slowly round the wall he pressed certain stones of a marked character, two secret doors flying open at his touch.

"This one," said he, "leads to a nook above the great fireplace in the hall, and by this, stealthy windings to our bedroom."

"The place must be a very warren-like," gasped Sir Ralph, "but come, let's be out of this, the marrow freezes in my bones."

Closing the doors, they mounted the stair and crawled begrimed into the bright sunlight of the dining room; there they busied themselves by settling the slab in place, and stowing away the various articles their apparitions had disturbed.

Then after a short rest, Phillip led his companion up the great stairs to a long gallery running in the left wing; leading from this was a small closet used for storage purposes, and Phillip entering raised his hand towards the ceiling.



Several rows of iron hooks were ranged above, bearing a mothly collection, old clothes, rusty swords and disused harness. Counting them, he fixed on one and tugging viciously drew it downwards, for no common hook was it but a stout iron bar ; and as he drew behold one whole oaken wall rose slowly upward, and behind yawned a dark opening from which a cold draught rushed.

Relighting the torch they plunged forward, stumbling down a flight of steep stone stairs to a passage beneath. After moving on a few paces, Phillip came to a sudden standstill, and stopping touched a stout nails head in the oaken floor ; then standing back he grasped Sir Ralph's hand, and bade him tread with one foot on the floor before him. He did so ; down like a flash fell a large trap door, and from the black abyss the startled cavalier staggered in wonder.

" Behold the door," said Phillip in a deep voice. " I return it to its place and touch this nail head so, then the catch is withdrawn ready for the false step of our traitorous brother."

" By God," gasped Sir Ralph, " poor devil to be dashed into the foul blackness of that pit, with all his sins upon his head ; bah yet he deserves it and why should I have pity."



“Ay he deserves it, if he be traitor. Now see, I press this projecting stone and the false wall gapes, those damp steps lead to the vault below, up them we may soon bear his cold body.”

“Urgh, my blood runs icily, for love of God lets get into the light, these weird holes send ghostly shivers through my frame.”

“Thou art right, we’ve seen enough, and now that my trap is set, sunshine and warming wine would be acceptable.”

Nothing loth, they retired from these regions after replacing the secret paneling and returning the hook to join its fellows in the ceiling.

Choosing a sunny nook in the garden, they sat them down after despatching old Mark for a bottle of choice Malvoisie

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WARMED by the good wine’s fumes, their spirits rose even to merriment, and the damping influence of those lower regions faded rapidly away before nature’s enchantments. Phillip twitted his friend laughingly with the precipitate desire he had shown to escape from



the gloomy depths, and inquired whether he thought it preferable to surrender to the enemy rather than lurk in the bowels, so to speak, of the Grange.

Sir Ralph retorted in the same strain, threatening to join the traitor and make common cause with him ; at last weary of frivolous banter, then conversation took a more serious turn, far more in keeping with their present critical condition.

“ I see full well,” began Sir Ralph, “ that thou art a willing slave to thy fair cousin’s charms, her beauty is a rare kind, and hardened bachelor that I am, I almost envy thee.”

“ Ay, thou mayest well say so. I love her, ah how deeply, not with the coarse passion of the common herd, but with a divine love, pure and spiritual as her own glorious soul. But come, hast thou neer succumbed to some fair witch, or art thou as hard as adamant ? ”

Sir Ralph sat silent for a space, and then spoke slowly in sad tones ; the sorrowful light of bitter memories flooding his eyes.

“ Phillip, my old, my only friend, I’ll tell thee now what mortal man has never heard. Once I loved, ay loved as man can but once on earth, passionately, madly. She returned or feigned to return my affection, and lulled to



sleep in a false paradise, I dreamed the flitting hours away, happy to lick her hand and be her very lap dog. Then came the day when she ruthlessly betrayed me, flinging the poor fool from her as a monarch does some worn out puppet ; ah the bitterness of that hour, its recollection creeps oer my heart and grips my lone soul with the dull gnawing of despair. Now in the prime of manly life, live a wretched cynic, rift of love, a being homeless and uncared for, ay perhaps for the future to dwell an exile from my native shore."

Phillip in pity, seized his comrade's listless hand, murmuring vows of deep devotion.

" Old friend, loved comrade, look up, gaze not so sadly at the soft sward ; while I have home, its warmest corner shall be warm for thee, and mine own loved one shall be thy tender comforter."

Sir Ralph returned the fast pressure of Phillips grasp in silence, as misty dimness shadowing his eyes.

Then in a husky voice he made an answer, " My sole remaining friend, this barren heart thanks thee for thy manly sympathy, well knowing thy noble nature, steadfast as the unalterable past. Forgive this weakness, for long gone memories sweep on my soul in startling vividness, and drag me back to the halcyon



days of yore."

The leafy boughs rustled above as though murmuring soft words of comfort, while the lowers nodded back in silent approbation, and to the man's sad soul the thrushes sang "Forget, forget." Thus those two mused on in silence, their hearts woven together by the silken thread of kindred feeling.

"Hither comes our trusty Mark again," exclaimed Phillip "and not alone," for across the lawn the old man was leading a dusty messenger.

The stranger handled Phillip a dirty hand soiled note, and breaking the seal he read it hastily.

"Who sent thee with this, my man?" questioned the reader, raising his eyes from the paper to the man's face.

"That I may not tell thee, master, for I know Mark, is our guest well provided for."

"By holy St. Christopher, he is that sir, never did I see a man attack a veal pasty more heartily or swill ale so deeply, and by our Lady I'm no mean judge."

"Let him have his fill, but listen now I have a strict command to lay upon thee. Take thee a ladder, hammer and a bag of stout nails, and before night fasten every window on the outside; do it with thine own hand and surely. Also bid Jack Turnbull and Rory Hunt not to



watch tonight on the roads, but to betake them to their homes." Mark nodded for answer, screwing his features into an expression of surprise, for the command puzzled him.

"Wait, my fat Sir John, let the ladder be a stout one, for thou wilt try it sorely."

Mark gazed down at his fair round stomach, and stroked it lovingly, then casting a glance of dignified reproach at the speaker he moved off about his business with a gait, ludicrous in its majesty.

"And now," continued Phillip, "lets to the house, for my vital clock tells me that a meal is nigh."

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THE remainder of that fateful day passed clouded in anxiety. Noon sped swiftly away as the cavalier's reclined on a bank beneath the trees, listening to Phyllis' old ballads, as she chanted and sang to the wild ringing notes of her harp.

Music's sweet strains seemed to affect them differently, Sir Ralph grew sad and thoughtful, while the lovers gazed more tenderly into each others eyes with a look of passionate devotion, eloquent in their



beseeching favour. Never had Phyllis seemed so beautiful, and the ardent languishing passion in her glances filled her lover with a wild delight.

The sound of hammering was heard continuously, telling of Mark's steady labour ; yet Richard remained still brooding by the lake, to which, at times they sent a lad to watch him and return with news. Slowly the mellow daylight deepened into dusk ; not a breeze stirred in the tree tops, all was still but for the weird harping of some legendary lay. From the chimneys the dark smoke ascended pillar like, to spread as a cloud in the evening shy. Far in the east, the sky was azure shading almost imperceptibly to violet, primrose, and finally to the roseate hues of a cloudless sunset.

Softly crept the shades of night oer wood and fill, till the curious stars shone out in heaven, and the moon peered coldly over the trees.

Then the three retired to the house, and had scarcely seated themselves to the supper board, when Richard entered.

"What luck brother ?" questioned Phillip, gazing at him steadily.

"Indifferent," replied Richard, seizing a chair and attacking a haunch of venison.



Silence settled down steadily over the party, and scarce a word passed ; Mistress Ursula the most loquacious of dames lying indisposed in her bed room.

After the meal, Richard pleading fatigue retreated to his chamber, and Phyllis bidding goodnight to Sir Ralph and tenderly kissing her lover, tripped off to bed.

The watchers were now left alone in the deserted room, and Phillip called to Mark, who hurriedly answered his summons, ale froth still clinging to his stubbly mustachios.

“ Art thou sure the windows are securely fastened ? ”

“ Ay master, tight as a coffin lid.”

“ Well see all the household safe to bed, and turn the keys in our two wench’s doors, for the night may bring danger, and we want no screaming women about the house ; then get thee to thy rest.”

“ I’ll obey thee master, so good night to ye sirs,” then he departed shutting the door behind him. There in the shadowy room, dim lighted by flickering candles, those two men sat in their oak backed chairs, gazing in deep thought, each other across the massive table. Phillip thou he endeavoured to conceal it, was trembling with excitement, as his kindling eyes and flushed cheeks showed too well. Sir Ralph on the contrary, grew keen



and calm as the dark shadows played up on the oaken wall. At last rousing himself, he spoke in crisp tones.

“ The traitor knows not of the door, art thou certain ? ”

“ Sure as I am of his treachery, I myself showed him the passage before the war, but breathed never a word about the trap.”

“ He cannot pass in safety then ? ”

“ Nay, for it spans a good 5 feet, and not till upon the door half a mans weight presses does it fall ; so once the victim has placed his foot down, too late then will it be for retreat.”

“ Good, what next ? ”

“ I would be well for me to creep upstairs and lock our door, should he then listen or try to enter, the silence will lead him to believe that we sleep soundly.”

“ Ay, well thought of, I'll tarry here.”

Phillip drew off his shoes and stole away, in a few minutes he returned having safely accomplished his mission.

“ Now blow the candles out, for not a light must shine from our windows into the outer darkness. Come follow, and I'll show thee thy guard.”

The two left the room and moved down the dark corridors, to the position where Sir Ralph was to watch.



“ Ours will be a tedious duty,” murmured Phillip.

“ Nay, mere child’s play, are we not soldiers ? ” replied the other.

Phillip, then, crept back to the hall, where the moonlight stole through the window pane, shimmering on the armour hung walls, the whole scene a strange weirdness to the surroundings. There he took his place to watch through the weary hours of night.

Richard Ashton, for a while, sat on his bed, listening intently. Round the scabbard and handle of his rapier he slowly wound strips of cloth, so should it strike against the walls, no sound would betray him. Then taking a knife from his pocket, he hacked from his clothes every button, completing his task by tearing the silver buckles from his paddled shoes. Rising from the couch, he stole to the door, and opening it, gazing out into the gallery. The house was still as the grave, silently closing the door behind him, he crept down the dim moonlit passages to his brother’s chamber.

For a minute he stood listening before slowly pushing the door, but the door was barred. “ Ha, ha,” he muttered, “ the birds sleep soundly ; dream on, dream on, even unto death.”

Then turning, he made his way back to his own



corridor ; as he rounded a corner the treacherous polished floor caused his foot to slip, and stumbling forward, his shoulder struck the panelling with a dull thud.

“ The devil,” he muttered, halting to listen in breathless silence but not a soul stirred, all seemed quiet as ever.

Continuing his cat-like course, he reached the closet, and entering, shut the door behind him, then dragging from his pocket a candle, he lighted it after some trouble, and held the flame towards the ceiling.

Seizing on the secret hook he dragged it downward, and at once up ran the panelled wall. Descending to the passage far beneath, he crawled slowly along the floor, holding the candle before him until he had approached close to the trap.

Now he is close to the trap, but suddenly stops, gazing steadily at the floor, a grim smile creeping over his face.

“ Ho, ho, brother of mine, didst think I knew not of this door, by the position of that nails head I see the trap is set ; twas not for nought that I hunted out every dusty secret of the place whilst thou went far away.”

Rising, he drew back as a step or two, and springing



landed safely on the solid floor beyond, to disappear in the darkness of the passage.

## II

RICHARD ASTON when he fell — stumbled against the panelling which formed part of the wall of Phyllis' chamber — the restless maiden woke at the sound and started up hastily from her couch.

She stepped to the door, and softly opening it peered into the passage, there to be hold the dark form of some one entering the closet. Phyllis was a brave girl, and the thought of her lover's possible damage made her still braver ; for she said in her heart, " No man will harm me, even if he be a foe." So kindling a rushlight she stepped to the closet door and waited listening intently.

Not a sound came from within, for the traitor was already beyond the trap, so with fast beating heart she entered, to stare in wonder at the gaping wall.

For a moment, she stood irresolute, then at the thought of treachery, her spirit urged her to proceed even were it only for a short distance. A fatal and foolish determination.



PHILLIP lingered by the great oak door, as Phyllis descended the secret stair. Phillip, dreaming of love and happiness, whilst she steps on the fatal door ; down to the cold damp floor beneath, and her body strikes heavily.

The lover wakes from his reverie with quickened pulse and throbbing brain and with hurried steps he mounts the stairs, and along the corridor he speeds to the closet.

Holding aloft a blazing torch, descends to the stair to the place where the trap door lies, and a square patch of blackness yawns before him. Pressing the stone, the false wall gapes and down those steps he plunges to the noisome vault beneath. A huddled and motionless form lies on the floor, hurriedly he draws near, a white horror creeping over his face and blanching it a ghastly form. With trembling hand he turns the still form to the light to behold the features — “ Great God,” tis the face of his loved one.

(Reader remember the dull heart rending agony of some hour.) When loved soul sank from over thine arms, to melt into the cold shadowy night of death. Then have pity for the stricken man bending in despair and self accusation



over the lifeless body of the maid he held most dear. For some minutes, he crouched overpowered by deadly horror, his hand clutching the torch, staring ever staring at the still face before him.

Then on a sudden, life leapt into his frame and bending low he cradled the poor body in his arms and mounting the stairs fled from the vault as from some reeking grave. Tenderly he bore his burden to the great hall, and laid it while sighing deeply, on the old oaken chest.

As he had come, he had shouted wildly to Sir Ralph, and that wakeful soul expectant of danger, rushed headlong into the moonlight. "Great heaven, Phillip ! What meaneth all this ?" The sore struck man answered not, but fell on his knees before the chest, and pillowing his head on that quiet breast, sobbed with the wildness racking convulsions of unutterable despair.

Sir Ralph stood watching, unbidden tears dimming his eyes, as he plucked his short beard, musing sadly.

Stepping forward he touched the crouching figure on the shoulder.

"Look up man, take heart, trouble not so grievously."

"My God, my God," moaned Phillip, "she died by mine own hand ; in the name of friendship, I implore thee Ralph, stab me to the head for life now is rough to me."



“ Nay, nay, my poor fellow ; listen, I speak but one word — ‘ Revenge.’ ”

The mourner started to his feet with sudden excitement, his features working and his fingers tearing at his silken doublet.

“ Revenge — revenge ; ay, hell fire and furies spur my soul, revenge on that foul serpent who hath poisoned my hearts blood. Out sword and let me stain thy brightness in traitorous head.”

Away he sped up the broad oak stairs, down winging passages to his brothers door fast shut. Rushing against this oaken barrier he burst it open, to stumble headlong into a chamber that was tenantless. The avenger gazed around with fierce eyes hoping to light on the quarry crouching in some dark corner, but all was still and peaceful as the moon peered through the latticed window.

Phillip turned to meet Sir Ralph in the passage. “ What now,” he gasped breathlessly, “ Is he not there ? ”

“ Nay, the coward hath escaped, how I know not.”

“ He’ll bring the enemy on us in a twinkling.”

“ God grant he may, for here I stay to sheath this sword in his escaped body.”

“ No, no, run not hastily to certain death, for think ye not that he values not his life enough, well knowing on



whom our vengeance would fall. He'll come surrounded by our foes, and they would bear thee down, ere thou hadst come to reach him."

"What wouldst have me do, for my senses surge and my poor brain whirls too much to bear."

"Why let us fly man ere they come fly for very life to the coast and ship for France ; then slowly but surely in the time to come, thou shallst complete and consummate thy vengeance."

"Ay, thou speakest truly, hie thee to the stables and saddle in hot haste ; I go to tell my grandam, that her grandson is a murderer."

-11-

ROUSED from her slumber by Phillip's entrance, the old lady started up in bed, a crowd of fears sweeping over her.

"Mother," said the young man in a voice pitiful in its dreary hopelessness, "Mother, behold a murderer."

"What, lad," exclaimed the astonished dame, "What sayest thou ; murderer. Art thou mad ?"

"Nay, would that I were ; this night I set a trap to kill my traitorous brother, and cursed wretch that I am, I



have slain my cousin. Come follow and I'll lead thee to her poor pale body."

Trembling, the old lady rose from bed and wrapping a cloak around her followed Philip, mumbling a host of querulous questions. They reached the hall, and at sight of that body lying so still and silent in the moonlight, the old dame burst into tears and flung herself upon the corpse.

"Phyllis, Phyllis," she murmured in broken accents, "sweet Phyllis, dearer to this old heart than any daughter, so good, so dutiful, to die thus in the fresh blood of thy youth. Ah, God, God, hast thou no mercy that this should be."

Starting up suddenly she clutched Phillip's arm with shaking hand and peering with glistening eyes into his face.

"Sayest thou that Richard hath turned traitor and through this devilry thy cousin met her death by thine unknowing hand?" she hissed this fiercely, her eyes burning.

Phillip bent his head in silent acquiescence.

"Look thee grandson, fly hence ere the Round-heads enter, I'll bide with our dead love, for I fear not that traitor nor his miscreant crew.



“ But ” ; here she grasped his arm again with a vice like grip ; “ give thy whole life and soul to some dread deed of vengeance and when thou holdst this serpent in thy power, suck his blood drop by drop banishing for ever the last spark pity from thine heart.”

Phillips spirit blazed up within him under the fire of the old woman's words and seizing his love's hand he took a deep and dreadful oath never to rest again till his depth of vengeance had been paid both full. Then lifting Phyllis in his arms he bore her sadly to her chamber and laid her gently on the bed ; after kneeling silently in prayer for a space, he kissed those cold lips and fled from the room leaving it tenanted only by his grandam and the silent dead. Reaching the stable by the postern he found Sir Ralph ready and waiting ; mounting they rode away, Phillip casting back a look of yearning despair at the black pile behind, before vision should fade from his eyes of those old towers perhaps forever.

They had fled none too soon, for had they disappeared when the foe led by Richard and Captain Halliday advanced up the passage. They approached the open trap and the captain in his eager haste nigh fell down it, being saved by Richard catching him by the belt and dragging him backward.



One by one they sprang across the chamber and emerged safely into the gallery above.

Richard's suspicion had been aroused by the gaping door, and he led them with anxious heart to his brother's chamber. The door crashed inward before their fierce blows, and into the empty room they dashed to find the victims fled.

The cavaliers rode on in silence through the night, their spirit wrapped in gloom ; Sir Ralph spoke not, respecting his friends distress.

As for Phillip his whole existence seemed a blank, but for the one mad thought of revenge which rang hammer-like on his brain. Even in this space a subtle change had stolen over him; gone were the sunny busy-away of youth, the careless smile, and loving glance, and in their place lurked devilry and dread determination.

On they sped in the morose silence, Phillip spurring his steed so viciously anon that the animal bounded in surprise at such rough treatment from his loved master.

When dawn broke they were nigh 40 miles from the Grange, and Sir Ralph was desirous of halting for his throat was parched and his limbs weary ; Phillip was loth to draw rein, but overruled by reason and his friends entreaties, he consented to dismount. Entering a small



inn on a deserted moor they sat them down to a humble meal ; Phillip endeavored to eat in vain and pushing his plate from him in disgust, he wandered out on to the moor and flung himself down amid the heather.

In the distance the sea sparkled as the sunlight kissed the tossing waves, and high overhead a shy-lark piped joyously ; but the man saw or heard naught of this, for before his eyes lay a still form with white face; and sobbing bitterly he buried his head in the sweet heather bloom.

Sir Ralph came to seek his comrade and found him thus. Consumed with infinite pity he cast himself down beside the staking figure, and clasping his arms round the mourners neck, comforted him with all the soft tenderness of a woman.

At last Phillip conquered his grief, and rising with moist eyes and sad drawn features he moved with Sir Ralph towards the inn. The steeds after their rest and good foddering were fresh again, and climbing stiffly saddlewards, they trotted off.

As yet good fortune had marked their steps for scarce a soul had crossed their path before noon they reached a tiny fishing village. Here, after some bargaining they came to terms with a hardy fisherman who for twenty



guineas undertook to land them safe in France.

The man's craft was of fare size, and after much coaxing and heavy labour they got their steeds on board, and about eventide set sail slowly from the land.

Phillip hung sadly over the stern, gazing on the sinking shore ; as he mused it seemed to him that his heart was left for ever in that vanishing land and that a body ruled by stern fatality was being wafted to a foreign shore.

Then the stars crept into the heavens and the sun sank in an ominous glow of roseate fire for over the waters stole the sea bud's mournful cry and the sorrow shadowed man sought his dark cabin below.

Sir Ralph had already ready retired below, for he had no sleep for many hours and was mighty weary, the deck was deserted but for the fisherman, the tiller, and a boy on look out.

-12-

PARIS, queen of cities, was at this period disturbed by party fiends and schemings. Here the crafty Midas Mayarin stood in the great cardinal's shoes, and pulled the strings of government much to his own profit and



advancement. The refugees rented humble lodgings in a squalid quarter of the cities and settled down to an uneventful life, Sir Ralph to dream of the king's future success, and Phillip of revenge.

Most of their time was spent in plotting though for very different objects, it was vain that Sir Ralph entreated and cajoled, Phillip was as a rock immovable in his stern determination. The one object of his life was revenge and when or how it came he cared not, provided that it was complete ; content was he to bide his time and watch sphinx-like the varying fortunes of the strife. Phillip, on the fated day when Phyllis met her death, had wisely concealed about his person, and in the lining of his saddle a goodly sum, well adequate to keep them in comfort for many months.

Soon after their arrival he had purchased a suit of black cloth, also shoes and hose of the same colour, not content even with this he had had the scabbard and kilt of his sword bound in sable velvet, and thus there was no colour but black about his person. Unknown to his friend he had also obtained an outfit of crimson silk which he trusted to wear one day with a dread meaning.

During his exile he had made the acquaintance of but two persons only the one Jesuit priest, and a mysterious



man of science.

Father Ignatuis had made a shrewd guess as in his efforts to gain such a convert to the good cause of Roman though his energy was grievously wasted. For twas not likely that a man who had resisted the implorings of his bosom friends, would give way before the crafty arguments of a Jesuit.

Phillip's other acquaintance, known as Monsieur de Bormeval, he met not un-frequently at a small tavern " Le Musquetaire Nou " in an out of the way corner of the city. The society of the old man was rather pleasing to his distracted spirit, for their natures were harmonious. Sir Ralph detested both these persons with equal intensity, and never ceased from badgering Phillip to prevent him becoming their intimate companion.

France at this disturbed period, became the refuge of numerous royalists, who caused their families thither for safety, they themselves returned to their native land to hazard their lives for a worthless intriguer. Many of these refugees were sunk to the lowest depths of poverty, having with rare fidelity sacrificed even family jewels and heirlooms to fill the mischeiff maw of the king's chest. Yet their affection never waned even with the



proofs of their monarch's dealing before their eyes, and when his death filled Europe with horror, their grief was both deep and sincere.

Nigh two years had passed since Naseby's fight was won and when England's hero dealt a death blow to the cause of tyranny. These years had been shadowed by dire disaster for the king, the defeat of the royal forces at Langport, and the disgraceful surrender of Bristol by Prince Rupert marked the close of this period of unnatural war.

Driven from Oxford by Fairfax's advance and thus compelled to forsake this loyal city, the king after various wanderings, took refuge with the Scots. Here blinded by the groundless hopes he refused to sign the covenant, and was delivered up by his disgusted compatriots to a committee of both Houses, in return for a heavy bribe. This so called saint's character stands blazoned in Cromwell's own words. "The King is a man of great parts and greater understanding ; but so great to dissemble and so false a man, that he is not to be trusted."

The two cavaliers were winding their way slowly up the Rue St. Honore, gazing neither to the right nor the left deeply occupied by their own thoughts. They walked



on in silence till the city was left behind, and wandering down the Seine's banks, they lay themselves down on the grass. Sir Ralph turned and addressed his comrade.

"Phillip I have not told thee that our most loved majesty hath sent a messenger to Paris, to pray all true subjects to bear him and, for he proposes some sudden rising to gain once more the throne."

"False foolish hope," muttered Phillip.

"Nay, we have every circumstance that marks for success, for our foes waste their strength in senseless strife. In three days time a ship sets sail from Havre bound for Thentish shores, and on board are many brace men and true, ready to give their very lives for the king. Willst thou join us?"

"Fore God, no, I've no stomach for fighting."

"Thou painest me, my own friend, come, fling these moody dreams of vengeance to the winds, and have no more to do with that priest who strives to live thee to some cold monastery, to pass thy days in playing tonsured monk. Come, join me in this venture, better to die fighting for one's king than to brood over wrongs and plot and plan for vengeance."

"Thou thinkest so but I do not. True I have been sore



pressed by Father Ignatius to forego the world and rest in the bosom of the church ; but passion tramples on religion, revenge I will have, even if I burn for it hereafter."

" But man," persisted Sir Ralph, " How dost thou expect to get thy revenge by lurking here in France, better return to England and perhaps slay him in fair fight."

" There thou errest, no such faint chances for me ; why I might be pistolled or prisoned or what not before I came across the traitor ; nay nay, I bide my time, though it be years."

" Well if thou art so determined, I'll not waste time in hopeless persuasion, but it grieves me greatly that we who have been trusty comrades for so long, should part at last."

" Old friend, thou takest the words from my lips and leavest them dumb, when dost thou start ? "

" Even tomorrow morn, and should I fall, then think sometimes of thine old comrade. For Phillip, thou hast been dearer than a brother to me, thy joys have been mine, and thy troubles have saddened me as if they had been mine own. Therefore before I leave thee, let me beseech thee to forget thy hate, for it is unworthy of thy noble nature. Once I advised thee wrongly, but now retract in



all sincerity.”

“ Forget my hate, why man thou askest an impossibility, yon river might run blood before revenge should melt from my mind.”

“ Well a willful man will have his way, come, lets back to our quarters, for time flies.”

They arose, and linked arm in arm, pursued their way homewards conversing on the fortunes of the King.

-13-

“ SAY, Ralph, I’ll betake me to the “ Misquetaire Noir ” for a space, there I promised to meet Monsieur.

“ Always Monsieur de Borneval. Phillip I fear the man is no right companion for thee.”

“ Bah, mere prejudice.”

“ Well stay not long, for we have little time before parting.”

Phillips conscience pricked him at leaving his comrade on the eve of departure, but as is often the case, the idea of paining his friends from out of pure perversity gave him a strange sense of pleasure. He proceeded at a brisk pace through the streets, heedless of the life around him, and oblivious of the curious



glances of the passers by, for his striking person aroused attention. The inn was ancient and dilapidated, and Phillip entering the main room found it deserted but for the man he sought. The air was not particularly fresh, smelling strongly of ale and wine, and so low was the ceiling that Phillip had to stoop now and again to avoid striking his head against the smoky beams.

Monsieur de Bormeval was seated at a rough table in a corner, and drawing a chair before the board he sat down and called for wine.

“How is it with thee, friend,” queried the elder, rattling his glass on the table.

“Suck to death of life as usual,” answered Phillip, “my comrade departs on the morrow to leave me desolate and alone.”

“Thou goest not with him then ? ”

“Nay.”

“Wise man, thy noodle’s too good to be cracked for a faithless fool. But come, what puzzles me is why a young cockerel like thyself should prefer a life of dreary seclusion to the revellings that gay Paris affords.”

“The life of a profligate hath no charms for me ; ay, I shall neer find peace on earth.”

“Dost, thou ever by any chance betake thee to that



little Protestant church, folks speak to highly of; I'm no Christian, but thou mightest find the Holy Sacrament a cure for a desperate mind."

"Never; that service appealeth not to me and when I behold the cringing rascals who kneel before God's altar muttering what they do not know and thinking of the safest way to cheat one another my souls sickens within me. Perhaps in the dim solitude of some old pile where reverend silence reigned there might find solace protect from filthy herd."

"Thou speakest hotly, but whom have we here?" A party of five entered the room, evidently half drunken, and by their dress "Gentlemen" of the Queen's guard; they took possession of the largest table and swore lustily at the host, bidding him bring their wine in a twinkling, on pain of a thrashing. The other two paid little attention to these intruders and continued to converse in low tones. At last one fellow more boisterous than the rest, strode across the room and seizing Monseieur de Bormeival by the shoulder, bade him drink with him or be damned for a cuckold.

The old man shook off the fellows grip and started to his feet.

"So ho, old greybeard," roared the drunkard; "keep



thy temper or I'll spit thee."

"Get thee gone, thou cowardly sot," broke in Phillip to put an end to the man's insults.

The bully turned around with a laugh, dashed the contents of his glass in Phillips face.

Down he went to the floor with a crash, for Phillip had struck him with all his strength. Furious at the insult, the man was on his feet again in a truce and drawing his sword, came at his adversary, mad with drunken rage.

It was a weird scene, those two men fighting with grim determination on their faces in the dim light of the chamber, the old alchemist watched the conflict anxiously, but it was soon apparent that his champion would prove victorious being the better swordsman and by far the cooler of the two. The soldier's companions yelled advice and encouragement to their comrade, and in the back ground hung the frightened landlord and his serving men. Then the fight came to an abrupt close, for Phillip ran his antagonist through the sword arm, and his rapier fell clanging to the floor followed by its master.

Now, Monsieur de Bormeval's turn came, and pushing aside the men who hung over their fallen comrade, he ripped up the fellows sleeve to examine the wound.



His face grew serious at sight of the welling blood, for the blade had severed an artery. Seizing the mans arm beneath the shoulder he gripped a certain spot and the stream of blood ceased ; then bidding Phillip grasp the place he indicated, he drew from his pocket a leather case and selected several queer looking instruments.

Choosing an ugly knife he opened the wound more widely, and then inserting his finger felt the severed artery. When he had found it he drew from the case several silken threads and with deft fingers ligatured the vessel ; taking some linen that the host had brought he rent it into strips and bandaged the place, finishing his task by improvising a sling from the soldiers scarf.

The affair had quite sobered the bully, for he arose with rather a shamefaced look, and holding out his left hand to the old man mumbled some words of apology and thanks.

“ Have a care of drink and brawling in the future,” said the anatomist, “ Had I not helped thee thou wouldst have been a dead man soon.”

The party then left the inn, followed shortly by the others. Monsieur de Bormeval took his horse from the groom who had brought the animal to the door, and after thanking Phillip for his timely aid, rode off to his



chateau a few miles from Paris.

Phillip himself wandered homeward, and climbing the steep stairs entered the humble attic.

Sir Ralph had busied himself in packing a small valise and cleaning his pistols ; when his preparations were complete he drew from his pocket a small and well worn bible, and gave himself up as a good soldier should, to prayer and meditation.

On Phillips entrance, he laid the books down and turned towards his friend.

“ Hallo, Phillip, what’s this, hast thou been wounded for there is blood on thy face ? ”

“ Nay, tis merely wine some drunken fool cast at me, and in return I spilt his blood for him.”

“ Thou surely didst not kill him ? ”

“ Nay, I did but ran him through the arm, even then it would have gone hard with him, had not Monsieur de Bormeval been at hand. Believe me Ralph, thou misjudgest that man hard and cold he may be in the eyes of the world but I know him better.

“ I may have mistaken his character, but now the hour is late, so let’s to rest.”



TIS a recognised fact, that when some enterprise hangs over us, we have no difficulty in tearing ourselves from the grasp of sleep ; so it was with the cavaliers for they rose at dawn.

After a hurried meal, they made their way to where their steeds were stabled, and waited about conversing, till the sleepy groom had fastened on saddle and bridle.

Phillip was to accompany his comrade for twenty miles or so and then return to Paris. At length all was ready, and mounting they left the city behind and meeting only at that early hour the village carts carrying farm produce to the market.

Twas early summer, and the hedgerows were fragrant in the fresh morning air ; over the country brooded the peace of early morn, no sound was there, the piping of birds and the clatter of their charger's hoofs up the road. Steadily they rode on for many miles, till after climbing a steep hill they reined in their horses on the summit to give them breath. A small cavalcade was trotting leisurely along the road winding into the valley beneath.

Once more they hastened on, and at the foot of the hill met the party, consisting of an escort and two civilians. When only a few yards separated them, one of the other



party started visibly in his saddle and drew his cloak more closely to conceal his features. The movement passed unnoticed but later the man dropped his cloak giving vent to a sigh of deep relief.

The cavaliers had scarcely glanced at these travellers, nor had they taken the trouble to exchange greetings, being too much absorbed in a farewell conversation.

At last the time came for the old comrades to part, and after a truly touching scene they bid farewell, never to meet on earth again, for Sir Ralph faithful soul that he was, rode to his death.

Phillip sped homewards at a hard gallop, his heart stirred to its very depths by the pangs of parting ; he dwelt on his friends noble and disinterested character, these thoughts only intensified his own utter loneliness. The sky had changed its face from sunshine to storm, as if in harmony with the man's feelings, and through the trees, the wind moaned drearily.

About mid-day he halted at a roadside inn, to refresh himself and his steed ; without stood several horses, waiting patiently in the keen wind. The first room Phillip entered was full of a noisy rabble, and not savouring such company in his present mood, he betook himself to an empty chamber on the other side of the



passage and called for food and drink.

He had scarce finished his meal when the inmates of the other room, poured nosily into the passage, laughing and swearing in chorus. A sharp voice ordered the party to horse, and Phillip impelled by a sudden curiosity, ran to the window and looked out.

The two gentlemen he had met on the road, were conversing in low tones close to the doorway, their sober apparel and absence of ornament, riveted the watcher's attention.

"S'dearth," he muttered, "these are no Frenchmen, that garb bespeaks the puritan desp'ing foppery. Those tones show not the fiery spirit of the Gaul, would that I could catch their words."

At this moment the officer of the escort appeared on the scene, and by his gestures seemed to order them to mount, for they moved towards the horses.

Suddenly a fierce gust carried off the nearest man's slouched beaver, and Phillip as the fellow turned to recover it, started back, recognizing his brother.

Richard for it was he, dashed cursing after his hat, and having donned it once again he scrutinized the windows carefully to discover if any one watched within but he saw not Phillip who had wisely retreated into the shadow



of the room.

“ It paineth me brother Ashton,” snuffled the other puritan, “ that thou a member of our holy order, should curse like some foul malignant. What sayth the Scripture ---- ? ”

“ Hold still thy canting tongue,” roared Richard “ keep thy texts for fools, but meddle not, with me,” then thinking better of it and feeling angry at having betrayed himself into unwise railing, he relapsed into silence.

Then the party spurred from the inn, and took the road for Paris, marked they started long before the avenger who after them, like a sleuthhound on the trail.

The afternoon was far advanced when the party entered the city gates, here the escort stopped, the officer continuing alone with the secret envoys, for such they were. Reaching a quiet inn, the “ Eagle d’Or ” in the “ Rue des Lombards,” they dismounted and delivered their horses to a groom ; but as they entered Phillip marked well the place, and departed his brain on fire with revengeful hopes.

He returned to his lonely attic to find a visitor awaiting him, none other than Monsieur de Bormeval. A strange, yet striking looking man was this old anatomist



and alchemist, his features were moulded as if from stone, the cold callousness depicted on them betrayed of nature in which human feeling had been sacrificed to the pursuit of science.

His clothes were of black, ill fitting and threadbare, and the yellow tint of his skin marked the effect of nauseous vapours and long night watches and by his grizzled beard and locks he seemed well advanced in years though his age might have been anything between 50 and threescore and ten.

“Welcome, friend,” exclaimed the visitor, “the spirit moved me to pray thee a visit.”

“Thou dost honour to my humble abode,” replied Phillip, “what lucky chance hath brought thee hither.”

“Why my friend, I have neer met a man more sited to my taste, thy meloncholy charms me but come thou seemst more fierce and moody than ever, what ails thee my prince of sorrows ? ”

“Naught,” answered Phillip ; then they both relapsed into silence and sat brooding for a space.

“Look ye friend,” suddenly exclaimed Monsieur de Bormeval, “something troubles thee that I can see right well ; never have I been so drawn to mortal man before, but for thee I have no little affection ; true we have met



but seldom, yet confide in me, and if I can give advice thou art welcome."

"I thank thee heartily," replied Phillip, "but my affairs would have no interest for an alchemist."

"Say not so," answered the other, "look ye, confidence begets confidence and I'll confess somewhat that would bring the false priests on me to drag me to the stake; for to them the black arts are like red cloth to a bull."

"T'will be safe with me," murmured Phillip in a listless voice, for his thoughts were wandering in distant paths.

"Hast thou heard of Harvey the anatomist?" Phillip nodded assent.

"Well, I have the words of his marvellous treatise graven on my mind; drunk animals have been sacrificed by scores to my investigations on the circulation, but fate hath denied me my one great wish, power to experiment on a human being. There, now thou hast my secret, betray me if thou willest, if not admit me to thy confidence."

This daring arrival drew Phillip from musings, and glancing up he darted a look of surprise at the speaker, only to lapse into thought again.

Suddenly a terrible thought thrilled through his



brain, making him clench his hands and set his teeth, for the thought was so wild and wicked that it appalled even his fierce nature. Then began a struggle dire enough to shake the balance of the steadiest brain ; passion raged in rampant away against the ranks of humanity and reason, now one prevailed and now the other, but evil hurled goodly feeling out and stood victorious.

The alchemist had sat watching the man before him with curious interest, that some strong struggle was raging, he could see full well, and anxiously he waited the result.

Phillip rose at last and drawing his chain close to his companion, seated himself beside him and said, " Hast thou ever felt the gnawings of revenge ? "

" Ay but once, in by gone years."

" Well thou canst feel for me now. Listen once I was a happy man rejoicing in a maiden's love, master of goodly mansion and wide estates. I had a half brother, a villainous wretch who sought to betray my comrade and myself to the roundheads ; but we suspected him and set a trap which he evaded, Satan damn him, and into that trap fell my loved one to die by this very hand. Over her poor body I swore revenge, and now ah now - willst help me ? "

" Yea, if I can my son but how I cannot see."



“ Listen, listen, the traitor is in Paris ! ”

The old man's eyes shone with the light of a sudden understanding, and they drew their chairs even closer.

There those two men, nay rather devils, sat for an hour or so ; their features contorted in dread ferocity, ever and again to break into a grin of glee as their plotting prospered in the stilly hours of night.

-15-

THE world had treated Richard Ashton well, and there as often, Dame Fortune had smiled on villainy.

Never had a more selfish man plotted for his own welfare, and never to more purpose, for Ashton had crept step by step into Cromwell's confidence, and now was departed as his secret envoy to the count of France. The future Protector could not have chosen a wilier messenger, for Richard's heart and soul were in the work, and into his schemings he threw all the foxy cunning of his nature.

There as he sat in his chamber in the “ Egle d'Or ” sipping his wine and gazing at the throng of passers by and as the sunshine played upon him he felt at peace with the world, for the world had not foiled his wishes. His



brain was hard at work plotting and planning, for he meditated some master stroke whereby to win forever his superior's gratitude and so advance his own ambitions aims. At length his thoughts came round to his brother.

"Thank God," he mused, "the fool did not see me on the road yesterday, though I soon recognised him. Slightly changed since last we met ; he's gone with the other hare brained malignant to singe his wings in the fire.

They'll find it hot in England, hotter than they expect ; heaven bless the friendly sword that cracks my dear relative's addle pate.

Yea, let me consider this blank space who hath been despatched with me, though he be my inferior he is a mighty cunning rogue ; all the credit of this enterprise must fall to me, must did I say, must, nay nay it shall ; and should the fool cross my path, and for my purposes why here's a sword that shall decide all questions."

Then he smiled complacently and gulped down a mouthful of his wine, smacking his lips with an experts relish of a connoisseur.

At this moment the landlord entered bearing a note, which he forthwith handed to his guest, casting at the same time a sharp glance at the Burgundy flask, to discover if haply some wine might remain.



“ A lad brought this note but a minute ago.”

“ Monsieur.”

Richard tore it open.

“ Wait mine hast, should a gentleman come hither to see me, admit him without delay and bring him to this chamber.”

“ Very well, Monsieur.”

“ Now,” murmured Richard “ what have we here.”

“ Come to Le Musquetare Noir in la Rue blank space this day at 5 of the clock, a friend has important news to give thee.” “ Frondeur ”

Ashton perused this several times before tearing it in pieces and flinging the fragments into the fire.

“ Um, I wonder what this portends, shall I go, beshrew me I know not ; um, better go, may learn something of service.”

A stranger was now ushered into the room, and the two men after a short confabulation left the chamber, to descend to the street on their way to the Cardinal’s abode.

Richard’s interview with Mayaun degenerated into a subtle conflict of words, each man endeavoring to worm important information from the other and as they both excelled in the art, neither was an atom the wiser in the



end.

Ashton left the cabinet in a disguised frame of mind, for his plans had had no effect in bringing about an agreement ; but what galled his ambitious spirit most was the shrewd suspicion that his colleague had stolen a march on him unawares.

Late in the afternoon he wended his way towards towards the quarter appointed for the meeting and after several inquiries of passerby, he discovered at length the " Musqueaire Noir."

A closed coach was waiting at the door, and by the horses heads stood a tall fellow dressed plainly as a serving man ; Richard payed little attention to this circumstance, and entering the inn, inquired whether a gentleman waited to see him.

" What's the word, " queried the landlord.

" Frondeur," replied Richard.

" Right, I see thou art the man, follow me."

They proceeded to a private chamber at the back of the house ; the room was ill lighted and Ashton could not see much of the person who advanced to meet him.

" This is the gentleman, Monsieur," continued the landlord, " I'll take good care that ye are not disturbed."

" Cans't speak English," questioned Richard of the



stranger, "for my French savours not strongly of France."

"Ay, I can that, but come be seated and lets to business. Wait."

He moved to the door and shouted to the landlord to bring two tankards of wine, when they arrived he took the tray and placed it on the table.

"Now, friend," exclaimed Ashton, "lets hear what thou hast to tell."

"First grasp my hand and swear good faith; ah that's it, here's to our good agreement."

So saying, he drank deeply and Ashton following his example, seized on his tankard and nigh drained it. The pot dropped from his hand, and gasping he staggered back to fall crashing to the floor.

The other surveyed the fallen man grimly, and after emptying the dregs of Richard cup on the boards rushed to the door shouting for the innkeeper.

"Help, help, this gentleman hath fallen ill."

The startled host hurried into the room, but he had no time for questioning.

"Come, bestir thy fat carcase, and bear a hand for no time is to be lost, I must drive him to his lodgings."

With staggering steps they bore him to the door, and



bundled him rather roughly into the coach ; the unknown stepped in after, and the driver lashing up his horses, they disappeared down the street.

Now God, help thee Richard Ashton for thou out in the power of men who know not pity and whose eyes see blood.

-16-

THE coach rolled on unchallenged through a city gate, and soon reached the open country. The driver drew up in a deserted lane, and climbed down from the box with Monsieur de Bormeval, for it was he who sprang from the interior.

“ Thy disguise suits thee rarely, Phillip,” he exclaimed, “ With those locks of thine shorn close, and that garb of serving man adorning thy person, thy dearest friend could scarce recognize thee.”

“ By God, when I saw the traitor enter the inn, my heart leapt within me, for I half doubted whether he could come.”

“ Ay, he fell into our trap rarely, the fool quaffed the wine utterly unsuspecting foul play, for he was too eager to get hold of my information, ha ha.”

“ Thou art sure Jean blank space will not blab ? ”



“ He knoweth me too well for that, but come lets bind our precious victim.”

They fastened the unconscious man's hands behind his back, and wound stout cords around his legs, so that should he by any chance recover consciousness, he would be unable to move a limb.

“ How long will the potion hold its sway.”

“ Nigh on ten hours, and by then all will be over.”

Phillip broke into a hard cruel laugh, and climbed to the box ; when his companion was safe inside, he drove off at the brisk pace down the lane.

Never did he forget that drive ; the mad whirl of his senses at the thought of that hated traitor lying helpless in the coach, the jolting as the wheels sank deeply in the nuts, the snorting and parting of the steeds, all combined to stamp the scene in vivid remembrance on his brain.

The evening was most lovely, not a cloud floated in the sky above, and not a breath stirred even the most delicate leaf, all was still, still as the grave ; no — faintly on the ear rang a distant angelus.

Dost think the tolling of that bell called those souls to prayer ; nay, they thought of naught but the dark enterprise before them.



The old man leant from the window.

“ Drive faster, faster, night creeps on apace and we have several miles before us.”

Phillip lashed his steeds and the carriage reeled along at risky pace, the bumping and jolting were enough to awaken the dead, yet Richard slept on unheeded.

The country people had wended their way homeward after the days toil and the fields were almost deserted, once or twice they passed peasants who stopped to stare wonderingly at such reckless driving. The interior of the coach was screened by cloth curtains from curious gaze, and thus all chance of discovery was avoided.

At length as the twilight deepened, the chimneys of a chateau peeped above the trees on a neighbouring hillside. This was their destination. Slowly up the hill they drove, through the ruined moss grown gate to the park within ; all was desolate and uncared for, even the drive was thickly covered with weeds.

After passing through a wild tangled shrubbery which bounded and overhung the road, they reached the house ; Phillip sprang to the ground and wrenched open the carriage door.

Monsieur de Bormeval handed him a key ; “ Unlock the portal, for there is not a soul within, I have packed old



Pierre my servant off to his relatives, twenty miles hence."

Phillip after some difficulty wrenched back the rusty lock, and flung the door wide open, stepping across the threshold, inside he found himself in a fine old hall, through the tapestry molded on the wall, and the furniture bore marks of the ruin and decay.

After a hasty survey he returned to his companion, and together they lifted the inanimate body into the hall.

"Come," exclaimed Monsieur de Bormeval, "we must house the coach and stable our horses." "Catch the reins and follow me."

They proceeded to the rear of the house, where the tables like all else were half ruinous, an old clock gazed mournfully from a small turret with hands glued fast by rust, for it had not struck for many a day.

The coach was soon run into its dusty shed, and the horses enjoying or supper after their hard drive, then they retraced their steps to the maintenance and reenetered the hall, and after balling the door the old man led the way to a musty room; here a meal had been laid by the ancient servitor before his departure, so after lighting two solitary candles they sat them down to supper.



“ Art sure the traitor will come to his senses,” queured Phillip.

“ Never fear, his sleep is far too deep for that.”

“ Hast thou everything to hand ? ”

“ Ay, we’ll see to that after the meal ; thou will’st not watch me.”

“ For God no, I’ll bide here, even my hate’s not so vile as that.”

“ Thou shallst behold his dead body in the morning, damn, but I feel as hard and keen as steel.”

“ Thy heart will not fail.”

“ My heart fail me, why thou knowest not to whom thou speakest ; my heart fail me ha, ha,” and the old man chuckled wickedly.

He was a study at the moment, his usually passive face lit up with an enthusiast’s ardour, his eyes glowing and his fingers working in nervous excitement.

Phillip gazed at him curiously and as he gazed the conviction swept over him that he had no need to fear his confederates determination

The old man took a carved pipe from the mantle, the bowl was a grinning death’s head which he had fashioned himself in idle hours, then after filling it he sat smoking in his high backed chair.



“The weed will steady my nerves,” he muttered, “I’m far too excited and excitement would be fatal on a night such as this.”

When his pipe was furnished he knocked out the ash, and bidding Phillip take a candle and follow, he climbed the broad oak stairs down a passage to a massive door, this he unlocked with a key from his girdle and they stepped into the room.

The scene was weird and strange for it was the students laboratory, and work chamber.

Jars, crucibles, earthen pots and strange machines were ranged round the floor and on the shelves in hopeless confusion ; two human skeletons hung from the ceiling as if gibbet, and on the large oak table lay the carcase of a dog.

As the men moved round the room, the candle’s unsteady light fell on a collection of strange objects, skulls, bones, bottled snakes and lizards ; Phillip gazed around in wonder mingled with superstitious fear.

The old heathen noticed his companions trepidation and he smiled, for it touched his vanity. Then, advancing to the table he lighted several candles in a chandelier, and seizing on the dog’s body, cast it contemptuously into a pan. Turning to a bookshelf he



reached down several ponderous times and laid them on one end of the table, and from a drawer he took the instruments he might require.

“All is ready,” he exclaimed, “now for the one great ambition of my life.”

They left that dread chamber and descended to the hall, where Richard lay insensible, snoring like a man in deep sleep. Phillip seized him under the shoulders and Monsieur de Boumeval by the feet ; after much labour they got him up into the room and laid him on the table. Then they unbound his hands and feet and proceeded to strip him, this did not take long for they ripped the clothes from his body with knives, leaving him stark naked.

After this, they started to bind him down, drawing ropes tightly round his feet, thighs, arms and chest, so that he became as it were part and parcel of the table.

The old anatomist laid all his instruments carefully in order, placing ink, a goose grill, and parchment ready to hand ; and lastly he drew from a drawer a well thumbed volume, “Harvey’s Treatise on the circulation.” Phillip Ashton meanwhile stood gazing down on his brother’s face, a peculiar smile lending an unearthly expression to his features.



“ He feelest naught,” exclaimed the avenger in a disappointed tone ; “ death will strike him with too light a hand.”

“ Mon Dieu,” ejaculated Monsieur de Bormeval, “ thou art fierce, friend.”

“ Bah, his pain would be as naught, compared to the mental agony I have endured.”

“ Well, I’m ready to start, art going, tis more comfortable below.”

“ Ay, wait but one moment,” then he laid his hand on his brothers breast.

“ Thou traitorous wretch ; with this very hand, that touched my dead loves fingers ; let the devil seize me when he will, I shall die happy, knowing that thou hast gone before. Here’s thy passport to Hell.”

So saying he struck with his clenched fist the still face before him, and with the countenance distorted by fiendish exultation he fled from the room. The old anatomist left alone, commenced with dread deliberation his cruel task.



PHILLIP paced the empty chamber with hands clenched behind his back, imagining the scene above. Never had human heart seethed with such varied passions ; joy, despair, and hate all joined in his senses made dance, and made them reel and rush in wild disorder.

He saw in his mind's eye every cut the old man made, the spurting of blood ebbing fast away, and the convulsive movements of the victim. His mind was a very purgatory of revenge, and at length worn out by passion, he threw himself down up on the couch to rest, uneasy slumber to dream.

He beheld his brother's shade float towards him, beckoning with ghostly hand and grinning in mockery. The blood seemed congealed within him and his limbs stiffened with fear, but drawn by some irresistible power he followed the wraith to be whirled through illimitable night till his senses left him and he swooned.

When he awoke, twas in a land of wondrous beauty. He stood on a grassy hillside with his brother's shade beside him. In the distance flowed a mighty river, sun-kissed, and rippling, and far away loomed the domes and capitol of a city.



Then the ghost spoke grasping his hand with clammy fingers and peering into his face.

“Thy revenge is null and void, look around thee for this is Hell.” As he finished, fiendish laughter pealed on the air in mockery. Again the shade spoke.

“Gaze on this fair prospect and know that in this land dark Satan reigns, before him bow his multitude of spirit subjects, and here his power shall stand unmatched for ever —— Come follow me.”

Then the dreamer was borne on the air towards the distant city, there to gaze in awesome wonder on the scenes which rose before him. Revelry reigned him Satans court, gaiety and pleasure held undivided sway ; from every region gathered innumerable spirits to their shadowy capitol and home. Some flew from the ever-rolling sea, bearing odious of brine and seaweed, blustering boisterous devils they even as the bellows of the deep. Others came from smoky city and foul smelling street, dingy their attire and then asked man for hard had been their labour ; others streamed in from fairer chimes, one from the shadows of the prickly pinewood, some peaceful valley or the misty grandeur of a rugged mountains stop. Gaily they mingled in the rout, friend met friend and merry tales were told of men destroyed



and heaven cheated. The shade spoke once more, "Ye ask, what means, this gathering of multitudes from unknown planets, far distant stars and the realms of space, wherefore do they revel, and lead the winding dance. Know ye not that when the cycle of earth's seasons is complete, Hell holds a mighty festival to commemorate the ancient triumph of her king and Adam's famous fall."

The king of darkness reclined on a rose couch, holding his court in the garden of the palace ; beside him sat his smiling mistress, open the fair portals of her lips, and gleaming bright within her teeth in wary splendour ; she smoothed his curls and toyed playfully with the golden tongue around his neck. No fear inspiring fiend was Satan, but the man ideal, perfect in form and feature.

The brazen trumpet's blare rent the skies, heralding the approach of Satan's warriors but now returned from harrying mother Earth ; in grin procession they filed before their king the recipients of regal praise and exhortation.

Foremost stalked the gaunt Spirit of Murder, his mighty bulk assayed in sable striped with scarlet ; delicate flowers withered before him stifled by the gory ordour of his garments and on the sword his ponderous feet left marks of blood. To this grim spectre Satan



spake. "Hail thee, friend Murder, thy trade has doubtless flourished judging by thy garments"; thus the fiend answered, "My flaming torch hath flown through all the earth, wars have I raised and bloody battles viewed, the fires of fury have I let in many a heart and laughed in mockery at men's foolish strife. Then in the stillly depths of night as coldly shines the moons pale light, over bloody field I stalk to gloat in wicked joy over shattered corpses and muddy pools of blood."

Here the fiend passed and Richard's shade shrieked in the visionary's ear. "Thy revenge is void, ho-ho-ha-ha."

Then Phillip awoke with a start, a wild shriek and yet another ringing on his ears and echoing through the deserted house. He sat up gazing fearfully around, starting at the shadows on the wall and clammy sweat bathing his face; again and again the piercing cries resounded through the chateau, and Phillip shivered with ghostly horror.

"By God," he grasped, "he must have come to his senses, and I've been dreaming, ugh what dreams," and he trembled still the more.

"S'death my nerves are overstrung, I feel as a child in terror of a ghost."

Suddenly he arose and seizing a candle sped up the



stairs to that awful room ; the door was fast locked, but all was still within ; yet — as he listened, breathing heavily — he could catch a low dismal moaning.

The old man within took no notice of his hammering, so he retired and betook himself again to the room below, to stride up and down, yearning for morn.

At last after weary waiting, a grey light crept into the east, and the birds awoke to twitter greetings to the dawn. From the window into the garden he bared his fevered forehead to the morning breeze. As he paced the grass grown path his nerve returned, and the weird influence of the tragedy passed away in the early sunlight, he almost smiled at the remembrance of his dream, yet the shade's words haunted him.

“ Thy revenge is null and void.”

As he turned in his walk at the extreme end of the path, he beheld Monsieur de Barneval stepping from the window in search of him, and eager to hear the results, he hastened to meet his confederate.

The old anatomist's face was as the face of a man who has passed through some terrible scene, his features were worn and haggard yet his eyes shone with the gladness of success.

“ Well,” questioned Phillip in a voice betraying keen



interest.

“Dead,” was all Barmeval said, and re-entering the room he proceeded to the chamber of death followed by his companion.

They entered the room together ; Phillip stepped forward to raise the cover but Monsieur de Barmeval with an oath seized his wrist.

“Gaze not on those features for they would freeze thy blood, even I hardened sinner that I am, can scarce look up on them.”

“Didst hear my knocking ? ”

“Ay, but twas not likely that I would admit thee, for time was precious, and the sight would have driven thee mad.”

“Were thy researchings successful ? ”

“Ay, perfectly, look,” and the old man held up a sheet of parchment covered with notes and diagrams. Phillip was amazed at the cool brain that could thus set down facts, while an agonised wretch was in his death throes close by.

“Allons,” exclaimed Monseur de Barmeval “help me to bind the body in this cloth, for we must bear it downstairs, and dispose of it safely.”

Bending the corpse in its wrappings and carrying it



silently down the stairs ; the hall they laid it down for a space, while Barmeval unbarred the door, bidding Phillip accompany him.

He led the way to the stables and entered a small outhouse, taking a pick and mattock from nails on the wall, he handed them to his companion, muttering, " I'll show thee the grave."

Pacing the stable yard, he chose a certain spot and pointing to it, bade the other set to remove the stones. Phillip worked hard and willingly, dragging the stones from their earthly bed till a space three feet square was cleared, then he threw down his pick and took to the shovel.

The hole was scarce a foot deep when his spade rang on a metallic surface, the old man gave a grunt of approbation and bade him clear the earth away. An iron door was now laid bare and Phillip by Barmeval's directions seized on an iron ring and after a vigorous pull, lifted the trap upwards.

" Take care that ye slip not," exclaimed Barmeval, " for thou wouldst fall to a far more fearful region."

Phillip turned the damp rusted door back on its hinges and gazed into the dark hole that yawned beneath ; the old man took a stone from the ground and dropped it into



the darkness, after several seconds they heard a dull splash besounding from the depths.

“Tis a disused well,” said Monseieur Barneval.

“I alone know of its existence, twill answer one purpose rarely.”

They retraced their steps to the hall and lifting the corpse from the ground, carried it by the binding ropes to the mouth of the pit.

“Quick, in with it,” he exclaimed and Phillip with eager hand shoved it half over the edge, for a second it hung tottering and then vanished in the darkness ; then Phillip sprang forward like one possessed and closed the iron door.

With mad haste he shovelled in the earth, and stamped the stones in place, and after carrying the tools back to the shed, he returned thoughtful towards his companion.

“And now friend,” said Monsieur de Barneval, “let us partake of some food, for hunger persists in spite of science and revenge.”

They made their way to the room where the remains of last night's supper lay, and seating themselves, ate heartily as if forgetful of the terrible deed they had perpetuated.

“What are thy plans now, my son,” ejaculated the old



man between his mouthfuls.

“ I shall betake myself to Paris with all speed, and then consider further.”

“ Where didst put my clothes ? ” he asked.

“ Safe in the coach, and thy horse in the stable.”

“ Besheve me, but I vouch he noticed a difference when thou didst ride him here.”

“ Ay, he was impressed by my person, being used to so heavy a lout.”

“ Well Sir anatomist, I’m off to doff these low groom garments, and don a more becoming garb.”

So saying he strolled to the stable and after routing out his every-day clothes from the coach, changed at leisure in the sunlit yard ; he preferred the yard for he could gaze at the spot beneath which the traitors body lay. Thus arrayed once more in his stable costume, he saddled and led the animal to the main gate. Monsieur de Barneval was resting on a stone seat, contentedly smoking his curious pipe and ruminating on his nights work.

Phillip took a careless farewell and rode off down the drive with the old man’s “Au revoir,” ringing in his ears.

“ Perchance we may meet again,” he soliloquised, “ but for myself, I trust not.”



-18-

PHILLIP careered gaily along the road towards Paris, the morning breeze and nature's freshness filling him with a feeling of buoyant freedom.

The one stern object of his life was accomplished, and his revenge satiated to the full ; in riotous joy he sang at the top of his voice, carolling old cavalier songs and love ballads promiscuously. Never had he felt so light hearted, and waving his hat in his hand he cried, “ Phyllis, Phyllis, thou art avenged, thanks be to God, thanks be to God.”

As he neared Paris he cooled down and rode soberly through the streets. Suddenly bells rang from many a tower and steeple, for twas the Sabbath, and Phillip blessed the bells for they seemed to chime greetings to his glad soul.

After stabling his horse, he made his way to his attic and shutting the door, knelt before a chest ; with grim joy he drew forth his crimson garb and flinging off his dark clothing, donned the other of sanguinary hue.

He wandered out into the streets.

For some time he strolled about aimlessly amid the



Sunday throng, till he happened to pass an open church door, the chanting stole out melodiously on the air and impelled by a sudden fancy, he entered and seated himself amid the worshippers.

Rising to his feet he joined in the chant singing the words that rose to his lips and utterly oblivious of the curious glances of the people around him. At length, the congregation sank to their seats, and a priest came forth to deliver a homily. With clear and sweet ringing voice he gave out his text, "I will revenge, sayth the Lord," and Phillip struck by the preacher's words started suddenly in his seat, expectant and listening.

The worthy father preached nobly and well, not a cavilling or virulent attack on some rival order or party, but a sermon teaming with tender and touching appeals ; eloquently he besought the people to forego degrading passions, brawlings and duellings, waving fiery in his condemnation of the last named practice, and deploring the false hollowness of the times.

One soul in that congregation was stirred forcibly to its very depths by the impassioned preacher ; that soul was Phillip Ashton.

Every word and sentence that flowed from those eloquent lips seemed hurled at him, to sting like



ravening flames and leave a smart behind. There he sat with head sunk up on his breast, all his vile joy was gone and in its place reigned agonised remorse and bitter accusation.

At last the priest concluded his discourse and slowly the crowd filed from the church, but Phillip moved not from his seat, wrapped in terrible musings. When the place was deserted and empty, he staggered up the aisle and cast himself headlong before the altar, a miserable penitent and supple cant for pardon.

All the glory of revenge had faded, and now in his agony he beheld himself a fratricide, a ruthless murderer, and was filled with horror at his fearful deed. There in that still place shrouded in sacred dimness, he lay writhing in agony of soul ; pray he could not for his heart was too overwhelmed with a server of its own foulness.

Again and again he dashed his fevered head on the cold altar steps, as if to deaden mental by physical pain, but all to no purpose and in the anguish of despair he cried aloud on the Almighty to have mercy and strike him dead.

For some time he lay thus, and at last rising he tottered from the church to the thronged hot streets and moved swiftly as in a dream, unknowing and uncaring.



The passersby gazed in amazement at this scarlet clothed figure with white drawn face ; but the man saw and heard naught, for within the fierce voice of conscience whispered " Murderer, murderer," and on he staggered in torment.

At length he found himself in the country and leaving the road he plunged into a wood and cast himself down amid the bracken. This he lay for hours, the fir fronds waving in the breeze above, and flowers and grass blades caressing his hot face ; all around was the busy hum of insect life and amid the trees the birds carolled thoughtlessly.

Then in his seething brain rose a sudden inspiration, welcome as a guiding star to the storm tossed mariner, and he muttered in a husky voice.

" Yea, so be it; I will wander home to die on my dead love's grave."

-19-

RICHARD ASHTON'S mysterious disappearance aroused such speculation.

True, Jean Guinouise innkeeper of the " Musquetaire Nou " had some inkling as to a certain person falling



into the hands of two of his guests ; but that Richard Ashton and the unknown were one and the same person perhaps never entered his mind, or even if it did, he maintained a discreet silence.

Richard had been traced as far as the inn, but here all came to an end, for Mayarin's emissaries could chance on no further clue, and at last they gave up the search in despair. Master Willat now invested his own person with the supreme authority and continued the negotiations with some little success ; indeed certain persons attributed Ashton's disappearance to the agency of his colleague, but the worthy Puritan was able to prove the fallacy of these accusations.

Shortly afterwards he returned to England full of his intrigues and eager to announce the mysterious loss of his colleague ; Cromwell was puzzled, uncertain whether his emissary was in truth dead or alive, but he initiated Willat into the vacancy, well knowing the man's ability and ready fund of knowledge.

Yet Phillip's repentance was both deep and lasting, the mental torture he endured from the pangs of remorse, far eclipsed the agony he felt at his love's death.

When he returned to his attic after those hours of bitter agony, the first thing he did was to send the gaudy



garments from his person and don the discarded suit of black. Then after paying his reckoning and preparing for his journey on the morrow, he examined his stock of money and found that more than sufficient remained to carry him safely home.

This done, he knelt by his humble bedside and spent the hours of night in prayer and supplication. When day dawned he partook of a hasty meal, and in those early hours left the gay city forever; every mile passed seemed to afford him relief, for his wounded spirit panted to escape from places teeming with such terrible associations.

The road was the same by which he had accompanied Sir Ralph but four days before, and as he passed the very inn and gazed at the window from which he had beheld his brother, he groaned inwardly ; cursing himself for not having taken his friends goodly advice.

Later he passed the spot where they had taken a last farewell and the remembrance almost overpowered him. As he thought of his comrade, the image of Monsieur de Bormeval rose before his eyes like an evil demon, and the contrast between the two men struck him most forcibly, for one seemed as an angel of light and the other of darkness.



He rode slowly and sadly for the steed caught his master's spirit and trotted with listless stride.

Phillip made his way to the quay on business bent ; after wasting some time in inquiries he was piloted by an ancient and loquacious salt to a vessel lying at the extreme end of the quay where the old fellow hailed her master lustily.

“ Ho, Jacques mon amie, I have brought hither a gentleman that would speak with thee.”

The person thus hailed emerged from below, and crossing the plank, stepped on shore, doffing his woollen cap to the stranger ; meanwhile the old fisher had taken himself off and left them alone. The captain of the lugger “ La Belle Mane ” was a splendid type of sailorhood ; his hair and bushy beard were black and beneath his eyebrows a pair of laughing eyes twinkled merrily. His rough sailor's garb showed to advantage the muscularity of his limb, nor masked the breadth of his massive chest ; indeed the man's whole appearance betrayed a genial yet stout nature, and Phillip felt well satisfied after his momentary survey.

“ Canst speak our language, Monsieur ? ” inquired the sailor, in his native tongue.

“ Ay,” replied Phillip, “ even as thyself.”



“ Good,” ejaculated the other ; “ now by my Lady of Ronen I shrewdly suspect thy wants, is it for England.”

“ Thou hast guessed right well ; canst carry myself and my steed to the coast of Wales ? ”

“ Ay, the weather’s dirty, parbleu, that’s naught.”

“ So be it, tell me thy charge, and at what hour thou wishest to set sail.”

Coming to terms, Phillip returned to the inn in haste to make preparations. After his departure Jacques set to work with his small crew to get everything into order ; as he spliced the broken rope and muttered to himself “ Poor fellow ”, he looketh sadly ill and troubled ; “ ‘ Holy Mother ’ how worn that suit of black seemeth, bah, a cavalier of course, and their pockets don’t bulge with gold. Another fine fellow returning to risk his life for that puppy of a king ; damn, but I haven’t the heart to take his money.”

Here he broke off, beholding Phillip leading his steed along the quay after some trouble mingled with much cursing they got the faithful charger safely stowed on board and before noon they glided from the shore and bore out for the open sea with a good breeze bowling over the waters, the coast of France soon melted dimly away in the distance.



The wind already stiff, freshened considerably and shifted more to the North west and before the afternoon was out it was blowing a gale, promising to become even worse.

Tearing over the waves ploughing their crests of seething foam and sinking into the hollow troughs beneath, to rise high in the air as some rushing monster lifted the vessel's stern and bore her onwards on its mighty bosom. Through the black night they tore apace, scarce knowing whither they were being driven, so dense was the darkness ; while all around the wild waves roared and tumbled, and the wind shrieked through the rigging.

Twas a weary time for the mariners on deck, for death hovered above in the storm clouds and lurked in the tossing deep, ever ready to seize and bear them from the world. Twas wearier still for the wretched man below, deadly sick in the dimlighted and suffocating cabin. At length the grey light of dawn crept over the sky, driving the spirit of darkness from the world of waters, and as the gloom melted the storm fiend abated his fury, and the waves weary of their lashing by the winds sank to sleep in an undulating swell. Then in the distance gleamed the white cliffs of Britain, and weary Jacques rejoiced



for he recognized the shores of Kent.

Diving to the cabin he laid his hand on Phillips shoulder.

“ Come Monsieur, the night has been terrible, but thanks to our ‘ Holy Mother ’ we are safe and well ; will it trouble thee much if we land thee at the Thambse’s mouth, for the storm has driven us far from our course ? ”

“ I care not where,” groaned Phillip.

The mariner departed but soon returned with food, which he pressed the sick man to partake of, but Phillip thrust it aside impatiently. Honest Jacques climbed on deck again.

“ Our poor cavalier is sore sick,” he exclaimed “ refuseth even good wholesome food, I pity him.”

They sailed on steadily round the shores of Kent, and in the afternoon entered the mouth of father Thames, then they steered for the Essex coast, and brought to about a mile and a half from the shore.

The storm had vanished as suddenly as it came, and the waters were almost like a lake and the ceasing of the vessels rolling afforded Phillip relief.

Jacques proceeded once more below to warn Phillip of their arrival and prepare him for disembarking.

“ How fares my steed ? ” asked Phillip.



“ The poor brute’s had a rough time, but he eateth ravenously and that I hold to be a goodly sign.”

“ Canst put us both ashore ? ”

“ Ay, the tide runs out for a mile, and we can land thee on the mud ; tis firm and thou canst ride in safety to the land.”

“ The sooner the better, how long before ebb ? ”

“ Tis nigh out now, thy steed shall be harnessed for ferrying.”

Phillip lay still again but the bumping, stamping and swearing above he could tell they were at work upon his luckless steed ; he did not half relish the adventure as he gazed fearfully at the waters. Phillip clambered stiffly over the side and took his place, and was ferried slowly to the waters edge.

Here Phillip bade farewell to the sailors and mounting with difficulty, for he felt weak and sick, he rode slowly across the mud, his steed eyed the oozy ground in disdain and planted his feet daintily, not relishing such a treacherous road.

The wooded coast loomed in the distance, rising nigh one hundred feet above the strand ; twas a most desolate region and scarce a dwelling was in sight but for the old grey stone tower of Leigh church peering from a hill top



higher up the river. Still further in the distance the battlements of Hadleigh castle stretched their ruined grandeur to the sky. Phillip at length reached the shore and after some trouble discovered a rough pathway leading through the undergrowth up the cliffs to the country above. Feeling weary he dismounted and sat himself down beneath a spreading oak, and bearing his hot forehead to the breeze, he gazed over the dreary expanse of mud.

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THE sun was setting with unwanted splendour ; and in all the glory of the Essex sunset.

The storm of the night before had vanished utterly and perfect peace ruled over the earth. There in the distance, the lugger was spreading her white sails to the breeze, and the dying sunlight tinted the mud with golden hues. Phillip mused on, communing with his heart in the evening stillness ; at last he was roused by his steeds soft nose rubbing his cheek, so mounting he rode inland across a wooded waste and beheld scarce half a mile distant, the stately Norman tower of Prittlewell's old church.



The bells were ringing for a vesper service and in spite of the anarchy of the times, village life ran its uneventful course as of yore.

He passed the hamlet, leaving the old Priory, nestling in its circle of hoary trees, on the right, and after a short ride approached the more important village of Rockford.

He had overrated his strength however, for mental strain together with sea sickness had utterly prostrated him, and he could scarce keep his seat. He rode up the hill to the village, reeling in his saddle, his brain burning, and his pulses throbbing feverishly.

The latticed, creper curtained, windows of the "Golden Dragon," inn and hostelry, overlooked the market place of his sleepy village on the Rock. The market square was well nigh deserted at this evening hour, but for a group of loungers in a far corner. On the broad sills of the inn, windows stood boxes of flowers, sweet and old-fashioned, and over one of these boxes bent a trim figurer robed in a russet gown.

Phillip drew soon before the inn touched by its homely aspect, he could have shed tears of joy at beholding a good old English village once again, but he felt too ill for tears. He spied the figure before the window and



cried in a weak voice.

“ My fair maid, prithee can a weary traveller find rest in this hostelry.”

The girl turned to gaze at the stranger, and was struck with pity at the sorrowful pallor of his features, for their infinite sadness fascinated her. At last she found her tongue and answered.

“ Yea, truly sir, pray dismount for thou lookest tried and weary ; I’ll call Dame Warner my mother. Wait ; Dan Hackblock, hasten hither and take this gentleman’s horse.”

She tripped lightly in doors, while stockheaded Dan the ostler, came running from a yard to take the guest’s steed.

Phillip tumbled from the saddle rather than dismounted, and he would have fallen had not the astonished groom caught him and supported him as he staggered to a seat beside the doorway.

“ Hold up, master,” he exclaimed encouragingly, “ thou seemst rare weak, dost feel ill ? ”

Phillip answered not, but lay prostrate on the bench. The worthy dame now hurried from the house followed by her daughter, and on seeing the man huddled on the seat, she gave vent to an exclamation of pity.



“ Lord save us, my poor fellow, thou seemst in a parlous state,” and stooping down she felt Phillip’s fevered brow, while the fair Dorothy looked on in sympathy.

“ Come Dan, bester thee thou lazy loom, and help me bear the poor gentleman in doors.”

Together they raised Phillip and carried him slowly up the narrow stairs to a chamber above ; here they laid him on the bed and drew off his heavy riding boots and sword belt.

“ Hie thee Dan to Master Rawke the lerch and bid him come with all speed, now get thee gone.”

“ I wonder who tis,” exclaimed the dame to her daughter ; “ he looks rare ill and troubled ; some poor cavalier forsooth, returned to risk his neck, but  
\*\*blankspace\*\* he shall be safe in my house, for I like the lad’s face.”

Dorothy made no reply, but took Phillip’s hot hand in his own, and laid her other on his fevered brow ; wearily he moaned and she gazed pitying on his pain drawn features.

At length the lerch arrived, and with learned air set to examine his patient; he grew mighty grace in a twinkling and turning to the women spoke in serious tones.



“ The man’s in for a burning fever, if I mistake not, he will be raving before midnight ; the heat of the sun must have struck him down.”

Then pondering, he stood silent for a space. “ Listen,” he exclaimed, “ Mistress Dorothy, get thee downstairs and prepare moist bandages for his brow.”

When the girl was gone, he and Dame Warner proceeded with must difficulty to undress the sick man, and get him settled in bed ; when Dorothy returned with bandages she bound them round Phillips hot head, and smoothed his pillow with dainty fingers.

“ Watch carefully,” continued Master Rawke, “ I will hie me home and prepare a cooling potion of herbs, then I’ll return with all alacrity.”

So saying he departed on his way and left Phillip to the tender care of the two women.

All that night Phillip tossed in his bed in the grasp of delirium. His brain worked on naught but the dread events of the last week, and he swore and muttered a thousand fearful things.

“ There is a hell,” he shrieked, “ there is a hell, ha-ha-, I see him burn. Quick in with him - listen - to the splash, there didst hear it. Dead, ay dead, dead, dead.”

Master Rawke and Dame Warner sat beside the bed



listening to his ravings ; the old woman shivered as some fearful oath or speech came from the sick man's lips, and gazed inquisingly at the lurch.

" He's viewed some terrible scenes," muttered that worthy, " I've seen such cases before, but never such a one as this."

" Dost think he will be spared ? "

" That I cannot tell thee, ask God."

Then they relapsed into morose silence, to keep vigil through the hours of night.

Fate had borne Phillip to the most dangerous region of Britain for Essex and the eastern countries were mad for the Parliament and it had gone ill for him but the Dame Warner's motherly protection.

The king though a prisoner was in the very thick of intrigue, and a general uneasiness prevailed among the Puritans, for they dared not trust Charles, knowing how false and unstable a man he was. A picturesque and important village was Rockford in those times, for it gave a name to a " Hundred " and was the axis on which the life of the surrounding country turned.

To the west lay the old Hall amid its hoary ring of sentinel oaks. Twas the family residence of the Boleyns and within its ancient walls hapless Anne first saw the



light. Now it was desolate and empty but for one or two old servants who tended the place with faithful hands while the owner was paid the penalty for his loyalty by exile. Close by the Hall in a wooded meadow stood the old red brick church with its square massive and lofty tower, and nestling around, it's brood of stony graves. Prittlewell loomed in the distance and these two towers peered across the country to peal their bells on Sabbath morns as if in joyful converse.

Neither of these edifices rivalled in importance the hostelry of the "Golden Dragon"; for here it in this quaint homely building Dame Warner ruled her little kingdom with an iron hand, imposing rigid rules of cleanliness, sobriety and order. At even all the local worthies would betake them to her parlour and seated by the oaken tables would talk and smoke til the rafters were clouded in tobacco fumes. In spite of the disturbed nature of the times they still kept up this custom, and one evening a few days after Phillips advent, they were chattering to their heart's content in the snug parlour.

A sour and elderly individual who combined the duties of clerk and sexton, occupied the large oak chair or seat of honour. He stood very high in his own estimation, did Saul Bragg, and surely he was the person to know his own



merits best. Words of wisdom, spoken of by unappreciative souls as musty truisms, were ever falling from his lips, and he took a deep delight in mouthing some hoary proverb and sending it forth as a mightily original piece of philosophy. The other members were the village cobbler, two or three yeomen, a fat butcher and several humble individuals, looked down on by the rest as beings of a very inferior stamp.

They were discussing many well worn topics, among them the disturbed nature of the times and the base intriguing of the king. Master Bragg gave his opinions in a majestic way, silencing all rivals by his flowery rhetoric. "If he were Noll Cromwell he would do such and such things ; what, Holles ? bah ! Talk of Holles, a fool, a dullard, and by Jeremy no politician at all. No, No, give me Cromwell, old Noll's the boy for me."

Had the censured person heard these revilings issuing from so learned and worthy throat as that of the clerk of Rockford, he would have expired at the contumely heaped upon by so mighty a soul. But luckily for Holles, the great man's words though bearing deep weight in his nature village, remained hidden in that small community. Saul being now full under way and master of the conversation, continued with an air of deep



importance and mystery.

“ That old rogue Roger Cochran of Porter’s Grange, ought surely to be spied upon, he plotteth mischief or I’m no true man.”

No one disputed this statement of the worth clerk’s so he continued.

“ Seargent Martin of the troop at Rayleigh, seth to me ; ‘ look ye here Saul Bragg, I have rare respect for thee as a man to be trusted. Mark me, I have on authority, tidings of some person in high office being dispatched hither to pry into the said Roger Cochran’s affairs.’ Now there’s something for thee to chew the cud over.”

A buzz of interest ran round the circle at this announcement, for something fresh offered itself for conversation and they rejoiced accordingly.

“ When cometh our man hither,” inquired the cobbler.

“ That I know not,” replied Saul, spitting on the floor before pulling hard at a tankard of ale.

“ But listen, I have more to tell ye ; I have shrewd suspicions that the fellow sick in the room above is a foul malignant who trusted to plot with Cochran at the Grange, but the almighty struck him with correcting hand, and cast him from the way of sin.”

Dame Warner entered the room during the delivery of



his speech, and catching its drift and meaning fired up in righteous anger.

“What sayest thou Saul Bragg,” she cried; “slandering my guest in mine own parlour; ye’d better shut that ugly mouth of thine or by Lady Ann’s ghost I’ll neer have thee in my house again.”

“Why dame,” whined the clerk; “every honest man may set forth his opinions.”

“Honest man, bah — thou cowardly rascal speaking ill of a poor fellow scarce snatched from the hands of death, and weak as any child, shame of thee.”

The clerk cowered before her anger and making a hasty excuse, escaped from the inn cursing all women and committing them to distant regions. His companions had sat in silent astonishment during this encounter and when the mighty bombast fled, they were filled with amazement and joy at Master Bragg’s worsting, for never had such an event happened in the memory of man.

“Look ye,” continued the enraged dame, “If I hear ought of any man among ye spreading this vile report, he never enters the “Golden Dragon” more.”

Then she flounced from the room, conscious that she had done her duty by her sick and unknown guest.



FOR a full week the fever held its sway till expelled by the leech's skill, reinforced ably seconded by Phillip's hearty constitution, the demon fled and left the sick man weak but safe.

Dame Warner had been drawn strangely to this unknown being, perhaps because her only son had been slain early in the war and her heart leaped out to this young fellow, so lonely and so weak. Thus she mused him with the care of a mother, cooling his brow, moistening his lips and watching by his bed at night.

The fair Dorothy also never tired of pitying Phillip, and wondering who he was and whence he came ; a dangerous subject for a maiden heart to ponder on, for nothing is more subtle to steal a maidens love than pity.

Phillip thus fallen into sunny paths rapidly mended, and before long he was carried in to the garden to enjoy the fresh odorous air and bask in the warm sunlight. Dorothy would often sit beside him, working with busy fingers, and singing simple ballads and minstrel lays, for it gave the sick man infinite pleasure to listen to the voice of this sweet village maid. As for Dorothy, she was never happier than when sitting beside the stranger in that rose mantled arbour, talking and singing to her



heart's content.

Phillip waved in strength day by day, and as the glow of health returned to his cheeks, and the fond girl marked the change with joy and dreamt sweet and happy visions of the future as her love bloomed for the man beside her.

One day slightly before noon, a stranger drew rein before the inn and springing from his steed, strode to the door where Dame Warner met him and with a curtesy prayed him to enter.

He was of middle height, with clear features remarkable for their sharp intelligence and shrewdness ; yet their expression though slightly cunning was nevertheless amiable and trusty. His dress was the simple one universally worn by followers of the Parliament, consisting of plain black cloth, dusty as after much riding.

He inquired of the worthy dame whether she could accommodate him, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he betook himself to the empty parlour and prepared for a hearty meal. The dame set a plentiful repast before him and made as if to depart, but he called her back and bade her be seated for he wished to interrogate her.



“ I have been told,” he said, gazing steadily at Mistress Warner, “ That thou hast a man habited in this thy house, suspected to be a cavalier, it true ? ”

“ I know not,” replied the dame much perturbed at the question and thinking that sly Saul Bragg had been up to some devilry.

“ Well.” said the stranger carelessly.

“ All I know is,” she continued, “ that a poor gentleman rode to my door, nigh sick unto death, and out of womanly pity, I took him in and nursed him through a perilous illness, even now he is far from recovered. But master, think me not rude, but may I ask by what authority thou questionest me thus.”

“ By the authority of my superior, General Cromwell.” The dame gasped, fearing much for her favourite.

“ But mark me,” continued the stranger, “ I am but a common wayfarer in the eyes of the world, and my purpose leaneth not to the persecution of a poor wreck, be he cavalier or no, so keep thy counsel.”

The dame much relieved, was effusive in her protestations of secrecy, but the stranger little heeding them applied himself eagerly to the vittles on the board.

When he had eaten his fill, he strolled to the garden and attracted by the look of the arbour, he made his way



thither to come face to face with Phillip. They both started and gazed at one another curiously, then the stranger entered and seated himself on the bench beside the cavalier.

“ I have heard of thee,” he began “ art thou not the good dame’s patient.”

“ Yea truly,” replied Phillip closing the book that was on his lap and which the other saw to be the “ Bible ” ; “ yea, she hath been as a mother to me, may God recompense the good soul for I cannot.”

“ Ay, she seemeth a motherly soul. Thou lookest thin and weak.”

“ My spirit hath wandered for many a day before the gates of death, little wonder then that I am a skeleton ; but come sir, may I ask who thou art, for thou seemst kindly disposed.”

“ O, a wayfarer, a traveller born hither and thither by the hand of circumstance. Tis strange, but I seem to have seen thy face before, or one rare like to it, but the other’s hair was black ; didst ever known a man named Richard Ashton ? ”

Phillip sank back, gasping on hearing the fated name he had striven to banish from his memory, for the fever had in no wise blotted his mind.



The stranger leaned anxiously forward and laid his hand kindly on Phillip's arm.

" Pardon friend if I have pained thee, how I cannot see ; but ye are marvellous alike."

" Man, I was his brother."

Twas the others turn to start in astonishment and exclaim in wondering tones.

" But he hath disappeared, no man knoweth whither."

" Ay, speak not of him for the love of God, his memory maddens me."

" I never knew he had a brother."

" Nor would he, if he had had his way."

" Some mystery hangeth here, or I'm a dullard."

Phillip pondered for a space, then with resolution muttered, " I slew him, trouble not how."

In hurried tones he related his wrongs, hatred and revenge and lastly his penitence. " For," confirmed Phillip, " I have no more joy in my life, the world is dead to me ; thou hast this knowledge, do with it what ye will, for I care not."

The other bent forward eagerly and seizing Phillips hand, exclaimed. " Had I been in thy place, I should have done likewise."

Phillip answered not, for his emotions overpowered



him.

“Yea by God, I repeat it,” exclaimed the unknown vigorously, even fiercely. “In this thine history, I mark the strugglings and fearful anguish of a fiery soul. Be ye cavalier, thou art a man, a true one too, and as to betraying thee, why I were a foul traitor.”

“I thank thee for thy sympathy, my one poor aim is to seek the green grave where my love lies sleeping and die in peace. God grant me this my last wish.”

“Ay, God grant thee it, if it so please thee, and by heaven if I can help thee so I will.”

“Thou art a strange man,” exclaimed Phillip grasping the unknown’s hand ; “t’would seem as thou hadst no pure duty.”

“Nay though a Roundhead, I’m no narrow minded clog ; just I strive to be, and so striving, my duty is to succour a soul in need.”

“But I marvel at thy nature, for rarely is such a one found on earth, but how didst known my brother.”

“Why, we were fellow envoys to the court of France.”

“What ! ”

“Ay, from Cromwell ; Ashton vanished in a mysterious way, we traced him to the “Musquetaire Noir”, but there those knowest the rest.”



“ Didst notice two travellers at a hill’s foot on the Rouen road to Paris ? ”

“ Ay, I have a faint remembrance.”

“ I was one of them.”

“ The devil, but that is a strange coincidence. Ah now, I perceive how thou didst discover him. Certes but thou didst me a rare good turn by killing the rascal ; um — but he was too great a villain to live long. Well I must be about my business, fear not for your secret is safe in my keeping ; are thee well for a while, we are fellow guests.”

So saying, Master Willat strode back to the inn bent on commencing an important enterprise he had on hand.

Meanwhile Phillip mused on the stillness of the garden, much moved by this strange interview, and lighter in heart at having unburdened his sorrows to a fellow creature.

ROGER COCHRAN of Porters Grange, distant four miles from Rockford, was a person hated and suspected by his Parliamentary neighbours. His sympathies lay deeply with the royalist cause, and many were the secret plots



he had fabricated all to melt away as the morning mists, for the antagonistic character of the surrounding country completely nullified his efforts.

He was a grey headed old fellow of fine physique and character, a philosopher in his way and utterly contemptuous of danger. The Grange tallied well with its master, for the Elizabethan picturesqueness of the old building suited the romantic character of the cavalier.

Even now he was plotting secretly, and in a deep cellar below the house lay arms and powder, landed on dark night by a vessel from France ; still he waited expectantly for some confederates who were to arrive by sea and join in some harebrained enterprise.

Now worthy Master Willat had in some way known only to his cunning self, wormed out the secret of this rebellious Grange ; and he planned accordingly a sudden surprise to net the intriguers and bear them safely to confinement.

So after spending several days in crafty searchings, for not a soul in the neighbourhood had a notion of his true character except Dame Warner and Phillip who kept their own counsel ; he determined to bring matters to a head. He sent secretly to Chelmsford for a troop of horse,



bidding them enter Rockford after dusk and keep their coming hid.

Late one evening as Phillip sat at his bedroom window, he was startled by the sound of trotting steeds ; lo and behold a troop of his old friends, the Ironsides, drew rein before the inn.

He watched from his post of vantage in keen interest, and soon out came Master Willat booted and spruced ; he mounted a horse that was waiting and took the lead, then the troop rode on up the street, their accoutrements jingling merrily.

“ What the devil’s their game, ” muttered Phillip, repeating unconsciously the queries of several onlookers who gazed inquisitively after the fast retreating troop. But Master Willat knew his own game and was determined to succeed at all hazards.

They proceeded on their way, and skirting any hamlet that lay in their path, they halted half a mile or so from the Porters Grange, and dividing into four parties, approached warily so as to encircle the place on all sides.

When the fatal circle was complete, the troopers tethered their horses, and after looking to the priming of their muskets and loosening their swords in the



scabbards, they stole silently forward. Willat bade two of his men lay down their arms and take up a beam of wood that happened to lie in their path, for he trusted to find it useful.

Not a light shone from the Grange, everything was still and peaceful as they clambered over the low wall and entered the shadowy garden ; not a false move was made by these veterans, they crept forward silently like panthers. A dozen or so took their stand round the house with orders to shoot down anyone attempting to escape, while Willat and the rest proceeded noiselessly to the porch.

A trooper entered and deftly fastened a petard to the great oak door and then hurriedly retired ; in a few seconds there was a loud explosion as the lock was smashed to atoms, but still a heavy oaken bar held the door in place.

“ At it with the beam,” yelled Willat and the men sprang forward ; down went the door with a crash and in they rushed with torches burning and swords drawn.

The unsuspecting cavaliers awoke too late, their overconfidence had betrayed them. Roger Cochran was taken fighting fiercely in his shirt, while three other gentlemen made a desperate strand in another chamber.



Several roundheads went down before the reckless valour and one cavalier fell, shot through the heart, at last all resistance was overcome by sheer force of numbers and the assailants remained masters of the situation.

"Well fought," gasped Willat, hot and bleeding, for a rapier had pierced his left hand.

"God forever blast thee," hissed a helpless cavalier struggling with his bonds and cursing horribly.

Willat laughed. "Anyone killed?" he asked.

"Poor corporal Wilson is gone," said a sergeant, "and troopers \*\*blankspace\*\* are wounded. The cavalier yonder is as dead as a livestock."

They turned their attention to the fallen man, as he lay with calm face shining in the pale moonlight, one hand grasped a sword and the other a small testament.

"He died like a man," said Willat.

Stooping down, he took the rapier and testament from the dead man's grasp, bent on keeping them as relics. Then they bore the two dead foes reverently to the garden and choosing a spot beneath a hoary chestnut tree, they dug two shallow graves and laid them down to sleep the sleep of death.

After the completion of this sad ceremony, they led half a score of troopers in the Grange to secure any arms



they might find. Willat and the rest rode off towards Rochford with the prisoners in their midst. The villagers were aroused by their clattering up the streets and many turned out in haste to discover what the commotion was about. Phillip crept to his window and gazed on the group below as the bright light of a full moon lit the scene almost as clearly as day.

Old Roger Cochran gazed in high disdain over the villagers who rejoiced in his downfall and capture.

Two other cavaliers were bound ignominiously to their horses, and fierce were the glances they cast at their captors. One was but a youth, with his head bound about and his white face marked with blood. Phillip pitied the lad surely, for he knew that he went to imprisonment and perhaps to death.

The ironsides were grouped around in grim silence, like steely statues and before the inn doorway Master Willat was conversing in low tones with the sergeant of the troop.

Phillip heedless of the danger he ran in exposing his person to the cold night air, watched in fascination.

He marked the defiant air of the captives, for not a trace of fear did they show the stern dark faces of the veteran troopers and the glimmer of the moonlight on



their breastplates, and he ran his eyes over the restless throng of villages who conversed eagerly in excited tones.

Suddenly a brawny fellow stepped from the crowd, and passing through the circle of guards, approached old Roger Cochran, as he sat haughtily, bound to his charger.

"Here's somat for thee, thou old knave," exclaimed the brute, and spat in the old man's face.

"Hell and furies," cried the furious cavalier, "would that mine hands were free, and I'd send thee swiftly."

The man laughed coarsely, but broke abruptly into a howl, for the flat of Master Willat's sword fell with a whack on his scantily clad shoulders, and the cowardly rascal broke away, cursing at the smart.

Master Willat smiled at the fellows discomfiture and bade the sergeant mount and ride off with the prisoners. Then the body moved off down the street at a trot and disappeared from view. Master Willat well pleased with his night's work, departed to bed, and Phillip and the villagers following his example, did likewise.



THE day following was ushered in by heavy rainfalls, and as Phillip sat with Dame Warner and Dorothy early in the morning, the rain was pelting down hard and straight, for not a breeze was stirring.

The sky cleared later, and Phillip betook himself to the garden to pace the gravelly paths. An exhilarating freshness hovered in the moist air and from the leaves the sparkling drops descended with a monotonous patter.

Master Willat who had stayed long a bed after his exertions joined the cavalier in his walk, and they paced the garden path together,.

“Thou seemst to have had exciting work last night,” ventured Phillip.

“Thou art right” replied the other. “We surprised a nest of cavaliers in an old Grange close by, and thou they fought fiercely, we prevailed by numbers. They were witless fools to try to plot in this neighborhood.”

“This strange how little the misfortunes of my former party affect me,” exclaimed Phillip; “it seemeth as if the awful trouble I have endured, hath blunted my feelings for feebler emotions.”

“It gladdens me to hear thee say so, for if thou tookest it much to heart, I should be no pleasant companion for thee, and that would grieve me, for I like thy nature



well."

"Was any one sorely hurt?"

"Ay, one of my trooper's was slain and two wounded, also a cavalier met his death; we buried my corporal and the foeman under a chestnut tree in the garden. I have his sword and testament, which I took from his dead grasp, in my chamber. I'll fetch them if they would interest thee."

"Prithee do."

Master Willat departed accordingly and returned with the articles in question; when Phillip's glance fell on the testament he started greatly and snatched it from the other's hand. With trembling fingers he opened the little volume at the title page, and there beheld his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Ralph. Baronet of Stockton."

This sudden blow unnerved him. "Give me the sword," he grasped.

Willat handed it to him in amazement.

"Alas," he continued, "I know thee too well my trusty blade, for oft hast thou dangled at my loved comrade's side."

"Fore God," exclaimed Willat much disconcerted, "I seem fated to bring thee sorrow," then with delicate



instinct he withdrew and left the man alone. Phillip mourned desolate in the garden, and then thrusting the well worn testament into his bosom and carrying the sword, he made his way to the stables. There he found his faithful charger who whinned joyously on seeing his master ; and Phillip after setting the astonished Dan to saddle the steed, mounted and rode off in the direction in which he knew the Grange to lie.

At first he felt ill at ease and unsteady in the saddle, but his old skill soon returned, as the rapid motion sent the blood rushing through his limbs. A yokel was crawling lazily along the lane with a hoe over his shoulder. " Hallo my man, which way to Porters Grange ? "

The man pointed in the direction and exclaimed with a grim, " Them sodgers made a mighty fine catch ; one foul mouthed knave is a rotting under the sods, and the rest tied up with stout hemp."

Phillip answered not a word, he could have slain the fellow on the spot, and riding off he soon came in sight of the place.

Dismounting at the gate he fastened up his steed and entered the deserted garden, for the troopers had departed and not a soul was to be seen about the fated house. At last he found the graves beneath the chestnut



tree which wept rain drops as if in mourning for the dead below.

Over the roundheads grave, a rude wooden cross had been placed and his name roughly inscribed thereon, but Sir Ralph's grave was but a mound of earth.

Phillip stood in deep sorrow beside his old comrades last resting place, and groaned as he thought that they would never meet again. Lost memories swept over his mind, their adventures and wanderings, the scene amid the blooming heather on the dreary moor, and the remembrance of their last ride and parting. Then he broke down utterly and fell sobbing like a child on the damp soil ; twas vain that he strove to master his emotion, nature would not be denied and grief found relief in tears ; yet they were manly tears, for they were shed to the memory of a noble and true hearted soul.

At last he arose with breast and arms covered with the soft mud, and wandering round the garden he gathered a handful of flowers ; some he placed on the grave, but kept the rest in memory. Opening the testament he read a few prayers aloud in a husky voice, blotting the pages with his tears, and finally unbuckling his own sword he laid it on the grave and buckled on Sir Ralph's in its stead.

“ Lie there, my last poor offering,” he muttered ; “ yet



sadly unworthy of the noble heart beneath thee, and Ralph, lost comrade, loved friend I'll wear thy sword till I die, and I lay me down to sleep like thee, for ever."

Then mournfully he left the garden and untying his steed, rode slowly back to Rockford.

When Phillip re-entered the inn, he was attracted by the sounds of persons in high argument in the parlour, and glad of anything to distract his sorrow, he entered the room. The two individuals engaged in this animated discussion were Master Willat and Saul Bragg.

"Verify, my master," Saul was saying, "I saw it with mine own eyes, and I nigh fainted in terror."

"Bah, nonsense," exclaimed Willat laughing heartily.

"Ay thou mayest laugh, but hadst thou seen the sight I saw, thou wouldst not have spoken for a month," and the clerk kicked his dog that lay at his feet, viciously.

"Bah, thou went drunk, thou old rascal."

"Drunk ! Rascal !" and the outraged clerk drew himself up majestically.

"Ay, drunk, ha, ha, I should like to have seen thee, thou wizen faced old weazle."

This was too much for Saul's equanimity, and he strode from the room, astounded at the stranger's impudence in imputing drunkenness to his spotless character, and



throwing doubt on his, Saul Bragg's, assertions.

Willat continued to laugh. " Certes, there's a windbag for ye, ay and I've been pricking him, shouldst have seen the hypocrisy and canting lies that flowed forth. Lord, but the fellow doth amuse me greatly."

" What's that he was recounting ? "

" Why he sayth Anne Boleyn's ghost walketh the Hall at midnight, and he strove to cajole me into believing that he had seen her ; more fool Anne's ghost said I to wander in the cold when there's a warmer place below."

" Tis possible, for strange things do happen, and the hand of God is mysterious."

" But thou dost not believe in spirits."

" I know not."

" Well look ye, this very night we'll beard the horror in her, art willing."

" Ay, perfectly."

" So be it ; now for a rare adventure ; we can gain easy entrance to the Hall, for there are but two old servants, and they'll not withstand us."

" As ye will, I'll be prepared," and Phillip rose to depart.

" Say, friend Ashton," exclaimed the other, detaining him ; " pardon me for paining thee this day, for I could



not have saved thy comrade — wiltst forgive my share in the tragedy ? ”

“ Ay surely, for thou didst but do thy duty, and I blame thee not. Thou wiltst give me these relics.”

“ Of a certainty friend, thou needst not have asked.”

“ I thank thee, so now farewell till this eve,” and Phillip retired to ponder in the seclusion of his bed chamber.

-24-

THE evening waned in splendour, contrasting with the dullness of the morning, and deepened into the mystic stillness of a summers night.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Phillip and Master Willat left the inn, and passing through the deserted village, reached the park in which lay both church and Hall. Their walk was a silent one, for though Willat professed utter incredulity as to the existence of the ghost, he was nevertheless impressed by the beauty of the surroundings ; Phillip too was sorrowful and therefore uninclined for converse.

The massive church tower loomed imposing in the moonlight, and before them in quaint gables and



chimneys of the Hall rose above the mighty oaks, while a nightingale carolled to the moonbeams.

Passing up the weedy path bounded by overgrown hedges of box, they halted before the door and rapped a peremptory summons. After several minutes, an old servitor appeared at the grill, and on hearing their business and spying the glint of money in Master Willat's palm, he admitted them after much creaking of locks and bolts. The old man stood shivering in his scanty garments for he had risen hurriedly from bed.

"Ist true about this spirit," asked Willat.

"I know only by report," answered the old man, "for never have I had the courage to spy for myself; but people say she walketh the long gallery, her white robes shining in the moonlight, and a horrid scar upon her throat."

"Well lead us to the place, and then get thee back to bed, thou needst not fear for our plundering the valuables, for I suspect the place was emptied of them years ago."

The old fellow led them up the worm eaten stairs to a long gallery lighted by four mullioned windows, whose ivy framing broke the moonbeams into fantastic shadows on the floor and walls. The far end of the gallery was



closed by a heavy door, and their guide pointed to it with trembling hand.

“ In that chamber within, the Lady Ann was born, and thence they say she steals at midnight to walk the scenes of her youth.” He whispered this casting frightened glances around, as if fearful of beholding the apparition ; then he slipped away, and hastened to hide himself in bed.

The two spirit seekers sat them down on an oaken bench at the end of the gallery, so that they could command a complete view of the door and also of the stairs head.

“ Now let us wait for the lady,” whispered Willat, “ surely she’ll not fail two such fine gallants, for she was not perfect.”

They sat there in dead silence for an hour, Willat incredulous and scornful, glancing ever and again up the gallery to behold naught but the moonlight and flitting shadows ; at length they tried of vigil and yearned for sleep. Master Willat stretched his limbs wearily and yawned with gasping mouth ; suddenly he started and clutched Phillips arm.

“ Hist, didst hear that, listen,” and they both sat bold upright, straining their ears, and feeling a superstitious fear numbing their limbs.



“Hist,” whispered Willat again, his features paling.

Down the long passage floated a weird murmuring moan, like to the sougning of a breeze through leafy glades ; it ceased suddenly, to rise again on the stilly air, and send creeping shivers through the men who listened in awe.

“By God, look !” hissed Willat, digging his nails deep into Phillip’s unfeeling arm.

There - slowly -- slowly and silently, the massive door was opening inch by inch, and the strip of darkness within grew ever broader; now twas open wide, see -- great heaven, is’t moonlight or some misty form shadowed in the doorway. The watchers gazed with quick drawn breaths and dilating nostrils, a dread fear paralysing their very senses, and making their hair bristle in terror.

Low, it moved, moved into the moonlight and glided slowly, so slowly, down the passage. Twas an awful moment and the men felt icy ; now t’was near, and they gazed on those features pallid and unterably sad, the swanlike neck circled by the axe’s scar, and the silvery samite glistening in the moonbeams.

A cold breeze was wafted down the passage to play on their faces, and turn them even colder than before. Then



on a sudden, Phillip drew Sir Ralph's sword with an oath and making the sign of the cross, stretched the naked blade athwart the passage. " Spirit, spirit of a woman ruthlessly slain, speak, speak, I entreat thee."

The ghost herded him not, and the sword passed harmlessly through the shadowy wraith ; twas gone, there at the stairhead, low t'was vanished.

They sat trembling, sweat standing on their faces like dewdrops, and their hands clammy ; Phillip sheathed his sword and strode up the passage towards the door, when he was close, it shut too with a bang, causing him to start back in wonder.

" Come, lets get out for God's sake," hissed Master Willat, and they plunged recklessly down the stairs and unbarred the door with feverish haste ; out they tumbled into the garden, leaving the door agape and here the cool breeze in a measure calmed them.

Willat mopped his head, uncomfortably conscious of his former vauntings. " S'death," he muttered, " never again, but who the devil would have thought it."

Phillip accurately burst out laughing, struck by his companions woeful expression.

" Beshrew thee," grumbled Willat, " thou wert as much frightened as I, wherefore this merriment."



“Come, lets enter again.”

“Fore God no,” ejaculated the other in a voice ludicrous in its sudden apprehension.

“Ho, ho,” laughed the other, but the smile fled from his face as a low sound caught his ear.

“Didst hear it again,” he queried breathlessly.

“Nay, twas merely the rusling of the tr-, by God,” and he turned and fled followed by Phillip, for at the open door stood the phantom, looming ghastly in the moonlight.

They did not cease running till safe without the park, and then they walked on in morose silence towards the village ; as they crossed a bridge spanning the Rock a form suddenly moved forward ; it was the old clerk.

“Well my master, dost believe me now.”

“To Hell with thee, thou croaking old raven,” replied Willat, showing plainly his discomfiture by the manner in which he spoke.

Saul laughed loud and long and shouted after the disappearing figures. “Ay I can croak, he that sees the Ladys ghost, dies,” and he laughed demonically.

“Marry,” he muttered to himself, “Yon high stomached reviler hath had a rare jacketing, twas well worth losing three hours good sleep, to mark the fool’s



discomfiture." Then he proceeded homeward, chuckling and slapping his thigh with ecstasy. The two entered the "Golden Dragon" in silence and stole to bed, for men who have been well frightened and have shown so plainly, care not to meet each other's glances.

Next morning they avoided each other in an amusing manner, but at last coming face to face in the garden their eyes met for a moment and then Willat broke into a laugh.

"What a pair of fools," he exclaimed, "afraid to meet one another's glances, but, marry, I was rare frightened."

"Ay and I also, dost believe in spirits now?"

"I neer was so confounded in my life, mortal foe I fear not, but such things, bah, no."

"So is with me, fear has never struck me, even in the thickest of the fight, or in the relentless carnage of pursuit, but such a ghostly terror crows my spirit utterly."

"T'was appalling, didst see the axes mark upon her throat, that grisly moaning," and stout Master Willat actually shivered.

"Comes lets drop the subject, for it is not pleasing; now I'll tell thee news, I must leave this homely spot in the morrow."



“ Eh,” ejaculated Master Willat all attention.

“ I must depart tomorrow morn.”

“ How dost expect to cross England in its present state, why tis foolhardy.”

“ That troubleth me not ” answered Phillip, “ to Canrock I must go, both soon and speedily.”

“ Ay, but thou wilt be stopped in the road.”

“ Spare me for heaven’s sake,” groaned Phillip “ of all this I have oft thought, but see ye not my last wishes drive me to the home of my birth.”

“ Still, tis foolhardy.”

“ God help me, I care not for go I must.”

“ Verily,” answered Master Willat struck by the other’s pertinacity, but come, I expect a messenger this day from Cromwell, and he may bring good tidings for thee.”

“ God grant he may,” replied Phillip in an unsuspecting voice, and he seated himself in the arbour while Willat betook himself off. A kingly smile brooded on the Puritan’s face, as he walked away.

“ Black Space but I trust Cromwell hath granted my boon, he oweth me much, and it would give me a great joy to smooth the path of this poor wanderer.”

Ah Master Willat thou art a noble soul, and the Almighty shall bless thee for pouring out thy balm of aid



and pity on this sad fellow creature's head.

-25-

A LIGHT footstep rustled on the grass and Dorothy stood before him, with a smile she entered the arbour and took a seat beside the cavalier.

"Thou didst ride for the first time yesterday," she questioned picking a flower to pieces with cruel fingers.

"Ay," answered Phillip, "I rode to mourn over a comrade's grave, he fell in Willat's attack on the Grange."

"I am sorry, was he very dear to thee?"

"Dearer than David was to Jonathan, for man never had a nobler, truer friend on earth."

"Poor fellow to die so, and poor thee not to be hold his face again before they laid him down to rest."

"See here, I have his testament; this sword was his, previous are they both in mine eyes as relics of the past, for they speak me of my old friends double character, that of a soldier and that of a saint."

Dorothy took the testament and after gazing on it and marking the name within, she handed it back to Phillip.



“ I thought twas a rare thing for cavaliers to be religious.”

“ Ay some of the kings followers are blacker than devils from Hell, but some are models even for a Puritan.”

They relapsed into silence and Phillip leaning back, gazed with unseeing eyes on the flowers and trees around, for his thoughts wandered back to the happy days of yore. A scene rose before his eyes in which another form sat beside him in a fairer garden ; the form was the form of Phyllis and the garden that of Canrock ; smiling he murmured in low tones Ben Jognson’s beauteous words.

“ Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.”

The girl beside him caught the words and she blushed as she cast a questioning glance at the dreamer. Phillip noticed it not but waking from his reverie, exclaimed “ Dorothy, tomorrow I must leave thee.” The girl started and paled.

“ O why,” she murmured “ why -- stay with us.”

“ Nay, tis not mine own will, but fate that bears me from this fairy spot, God knoweth I have good cause to love the place.”

“ Then why leave us ; fate is but some dark demon, forget



fate, and linger here with me."

"Nay, I can remain no longer a helpless clog on thy good mother, she's a kindly soul, but I would not overtask her hospitality."

"O say not so, stay, o stay with us," and the maiden leant forward and laid an entreating hand upon his arm ; he saw not the passion in those burning eyes.

"Wherefore should I bide here, it matters not to thee."

"Matters not to me, Oh -- Oh -- woe is me that thou shouldn't think so, stay -- stay -- because I love thee." And the girl cast herself at his knees and grasped his hands in passionate imploring.

Phillip was amazed that he should have been so blind, then bending down he endeavoured tenderly to raise the kneeling girl, but to no purpose.

"Nay," she whispered, "I crouch a suppliant at thy feet, till thou dost promise."

"But Dorothy, listen, I'm no worthy lover for thee, thou knowest not mine history, if thou didst thou wouldst fly from me in horror."

"Nay, nay," murmured the fond girl gazing up with eyes pleading in their wonderful affection.

"My heart hath been fouled by vile passions, and I am not worthy to touch thy pure hand."



“ I love thee.”

“ Listen, the man before thee might be a felon.”

“ I love thee.”

“ Dorothy -- I am a murderer ! ”

“ I love thee.”

Phillip gasped in wonder, he bent low and seizing the maiden in his arms, kissed her.

“ Ah,” she murmured, “ This is paradise, Phillip, I love thee, I love thee, kiss me once again.”

Phillip put her gently from him ; “ Dorothy, I curse myself for touching thy sweet lips with mine own foul ones, wretch that I am, I have betrayed thy confidence.”

The girl with many outpourings of endearment, forced herself again into his arms and nestling her head upon his breast, gazed into his eyes with undieing passion.

“ Phillip, Phillip mine, thou art the noblest of men, a king to this poor heart of mine ; thou art a gentleman, I but a humble village maid ; yet stay with me, o leave me not desolate. I will comfort thee with a tender love and soothe thy troubled heart with kisses, stay o stay for I love thee.”

“ God help me,” muttered the man, “ teach me to do what is right.”

“ God make him love me,” murmured the girl, “ or I



perish."

"Dorothy, I know not what to answer thee, thy love stirs my seared heart to its very depths, yet conscience whispers, "Thy fate lies not here, for thou unworthy and so doomed, O God counsel me in this mine hour of need."

"Fate, what is fate," pleaded the girl, "but some grim terror that haunteth thy spirit, and driveth it to madness. Thy doom lies not here, so be it, I will follow thee to the ends of the earth if thou wilt but love me."

Phillip pondered in terrible doubt, not daring to look on the girls beseeching face ; the pure affection of this village maid touched him to the quick and though he did not love her, his liking nigh amounted to love ; yet ever before his eyes the form of Phyllis drifted.

"Nay," he began, but the girl cut him short.

"For love of God, say not that thou wilt leave me." She ceased for a heavy step was heard upon the path and she sprang with a low cry from Phillip's arms, and not a moment too soon for round the screening hedge of rose blooms, came Master Willat.

Dorothy in bitter anguish fled to her little chamber and flinging herself upon the bed, wept till she could weep no more, and lay moaning, exhausted by the violence of her passion.



“ Well,” said Phillip in rather an indignant voice.

“ I’m sorry to have disturbed thee, but my messenger hath returned from Cromwell, look here’s a paper that will fill thee with joy,” and he waved a square of parchment above his head.

“ Here, peruse that,” and he handed it to Phillip. The cavalier cast his eyes over the paper and as he did so, a look of astonishment crept over his face for this is what was written thereon.

“ I hereby command all true friends of the good cause to give Master Phillip Ashton free pass through this realm of Britain, and to aid him on his journey.

Signed

Oliver Cromwell”

At the bottom of the paper was stamped the general’s seal and Phillip with eyes riveted on the document could scarce believe his senses.

“ What meaneth this,” he asked.

“ Why that Phillip Ashton of Canrock Grange hath a free passage over the length and breadth of England.”

“ But its marvellous, have I thee to thank for this.”

“ Ay, the wind bloweth from this quarter ; Cromwell oweth me much for worthy service, and in a generous spirit promised to grant me a boon whensoever I should



ask it. Now I knew of thy wishes and pitied thee, so forthwith I despatched an epistle to the Cromwell, explaining thy position and state, and craved for my boon, free passage for thee through the country."

Phillip sprang to his feet and seized the other's hand.

"Friend, I thank thee, would that my thanks were more than mere empty words, but fate wills otherwise; again -- I thank thee for thy generous aid."

"Hush," replied Willat, "thou art welcome, thou wouldst have done the same for me; does thy purpose still hold of leaving here on the morrow."

"Ay, that I must at all hazard," and his conscience goaded him as he thought on Dorothy.

"Well I have a ride of twenty miles before me, but I shall be back at eve, we'll talk more anon."

"So be it," and Phillip with great care folded up the precious document and placed it in the leaves of Sir Ralph's testament.

Dorothy remained all that day hidden in the seclusion of her little chamber, feeling sick and love lorn; 'twas vain that her mother expostulated and fretted, not a morsel of food would she touch but lay mourning on her couch.

"What's this folly, daughter," asked the worthy dame, "



for besheiw me, I can Blank Space no reason for such carryings on." Then a sudden thought occurred to her.

"Hath Master Ashton said ought to thee, that he should not?"

"Nay," murmured Dorothy, lying in very despair, "nay he hath said naught," and her heart cried, "would that he had."

"Will, thou must be moonstruck, I neer saw such goings on before," and Dame Warner left her daughter in solitude and tramped to the regions below, pondering many things in her heart.

At eve Master Willat returned, hot and dusty after his ride; he attacked the meal Dame Warner set before him viciously, and soon fathomed the bottom of a tankard of ale. After his meal he went in search of Phillip, and found him in the stables, chatting to Dan Hackblock as he cleaned his harness.

"Hail, willst accompany me on an evening wander among the lanes, to talk on the course of history, and the mysteries of philosophy."

Phillip could not withstand such an entreaty, so leaving Dan to complete his task, he accompanied the Puritan; they left the village and strolled through the country lanes, there in the solitude they stretched



themselves on a grassy bank and lapsed into the joys of unbroken converse.

“Cromwell is of noble character,” began Willat, “I have viewed him as few men have, and have peered into the depths of his inner life; believe me, not a finer a man ever walked this earth, rough and uncultured he may be, but never lived a more God fearing, true hearted Englishman. If ever in years to come, ye hear cavilling tongues evile the great man, believe them not for they are but as jackals who yelp at the lions roar; for England’s sons are oft ungrateful and this hero’s memory may become tarnished by a cloud of filthy lies.”

“Ay, I ever had respect for Cromwell, more so as a soldier than ought else.”

“I wonder, shall we ever meet again, I trust so.”

“No never more on earth, for within seven days, God willing it, I shall be dead.”

“S’death, but what folly is this, dead, art mad.”

“Nay, I speak with the tongue of a determined man, my one wish is to see my old home once again, to offer up one prayer in the ivied village church, and then to die upon my true lover’s grave.”

Willat gazed at him with an astonishment too great for words.



“Yea,” he continued, “fitly will it be for me to die pierced to the heart by mine old comrades blade, thou the chivalrous honour of his sword will be blurred by my murderous blood.”

He drew the sword from its scabbard and gazed on it with a weird fascination, feeling it's point and smiling to himself.

“Well,” thou art the most marvellous curio in shape of man, that I ever came across ; my conscience pricks me for having obtained that pass, but dost mean to tell me in all truth that thou willst stab thyself with that sword.”

“Of a certainty.”

Master Willat answered not a word, for he could frame no reply so astounded was he ; that his companion was in dread earnest he could see full well but such a determination utterly puzzled him.

After a time they rose and wended their way back to the inn, neither spoke a word, for they were far too greatly absorbed in their own thoughts.

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PHILLIP was up and about at an early hour next morn, preparing for his departure ; in the parlour Dame Warner was laying his meal, for it was the last he would partake of in her house, and the thought grieved her.



Phillip entered, his purse, nor but poorly filled, in his hand.

“ Dame,” he said in a hesitating voice, “ I will pay thee what I can, for my purse is nigh empty and thy hospitality shameth me.”

“ Put up thy money, lad, for I’ll have nought of it, dost think I like thee so little as to treat thee as a common traveller.”

“ Nay, but ---- ”

“ No chaffering,” exclaimed the good dame, and at the same time drawing a well filled purse from her pocket she offered it to Phillip saying, “ I know thou hast but little, take this for I have enough to spare.”

The cavalier refused this generous offer in a husky voice, deeply touched by the good old woman’s kindness ; suddenly he caught her hand and bending low, pressed it to his lips.

“ Out lad,” cried the dame, surprised and affected by this grateful salute, “ what art doing kissing an old woman’s hand thus.” Nevertheless her heart was touched by the chivalrous action, and there were tears in her eyes.

“ Mother,” and Phillips eyes were dim, “ Mother I may call thee, for such hast thou been to a desolate outcast ;



I cannot thank thee as I would but may God shower his blessings on thee in this thine old age, and now I beseech thee, give me thy blessing."

He fell on his knees before her, and with streaming eyes she blessed him fervently and after kissing his upturned face, she fled weeping from the room.

Phillip was much affected by this scene, and he murmured, "What am I, that she should bless me thus."

After his meal, he walked to the stables and bade Dan saddle his steed ; he gave the astonished fellow a guinea and left him standing open mouthed in wonder at such generosity. Dorothy ventured not from her chamber at Phillip, was glad in a way to escape the pain of parting, yet he was sorry at the thought that he would never see the sweet maid again.

For a last time he walked round the garden where he had spent so many happy hours, and plucking a rose from the arbour he trust it into his breast to remind him of the place and of Dorothy.

Then came his parting with Master Willat, and both the men were sorry to part for they had mutual affection then after one last hand grip Phillip climbed to his saddle and trotted away. As he cast a parting glance back at the old place, a dormer window among the tiles was thrown



open and a tear stained face peered forth while a small hand waved farewell.

Phillip reined in his steed and turned the animal round, daffing his beaver, he bent his head even to his horses neck in humble obeisance to the main above, then the lattice was shut and he rode sadly on his way.

Dorothy never forgot the cavalier, indeed for many months after his departure she dwelt disconsolate, her only joy being to walk to the old Grange and strew flowers on Sir Ralph's grave, all in love for Phillip Ashton.

But in later years she in measure forgot her grief, and one happy day the bells of Rochford church pealed joyfully as she tripped from the porch on the bridegrooms arm, who was none other than Master Willat.

But to return to Phillip.

As he trotted along the country lanes, his spirit already tinged with melancholy, became absolutely morbid, for his thoughts dwelt on nothing but death and the grave. He confessed to himself his reluctance to leave the quiet village and sincerely he yearned to be back in the old inn garden with Dorothy beside him ; very sweet was the remembrance of that maid, and once he felt half minded to turn back but fate drove him on. What he



called fate was but his own desperate temperament and thus the morbid nature of his spirit hurried onward to the doom.

What care he for life ; was not all that had been dear to him on earth faded and gone ! Phillip slain by his own hand was now in paradise, Ralph his other self had perished, and Dorothy who had worshipped him, cast aside for ever.

With gloomy feelings he pursued his way ; even once the thought came to him, telling him to put an end to life at once and his fingers fumbled at the sword hilt, but the feeling passed as he thought of his love's grave and the delight of dying on such a hallowed spot.

Several times he was stopped on the road, but the pass silenced all enquiries and they suffered him to proceed unmolested. After four days riding without adventure he approached the country around Canrock, and the familiarity of the scenes only steeped his spirits in a morose gloom.

For his past life for many months faded as some horrid vision, and he lived again those awful hours when his love's death had crushed his soul for ever. He rode on as a man in a dream, memories of the past sweeping over him with a vividness that numbed his heart, till he felt sick



with anguish and yearned for the hour of death.

There in the distance he could espy the old turrets of the Grange, and now he was riding over his own land and the land of his ancestors. Yonder amid the trees, towered the spire of the village church, and to his wild imagination it seemed to beckon for he knew that his love's grave must lie close beneath. Then he entered the old arenne \*\*cant read this word. Should I photocopy the page?\*\* of oaks, all was as he had left it, ye though different and he groaned as his hand stole to the sword hilt and his head sank down on his breast ; yes this was his home coming, this his return to the home of his forefathers.

## II

MISTRESS URSULA was seated in the panelled dining room her bible on her lap, and the evening sun streaming through the open casement to glitter on her snow white hair. She looked much the same as of yore, perhaps her features were a shade sadder in their expression, for she yearned to look upon the face of her grandson before she sank into the darkness of the grave. Not a jot of news had she ever heard of him, and he might be alive or dead for all she knew, yet hope never left her heart as she prayed for his return unceasingly.



Even now she was thinking of him as she gazed with eyes dimmed by age, into the luxuriant wealth of the summer garden. "Yea," she murmured, "the Almighty will lead him home to bless him, and I shall be hold his face before I die."

The clatter of heavy footsteps was heard across the hall, and suddenly the door was thrown open by old Mark Oliver, much the same as ever, but for another inch or so in girth, panting and perspiring he rushed into the room.

"Holy Jesus," he cried, "Master Phillips a riding up the avenue, Hob hath seen him and hied him hither in all haste, thank the Lord for our master's safe return."

Mistress Ursula forgave the old mans profanity in the sudden joy she felt at this glad news, and rising to her feet, she bade Mark keep all the servants in their quarters and betake himself to his own pantry ; "for," she said, "if I find a soul on the terrace, I'll send thee packing."

Mark hurried to do her bidding in a very excited state of mind and mightily indignant at not being suffered to give his master a triumphant welcome ; but he was too wise to disobey his old mistress, for he had some inkling as to her plans.



So it came to pass that when Phillip drew rein before the entrance steps, not a soul was to be seen but Mistress Ursula who wanted alone to welcome him.

He dismounted slowly, and moving to the steps, fell at her feet unable to utter a word. Mistress Ursula was terrible struck by the change in her grandson, for no longer was he the handsome youth, but a man of sorrowful countenance and shaken frame.

“Welcome grandson,” she exclaimed, “hast nought to say to me,” but Phillip answered not a word.

“Hast revenged thy cousin,” she asked with a glance full of meaning, but he merely groaned as he replied and struck his forehead on the cold steps.

The old lady gazed down on the prostrate man in astonishment and in an instant she fathomed his anguish, so kneeling beside him she whispered comfort in his ear, a curious smile lighting her features.

“Ah, I see the villain is dead and I rejoice,” but Phillip groaned again.

“Come use, grovel not thus in the dust, thy home coming must fill thee with terrible memories, that I know full well, come bestir thee.”

At last Phillip overcame his weakness, and struggling to his feet, he tottered after his grandam into the house ;



as he passed through the hall he glanced at the old oak chest and could see an imagination that white form lying upon it, as on the terrible night two years ago, and again he longed for the touch of death.

“ Courage,” he muttered, “ twill soon be over.”

The old lady seated herself on a chair in the room and Phillip collapsed beside her.

“ Where’s Richard,” she asked.

“ Dead.”

“ How.”

“ Through his hand, God curse me for a murderer.”

“ How fareth Sir Ralph ? ”

“ Dead.”

“ What ? ”

“ Ay, dead as I shall soon be.”

“ Grandson thou art a fool,” but the old lady belied her accusation by bursting into tears yet strange for they were tears of joy. Phillip left alone, rose to his feet and paced the old chamber ; he was overwhelmed with grief for the old familiar objects appealed to his heart.

There on the table lay a little volume of poems, it had belonged to Phyllis and he took the book up and kissed it passionately, murmuring.

“ My Phyllis, dead, dead and gone -- alas,” and he cast



himself down before a window seat and covering his face with his hands, burst into a bitter fit of weeping.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him, and he muttered, "Ay, why not now." Drawing his sword he gazed on it for a space and setting it before him on the cushioned seat he gave himself up to prayer.

"Father of Heaven, merciful one, lover of the weary heart, pardon o pardon this my fearful deed ; I cannot bide on earth, to heaven I dare not now aspire, yet of thy great mercy have compassion on the desolate."

Then he laid his hand on the sword hilt ; but listen he hear not a low murmur at the door, it opens softly and a figure steals into the room and across the oaken floor. The point is at his breast, low the figure stoops and touches him on the shoulder, he starts round and the sword falls clashing to the floor as with one mighty, joyful cry of "Phyllis !" he fell worshipping at her feet.

After four days journey without adventure, he Phillip neared the country of his childhood. More than once he had been stopped upon the road, but Willats pass silenced all engines and smoothed ever difficulty from his way. One night he slept at Ravenstone in Will Goodbody's hostelry, and the kind folks were right glad to see him



once again. They noticed with some much surprise the marked change that both his features and character had undergone, for though whe was as open hearted as before of yore, this silent man was utterly unlike the bright and mercy youth of five and twenty whom they had known as Phillip Ashton.

A curious spirit of peace and restfulness has settled upon his soul, such as he had neer known before, and as he rode slowly over his ancestral lands with Canoch's towers well within view, he felt happy as the patriarch who goes to his grave blessed by the hand of God.

Stern had been the fight, yet now he returned a victor, and to his excited imagination, the village spire on the hillside beckoned him, saying : thy loves grave, lieth close beneath my shadow, come ye, and fulfill thy doom." Thy last and gravest duty here on earth.

As he rode beneath the avenue of oaks, all seemed much as he had left it. The rabbits sat up, with long ears reddened in the sunlight and peered at him curiously with round black eyes, the rooks cawed in the elm tops, and in the distance the lake shimmered in the sunlight.

How well he remembered his last home coming and his meeting with Phyllis beneath the cedar tree. There was no joyous Phyllis to greet him now. Poor Phyllis, her



memory filled him with a great love and yearning, Dorothy Warner was forgotten now.

Not a soul did he meet till he drew rein up to the terrace, and there on a stone seat lay old Mark, fast asleep in the sun. Phillip dismounted and walking up to the old man, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Beskrew thee Hob," grunted Mark "why canst leave me," then his tongue seemed paralysed, and his eyes became fixed in amazed stare.

"Master," he cried suddenly, and throwing himself at Phillips feet, he wept, laughed, and gabbled by turns.

"Dear old Mark," quoth Phillip much touched, "get thee up and kneel not to me"; but Mark was resolute and kept his past murmuring "My master, my very loved master." Yea a man may be a gluttonous and menial and yet possess some little of the finer feelings which ennoble the human race.

At this moment Mistress Ursula appeared at the open doorway, the deepening crow's feet around her eyes, and thinning of her hair, betraying how swiftly she was stepping "westward". Phillip disentangled himself from Mark's embrace, and knelt on the steps at the old lady's feet, and with dim eyes turned towards the sky, she blessed him.



“Get ye into the dining parlour,” quoth she in a trembling voice “thy coming, my dear son, hath stirred my old heart and for a space I’ll leave thee to gather my  
\*\*blankspace\* at leisure. Phillip stepped athwart the well remembered threshold, across the old hall, and into the dear old room, crowded with memories of childhood, youth and love.

“Mark,” exclaimed the dame in a meaning voice, and Mark hurried away, as fast as stiff legs could bear him, a look of intense importance on his rough old face.

He closed the door, and stood leaning against it, devouring with his eyes every well known piece of furniture. The high backed chairs, the massive table, the portait on the wall and the creeper clad windows. There yonder was Phyllis’ embroidery basket, even as he remembered it in days gone by and there in the near window seat were the old old books, the bible and Shakespeare.

Another small one lay beside, then he stepped into the oval window and took it up. Heaven’s twas a small volume of poetry that had been Phyllis’ favourite. Then Ashton knelt down before the cushioned seat and wept. Of a sudden a thought seized him. “Ay, why not now,” he muttered, and drawing Sir Ralph’s sword, he laid it at



the seat before him.

Then he prayed.

“ Father of Heaven, merciful one, lover of the nweary heart; accept I implore thee this my deed a dread attonement for a brother’s murder. I cannot bide on earth, to paradise I dare not now aspire, yet of they great mercy, have compassion on the desolate.”

He resolutely unbuttoned his tunic and with a sad smile upon his face, felt for the wild throbbing of his heart; with face turned upward to the sunlight then setting the sword hilt against he wall, he guided the point towards his breast.

Tis done ; nay the swords point has fallen, a light step echoed on the floor. He turned, a great glory light of joy and wonder shining on his face, and with one mighty cry of “ Phyllis ” he fell worshipping at her feet.

-----



"S O R R E L L   &   S O N".

A   P L A Y

Adapted from the Book

by

WARWICK   DEEPING.

•  
Copy of Original Courtesy of  
Sir Reginal Worthington



CHARACTERS.

Stephen Sorrell.

Kit Sorrell.

John Palfrey.

Florence Palfrey.

Thomas Roland.

Buck.

Fanny Garland.

Miss ~~James~~. *Jones.*

Hulks.

Mrs Duggan (Dora Sorrell).

Lola Merrinden.

Maisie Fortescue.

Robert Toyle.

Barlow Brown.

Molly Pentreath.

Dr Baker.

A postman.

A chauffeur.

Maids.

Waiters - etc.



ACT I.

- SCENE 1. Lounge of the Angel Inn - Stanton.  
" 2. Lounge of the Pelican Inn - Winstonbury.  
" 3. Seat under an elm tree in Close.  
" 4. Doorway of Pelican Inn.  
" 5. The hotel stairs.

ACT II.

- SCENE 1. Lounge of the Pelican Inn.  
" 2. Thomas Roland's Private Room.  
" 3. The Pelican Bus.

ACT III.

Seven years later.

- SCENE 1. A bedroom in the Pelican Inn.  
" 2. Sorrell's sitting-room at Pelican.  
" 3. The Green Cat Club.  
" 4. Dining room at Mrs Duggan's house.  
" 5. Sorrell's sitting-room at Pelican.

ACT IV.

Seven years later.

- SCENE 1. Garden of Sorrell's cottage.  
" 2. Same.  
" 3. Sorrell's bedroom in cottage.



ACT I.

SCENE I.

Lounge of the Angel Inn at Stanton. The lounge is recessed from a corridor that passes from wings across front of stage. Door of "Snuggery" opening into lounge on right. Windows at back. Furniture and fittings shabby. Linoleum and rugs on floor. Large mirror on wall opposite door of Snuggery.

Time about 11.45 a.m. on a summer morning.

Sorrell in shirt sleeves and wearing a green baize apron, is standing on a step ladder, polishing mirror.

John Palfrey - the official manager - enters from right. He is a bloated, wheezy wreck of a man in a slovenly lounge suit and slippers. He looks round the empty lounge, and stands watching Sorrell.

Palfrey.           Hive of industry this! Trade booming! What's the idea, Stephen ?

Sorrell.           Just cleaning up.

Palfrey.           Funny hour for cleaning up.

Sorrell.           (Turning and looking at door of Snuggery).  
Orders, Mr Palfrey.



Palfrey. (Hands in pockets). She's gone out shopping. - Which means, Stephen, that somebody else is getting the edge of her tongue, instead of you and me.

Sorrell makes no reply, but concentrates on the mirror. He gets off steps and moves them. Mr Palfrey stands watching him with a cynical and bemused stare.

Palfrey. (Confidentially). What did she put you on that job for, Stephen, at this time of the day ?

Sorrell. I suppose every woman has her reasons.

Palfrey. (Savagely). Reasons! - She's a -. I can tell you why you're doing this. - How do I know ? - Because I had it all at breakfast. - She said -.

Sorrell. (With glance at Snuggery door). Better be careful, sir.

Palfrey. Careful! Me, a man with a hobnail liver and no illusions! She'll be a widow in a year. She said to me - Stephen - "I'll keep that damned fellow from sneaking outside to see his beastly kid." That's the idea, my lad. When your boy comes out of school -. What do you stick it for, that's what makes me marvel.

Sorrell. A man whose been down and out -.



Palfrey.           It's a dirty world. - World fit for heroes, what!  
A chap like you, ex-officer, porter in a place  
like this! O, yes, I know you could have done  
better for yourself - if - you'd been easy with  
her. - Why are'nt you easy with her ?

Sorrell turns and looks at him. Palfrey's face wears a  
bitter, cynical grin.

Sorrell.           I dont quite get - you.

Palfrey.           You're too much of the gentleman, Stephen. -  
What the hell does it matter what I say ? I  
may be bleary, but I'm not blind. You're the  
sort of chap - she wanted.

Sorrell silently polishes mirror.

Palfrey.           Think I didn't know ? Sex appeal, what! - And  
my slippers waiting for you. - No, - I have'nt  
got any shame, and she has'nt got any morals.  
We shelved the morality stunt a year after we  
married. Lord, what a bloody fool I was.

Sorrell.           Other men - have been fools.

Palfrey.           Because a woman had looks - and a good pair of  
legs! - Well, - I dont blame you, Stephen, for  
not - falling. Once bitten - twice shy, - what! -



But you've got her nasty, my lad, and when a woman like Flo gets nasty -. She's even jealous of your boy.

Sorrell. (Wearily). I'd rather not -.

Palfrey. O, what's the use of putting on a clean shirt, man! She'll give you hell as long as you're here. - If I were you I'd quit. - No, - I'm not trying to shift you. - You're the best chap we've had here, - amateur or not, and I'm just a rotten egg. Why dont you quit ?

Sorrell. (Quietly). No other job.

Palfrey. You could get one.

Sorrell. Do you know how many months I spent - out of a job ? ~~to~~ Gravity gone. A kid to feed. - I was frightened in the war, pretty often, but the fear - of -.

Palfrey. (Kindly). I've never been up against it - quite like that. Better for me - if I had - perhaps.

Sorrell. (Sitting on steps). Funny world, is'nt it ? - You would'nt believe that I went round London in a top-hat - after I was demobbed! - That soon - went into the dustbin. Shoes were the problem, and the ache in your stomach. If it had'nt been for the boy -.

Palfrey. He's a nice kid - that.



Sorrell.           He's about all I've got - that's clean. - You know, John, one has to hold on to - something - or go under, into the slime -.

Squeezes out swab, and with an air of disgust - drops it into bucket. Palfrey nods and smothers an eructation. He winces, and puts a hand to his belly.

Palfrey.           It - gets me under the ribs, Stephen. - I'll go and have a spot of something. What's it matter ?

Shuffles off right, and Sorrell, sitting on steps, watches him disappear. He smiles sadly - looks at his hands, and rubs one against the other as though removing some smeary substance. Enter Kit from left, looking round corner into lounge.

Kit.               Hallo, pater.

Sorrell's face lights up. He comes down from steps.

Sorrell.           Hallo, - my lad.

Kit.               (Looking up at him and smiling). I waited outside. You didn't come, so I - thought -.

Sorrell.           (With an anxious glance at the Snuggery door). Mus'nt talk on duty, old lad. - I'm getting off at five for an hour. What about a walk ?



Kit.                   Rather.

Sorrell.             Right you are. I'll come down to Mrs Santer's  
for you. - Everything O.K ?

Kit.                   Yes, pater.

Sorrell.             Food ? What did you have for dinner yesterday ?

Kit.                   Boiled beef and dumpling, and plum tart.

Sorrell.             (Smiling and looking him over affectionately).  
That sounds solid enough. - Boots ? - Show.

Kit turns and puts up a foot like a horse that is to be  
shoed.

Sorrell.             Nothing wrong there. - Now the other -.

The door of the Snuggery opens and Florence Palfrey  
surprises them. She is a handsome, sensual shrew of a woman  
with brassy hair and a high colour.

Florence.            Hard at work - I see! What's that boy doing  
here ?

Sorrell.             He just dashed in to see me.

Florence.            Ah, just like that!

Sorrell.             (Looking at Kit). Run along, old lad.

Florence.            Wait a moment, my dear. - Look here, Mr Captain  
Sorrell. M.C. - if I catch that boy in here  
again, I'll sack you. See ?



Sorrell.           (Quietly and appealingly to Kit). Run along,  
my lad.

Kit looks at his father and then at the woman, and with  
a curious, childish dignity walks out - right.

Sorrell.           (Picking up steps and bucket). Need you talk  
to me like that before - my kid ?

Florence.          And what have you to be proud about I'd like  
to know ?

Sorrell.          Nothing.

Florence.          I should say so. - Airs and graces, what! -  
You thought I should'nt catch you, my lad ? -  
Put those bloody steps down, and that bucket.

With a sweep of the foot she turns back a rug.

Florence.          (Screaming). Filthy. See ?

Sorrell.          No.

Florence.          If I say it's filthy - it is - filthy.

A man appears in corridor with suit-case. Sorrell and  
Mrs Palfrey have their backs to him. He stands for a moment,  
watching and listening; makes a movement as though to escape,  
changes his mind, puts down suitcase, and walks off right.



Florence.            You go down on your knees, you lazy swine, and swab that floor. Yes, and you'll have it done by one oclock.

Sorrell.            (Patiently and sadly). Very well, madam.

Florence.           Dont madam me. Where's my sot of a husband ?

Sorrell.            Out - I think.

Florence.           I - know - where - he is. - And remember if I catch that kid of yours in here again - .

She goes out left. Sorrell stands for a moment, staring at the floor, and then with an air of resignation he proceeds to roll up the rugs and move tables. He takes his bucket and swab and begins work at the far end under windows.

Thomas Roland reappears with an attache case and a raincoat. He stands watching Sorrell at work.

Roland.            (As though to advertise his presence). Anyone on duty here ?

Sorrell, startled, rises on his knees, and looks over shoulder.

Sorrell.            Yes, sir.

Roland.            It's all right. No hurry. You seem to be very much on duty. - Possibly, - my voice -.



Sorrell turns on his knees, but does not look up into Roland's face.

Sorrell. I've heard it before, sir.

Roland. Fifth Battalion of the Royal East Surreys, -  
shun!

Sorrell's face lights up and then seems to cloud with shame.

Sorrell. So - it's you, Roland ? - I beg your pardon, -  
I should have said --.

Roland. Not at all. - It's a most curious thing that I  
should have pulled up outside this pub. - Do you  
remember the last time we saw each other ?

Sorrell. (Raising his head and looking at Roland). Yes.

Roland. (Smiling). I was on a stretcher with a bit of  
H.E. in my back. - Yes, and not altogether sorry  
to be there. You came crashing down that  
communication trench to wish me luck.

Sorrell. We rather fancied - our C.O.

Roland. Bloody old memories - but somehow good.

He sits down and takes out a cigarette case.

Roland. Same old case - same old colonel, but only a  
Kitchener colonel at that! - Well, - I was  
lucky. As you see they patched me up very



nicely. I finished the war as O.C. of a Base  
Camp.

Holds out his cigarette case to Sorrell.

Roland. Have one.

Sorrell. (Still kneeling and holding swab). I'm on duty,  
sir.

He rises, still holding swab.

Sorrell. Is that your luggage, colonel ?

Roland. Yes. I have to spend a night in Stanton.

Sorrell. If I were you, sir, I'd go to the King's Head.

Roland. (Lighting cigarette). Perhaps - I shall. -  
It's a strange world in these days. - Your luck  
cant have been - the right sort of luck, old man.

Sorrell. O, things just happen.

Roland. Fate - or medicine. - You -.

Sorrell. (Quietly). The war lost me my wife and my job.  
I have a boy to keep. Yes, my wife left me, and  
so did the job.

Roland. Was that your boy I met in the yard ?

Sorrell. He was here just before you came in, sir.

Roland. How long have you been here, Sorrell ?



Sorrell.            Nearly a year.

Roland.            (Looking round the lounge). Yes, - I think I shall go on to the King's Head.

He rises and walks to one of the windows, and stands looking into yard. Sorrell, still holding swab, watches the Snuggery door.

Roland.            People say - that things like this only happen in books. What do you think I do, - Sorrell, for a living ?

Sorrell.            I dont know, sir.

Roland.            I run hotels. At present - I have three. I took the Pelican at Winstonbury last year. I'm living there and working it up. The new world on wheels, you know.

Sorrell.            Yes, sir.

Roland.            Remember Buck the B.S.M ? He's my head porter there.

Sorrell.            I remember Buck.

Roland.            As a matter of fact I want a second porter. - I dont know whether you would care to consider --

Sorrell.            (Eagerly). You are offering me - ?

Roland.            (Turning and smiling). It might lead to something, you know. We are doing very well at the Pelican.



Sorrell drops swab on floor.

Sorrell.            You mean it, sir ?

Roland.            Of course.

Sorrell.            (Trembling). I -. It's the first - hope - I've  
                      had - since -.

The Snuggery door opens and Florence Palfrey blazes in.

Florence.           Did'nt I tell you to wash that floor. Get on  
                      with it, - you -.

Roland.            (Suavely). My fault - I'm afraid, madam.

Florence.           Whose luggage is that ?

Roland.            Mine. - I' am going to the King's Head.

Florence.           Oh, are you. - Well, take your luggage out of  
                      my hotel.

Roland.            (Smiling). With pleasure. I hope you will  
                      excuse me, but I am taking your porter too. -  
                      Get your things, Sorrell.

Florence.           Well, - I'm damned! - If you think he can blow  
                      off - like this -.

Roland.            (Politely). I think he can. - You can sue me  
                      if you like - for stealing your porter. - Give  
                      me a hand with the luggage, old man.



Sorrell rushes to pick up Roland's suitcase.

Curtain.

---



SCENE II.

The lounge of the Pelican Inn at Winstonbury. Time about 9.45 on a summer morning.

The lounge is spacious and newly furnished. Office in recess on left; passage beyond it. Porter's desk on right by hotel door. Door of dining-room on right - middle of wall. Hotel door and windows at back.

The lounge is full of the motoring world's morning departure. Two or three people are sitting smoking and reading papers. Girl clerk in office. Ex-Sergeant Major Buck in blue and gold uniform, very busy supervising departures. He is a big bully of a man, all blue eyes and belly; a gentleman who is both swaggering and servile.

Buck. (Shouting). Soul. (He pronounces Sorrell's name like Soul).

Sorrell in blue trousers, striped vest and shirt sleeves appears from passage beyond office. He looks thin and harrassed.

Buck. No.33, - No.41. Look sharp. Cars waiting.

Luggage has been collected beside the hotel door, and Buck proceeds to carry some of it out. Exit Sorrell for luggage.



Buck. (To waiting gentleman). These three pieces  
yours, sir ?

Gentleman. Yes.

Buck carries luggage out to car and returns.

Buck. All O.K.sir. Your chauffeur's put them in.

Gentleman. (Tipping Buck). Thanks. - What about the other  
porter ?

Buck. That's all right, sir. We pool here.

Gentleman beckons to lady and they go out. Sorrell  
reappears with more luggage and deposits it by door.

Buck. No.7. Car waiting.

Sorrell looks at him, and hesitates.

Buck. (Sharply). I said No.7. Get a move on.

Sorrell goes for luggage. Buck carries out more suitcases  
and collects more tips. The lounge empties itself. When  
Sorrell reappears with No.7's luggage, Buck relieves him of it.

Buck. No.19. That's the last. - I'll see to this.

Sorrell looks at him grimly.

Sorrell. Did any of those people - ?



Buck. (Truculently). No.19. Get a move on.

They eye each other for a moment, and then Sorrell turns and walks off.

Buck deals with luggage, comes back pocketing a tip, looks round lounge, and seeing only one guest left, picks up morning paper from desk. Fanny Garland - the head waitress - comes in from dining-room and crosses to office.

Fanny. No.17's bill, please.

Clerk. In three minutes. Anything extra for breakfast ?

Fanny. No.

Fanny recrosses to dining-room door. Buck, with a smirk, intercepts her.

Buck. Nice bit of news in the paper.

Fanny. (Coolly). Oh, is there.

Buck. (With a glance at office, and the solitary person behind a paper makes a suggestive movement).

Have a look at this bit of news.

Fanny. (Moving round him). Too busy - thanks.

Buck. What about - ?

Fanny. (Quietly and in an undertone). You had better be careful. - I have work to do, if you have'nt.



She disappears into dining-room. Buck looks at closed door, grins, twirls a moustache, and glances at office. He fancies himself with the women.

Re-enter Sorrell with more luggage, much luggage. He looks both hot and harrassed. Buck puts down the paper, but does not attempt to help Sorrell with the luggage.

Buck.                    Take it outside - <sup>a</sup>Soul, and load it up. Hotel bus.

He turns to lady.

Buck.                    The Bus is here, madam.

Lady.                    (Curtly). Thank you.

She is a strong minded person. She walks past Buck who stands holding the door open for her. She does not intend to tip him.

Buck.                    (With ironical politeness.) Good morning, madam.

He shrugs behind her back. Fanny reenters to fetch bill from office. She does not look at Buck.

Buck.                    Is that party leaving this morning ?

Fanny.                    (Repassing him). Not till twelve. Going to look at the Minster and the castle.



Buck.                   Are'nt we - grand - today!

Fanny disappears into dining-room and Sorrell comes in through hotel door. He has the air of a man who has made up his mind to have it out with his enemy.

Buck.                   Get anything out of the old woman ?

Sorrell.               (Facing him). What about all those other tips ?

Buck.                   What tips ?

Sorrell.               (Quietly but fiercely). I'm wise to the game. The idea is to keep me running up and downstairs while you stand at the receipt of custom. I've stood it for a month.

Buck.                   Is that so! Let me tell you, Mr <sup>a</sup>Soul, that this is'nt the place for a row, and I dont row with my subordinates. And that's that.

Sorrell.               (Quietly). I want my share of those tips.

Buck.                   O, do you! Then - whistle.

Sorrell.               They pool theirs in the dining room.

Buck.                   Look here, - I dont want any advice or lip from you. Clean up those tables. Empty the ash trays. Tidy up the papers.

They stand looking at each other. The antipathy between them is obvious, and ready to flare up. Sorrell restrains himself.



Sorrell. I have a good mind to ask Mr Roland --.

Buck. That's right, go and sneak to mother! - Look here, Mr Captain Squel - M.C., I'm responsible for this show. I'm here to see that the job's done, and to look after Mr Roland's interests.

Sorrell. (Ironically). And no one else's?

Buck. Sarcastic, are you? - You get busy. - I shall be back in five minutes - to inspect --.

Sorrell. The ash-trays will parade in marching order -!

Buck. That'll do. - Get busy.

Buck goes out by hotel door, and Sorrell proceeds to collect papers and magazines and arrange them on table. The lounge is empty. Fanny comes in with bill and money on plate, and crosses to office. The lady clerk is absent for a moment. Fanny puts down plate on counter, and looks at Sorrell.

Fanny. I saw Kit when I was home last night, Stephen.

Sorrell. (His face brightening). Cheery as usual?

Fanny. He's a little sport - that kid of yours.

Sorrell. I'm glad he is with your mother. - He's happy there.

He collects ash trays, and Fanny approaches.

Fanny. Buck been at you again, Stephen?



Sorrell. O, much as usual.

Fanny. (Glancing at office and seeing that it is still empty). He's a beast of a bully, and more than that. - If I were Mr Roland -.

Sorrell. Mr Roland doesn't know all that happens.

Fanny. I've a jolly good mind to tell him. - Buck's one of those fellows who can't keep their hands off a woman or a man who's better than himself.

Sorrell. We've got across each other, Fanny. He hates me, - and I don't exactly love him. I know what the idea is.

Fanny. What ?

Sorrell. He thinks I'm an ex-gentleman who can't take punishment. He thinks I'll crack. - His game is to break me.

Fanny. The beast.

Sorrell. (Shaking contents of ash trays into an empty fern pot that he has purloined for the purpose). But he won't. No, by god, - I'll play him at his own game and beat him.

Fanny. (Gently). Because - of the kid ?

Sorrell. Oh, - I suppose so. - And not only for the kid. He's got me - grim.



Clerk returns to office and Fanny goes across to collect receipted bill and change.

Clerk.               What, another five pound note to change. -  
I'm getting short of silver.

Fanny.              Sorry, Miss Jones, not my fault.

Clerk unlocks cash-box and counts out change.

Clerk.              There you are. - I suppose that will suit -  
everybody - for tips. They are a long time  
breakfasting.

Fanny.              Honey, Miss Jones, honey!

She crosses with plate to dining room, and as she disappears, Buck enters by front door. He crosses to the table where magazines and papers are arranged, and scrutinizes it. Sorrell has replaced some of the ash-trays on the tables, and Buck inspects them.

Buck.               That's better. There's one thing you may not  
have noticed about ash-trays, <sup>Saml.</sup> Sorrell.

Sorrell.            (Quietly). What's that, sir ?

Buck.               They dont answer back.

Sorrell turns and smiles at him and is silent.

Curtain.



SCENE III.

Time - about 5.30 p.m. A seat under an elm tree in the Minster close. Sorrell in dark blue suit and soft hat; Kit in a knicker suit and cap. An asphalt path crosses the grass in front of tree and seat. Bells are ringing.

Kit. (Looking at his father with characteristic frank devotion). Are you tired, pater ?

Sorrell. (Smiling). Why, do I look it. <sup>?</sup>

Kit. Just a bit.

Sorrell. Not like the Stanton tiredness, old chap.  
How's Mrs Garland ?

Kit. She let me get up the apple tree last night.  
It's a Blenheim.

Sorrell. Damage to apples! - How many ?

Kit. Two.

Sorrell. She said two and you took two. Is that it ?

Kit. Yes.

Sorrell. That's a bit unusual, - young man. - Any damage to knickers ?

Kit gets off seat and bends down.

Kit. Look.



Sorrell. (Gives him a playful smack). Everything O.K.  
Is'nt it about time I fitted you out with  
trousers ?

Kit. (Standing in front of him). Yes. - I think  
I'd rather like trousers. - Do you know they  
rag me at school because I call you pater.

Sorrell. Do they - indeed! Pater was a porter. -  
With a small son and no daughter. - Well, why  
not dad, or father, or the old man ?

Kit. (Laughing). Old man! - When does a man begin  
to be old ?

Sorrell. Is that a riddle ? - Well, the answer is - when  
he's a bore. - And when does a boy become a man

Kit. When he begins to earn his living.

Sorrell. No, when he becomes a prig. - Never be a prig,  
old chap. - But I dont think you will be.

Kit. What - exactly - is a prig, pater ?

Sorrell. A prig, - o - well a prig - is a fellow who  
tells his father to change his tie, or who -  
corrects the poor old fellow's spelling.

Kit. I always like your ties, pater.

Sorrell. Go on liking 'em. That's the idea.



Thomas Roland walks on from left, carrying a couple of books. He pauses, and stands facing the seat. Sorrell rises, and so does Kit.

Roland.           Hallo. - No, for heavens sake sit down. Well, Mr Francis Christopher Sorrell, what's *a* quadratic equation ?

Kit.               I dont know, sir.

Roland.           And I've forgotten! So - we're both honest, poor but honest, - which - as a matter of fact - is'nt true about that combination of qualities.

Sits down on seat. Kit stands and smiles at him. Sorrell sits by Roland.

Kit.               Are people honest - because they are rich, sir ?

Roland.           (Laughing). It is easier to be honest when you are rich.

Kit.               Is that why you are honest, Mr Roland.

Roland.           (Still laughing, and he has a pleasant laugh). Perhaps ? - But am I rich ? These searching questions! I've stirred up a wasps nest, Sorrell.

Feels in pocket for cigarette case, takes it out, claps a side pocket and makes a grimace.



Roland. Well - of all the silly asses! - Forgot to buy my tobacco.

Kit. (Eagerly). Cant I buy it for you, Mr Roland ?

Roland. You could. Know Taylors shop in the market-place ?

Kit. I'll find it.

Roland. (With much solemnity). Give my compliments to Mr Taylor and ask him to oblige me with two ounces of Players Navy Cut - medium.

Kit. Two - ounces - of Players Navy Cut - medium.

Roland. That's the formula. Here's half a crown. I'll wait here with your father.

Kit runs off, and Roland offers his cigarette case to Sorrell. They both light cigarettes.

Roland. Nice kid, that of yours.

Sorrell. He is one of the sensitive sort, the only sort of kid I could be bothered with. I dont like children as children.

Roland. That's supposed to be rank heresy. - But you bother pretty considerably 7.

Sorrell. (Nodding). In a sense - he's my job. - It's so easy to become a sot or a sensualist -.



Roland. (Glancing at Sorrell's grave face and smiling to himself). What is a sensualist ? - Cant we cease from abusing the poor body.

Sorrell. But that sort of thing leads to such - treacheries.

Roland. Yes, that's the tragedy of it. - What are you going to do with your boy ?

Sorrell. Give him a better chance than I have had.

Roland. One cant do more than that.

Sorrell. And may God keep me from preaching to him.

Roland. So few people can be friends with their kids. - My father was a pompous and genial old ass, - and I tried to take the lesson to heart. Your boy any ideas ?

Sorrell. He wants to be a doctor.

Roland. He has chosen early.

Sorrell. Yes. - My ambition is to send him up to Cambridge - eventually. A good prep. school for two or three years.

Roland. Does that mean that you are going to work just to give your boy a career.

Sorrell. It is not a bad thing to work for.

Roland. I agree - absolutely.

There is a pause. They sit and reflect.



Roland. By the way - how are you finding things ?

Sorrell. You mean - at the Pelican ?

Roland. Yes.

Sorrell. O, quite all right, sir.

Roland looks at him wisely and attentively.

Roland. Get on with Buck ?

Sorrell. O, yes.

Kit runs on from right, and holds out the tin of tobacco.

Kit. Is that right, sir ?

Roland. Absolutely right.

Kit. Sixpence change.

Roland. You pocket the change. That's a perquisite.

Kit. (Flushing). Thanks - awfully - sir.

Curtain.

---



SCENE IV.

The hotel doorway of the Pelican Inn. Time about four p.m. Buck is watching Sorrell and a chauffeur carrying in an immense American trunk - black and bound with metal. They lower trunk to floor to the right of door.

Chauffeur. She's all there. Wonder it didn't bust my back tyres.

Buck. I've humped bigger fellows than that. It's just knack and guts.

Chauffeur. Well, you're welcome to her. Got a lift in this hotel ?

Buck. No.

Chauffeur goes out through door, and Buck, with a sinister smirk at Sorrell; turns to the office.

Buck. No.37, Miss Jones ?

Voice. Yes.

Buck. No.37. Sorr'll.

Sorrell. Do you expect me to carry that thing up to 37 ?

Buck. Are'nt you up to your job, my lad ?

Sorrell. Within reason, yes.

Buck. Too much the gentleman, what! - I'll put it on your back.



Sorrell. (Pale and fierce). Very well.

Buck lifts trunk, and Sorrell makes a back.

Buck. She looks heavier than she is. Got her ?

Sorrell. Yes.

Buck. No.37.

Sorrell staggers off with trunk, Buck, watching him with that same sinister little smirk.

Curtain.

---



SCENE V.

A section of the hotel stairs, with landing above.

Sorrell appears with trunk, - bowed down and distressed. He staggers, sways to one side, and a corner of the trunk rips the paper on the wall.

Sorrell.           O, god damn you!

Thomas Roland appears above on the landing, and silently watches Sorrell's struggle with the trunk.

Sorrell rights himself, climbs two more steps, and then his legs fail him, and the trunk seems to crush him to the stairs.

Sorrell.           O, my god!

Roland makes a movement and then restrains himself.

Sorrell.           You are going up - if I have to kill myself.

A sudden fury possesses him. He fights with the trunk, heaves it over his head, and like a man storming a wall he rolls it over and up. With one last summersault it crashes on landing, and Sorrell collapses beside it in the attitude of the Dying Gaul.



Roland.                So - Buck - put that on you, Sorrell ?

Sorrell.                (Startled). I didn't know you were there, sir.

I'm afraid I lost my temper. I'm sorry.

He tries to rise, but relapses - panting - into the same position, his hand over his heart.

Roland.                People who travel with trunks like that ought to carry them upstairs. - Also, it's up to me to put in a lift.

Sorrell tries to rise, but Roland places a hand on his shoulder.

Roland.                Keep still a moment, Stephen. - Did Buck offer to help you ?

Sorrell.                (Still panting). He put the trunk on my back, sir.

Roland.                Ah! - Yes, - I happened to be in the office when that coffin came in, and I ran up the back stairs. I have been watching Mr Buck for some little time. You may have thought I was rather blind, Stephen.

Sorrell.                I can manage now, sir.

Roland.                Wait. - There are other things, I don't like about Buck. He has had his chance. He's going.



Sorrell's face expresses strange relief. He gets to his feet, and lays hold of trunk.

Roland. Wait. - I'll give you a hand with that damned thing - in a moment. - Buck will go at the end of the week. Will you take on as head porter, Stephen ?

Sorrell. (Standing straight, his face lighting up).  
I should say so, sir.

Roland. We'll have a stout lad in as second, and this winter - a lift.

Sorrell. You dont know - sir - what this means --.

Roland. (Smiling). Perhaps I do ? - Another step - nearer -Cambridge for a certain small person.

Sorrell. I'm saving every shilling I can, sir. - It's worth it.

Roland. Good man. Come on - let's manhandle this coffin.

Sorrell. I can manage, sir, now.

Roland. No - you wont. Take your end.

They grasp the handles of the trunk and raise it.

Roland. No.37, is'nt it ?

Sorrell. Yes. - I'm afraid I took a piece off the wall, sir.



Roland.                Sooner mended than mens backs.

They smile at each other across trunk.

Roland.                Now - for the funeral.    Slow march!

Curtain.

---



ACT II.

SCENE I.

The lounge of the Pelican Inn. Time - early morning. Rugs are turned back, and a sturdy under-porter - Fred Hulks - is polishing the parquet floor. Sorrell, in shirt sleeves, enters with a tray of ash-trays, and proceeds to distribute them.

Sorrell.            You gave the garage that message, Fred ?

Hulks.             Yes, Mr Sorrell. The lady's chauffeur was'nt up.

Sorrell.            Lazy devil.

Hulks.             I got Bob to wake him and give him the order.

Sorrell.            Thanks, Fred. - O, by the way, - I have some of your yesterday's money to pass on.

Sorrell puts down tray, takes a slip of paper from his vest pocket.

Sorrell.            Seven tips, total seventeen shillings. - Your third, five and eight pence.

Takes silver and coppers from trouser pockets and counts out the money on the table.

Hulks.             I took twelve bob, so I owe you eight.

Sorrell.            (Smiling). You seem to lose on the rubber, Fred.



Hulks. I'm not grouching. - Besides, - it's a bargain.  
You're treating me pretty differently from the  
way - that other chap would have done.

Passes over money.

Sorrell. Thanks, Fred.

Hulks. Ten bob a day or so in tips - is'nt to be  
sneezed at.

Sorrell. Yes, we're lucky. Every bedroom occupied three  
hundred nights in the year. Mr Roland knows  
how to run a hotel.

Hulks replaces rugs, and Sorrell polishes tables. A bell  
rings, and Hulks hurries off.

Hulks. Someone's boots gone astray! - I believe those  
girls play tricks with 'em.

Sorrell goes to hotel door, and stands there for a moment  
as though saluting the sun and the morning. Fanny Garland  
appears from corridor, and pauses in the middle of lounge.

Fanny. Morning, Stephen.

Sorrell. (Turning). Morning, Fanny. Bright and early, -  
as usual.



Fanny. Mother sends you a message.

Sorrell. Oh.

Fanny. She hopes Kit wont be too - much the gentleman - for the little old bedroom.

Sorrell. Hardly. - He's not that sort, Fanny. I hope he will never be that sort.

Fanny. He's such a natural kid.

Sorrell. Always - "Love to Granny Garland."

Fanny. He'll be back next month. - Dont you wonder a bit, Stephen ?

Sorrell. What about ?

Fanny. O, whether - the same kid will come back ?

Sorrell. (Gravely). By god, dont I! - I'm like a silly kid myself for seven days before the break-up. I get quite windy. But - as yet - there's been no shadow of strangeness.

Fanny. I dont see why there ever should be between you and Kit.

Sorrell. I hope there wont be. - I try not to be pompous - or greedy.

Fanny. (Smiling). You'll never be either, Stephen.

Miss Jones enters office, and Fanny passes into dining-room.

A postman appears at hotel door and walks in taking a large parcel of letters from his bag.



Sorrell. Morning, Bob.

Postman. Morning, Mr Sorrell. Usual prize packet for the Pelican.

Sorrell takes over letters and postman goes out. Sorrell carries letters to office and places them on counter.

Sorrell. Morning, Miss Jones. Shall I help sort ?

Miss Jones. (A twittering blonde). You might.

Sorrell. I'll take half.

They sort letters, and Miss Jones passes a letter to Sorrell.

Miss Jones. One - for you.

Sorrell looks at it, puts it in his pocket, goes on sorting, and then takes out letter as though it intrigues him. He stares at it, with a slight frown on his face. He crosses to window, opens letter and reads. His face seems to darken, and there is anger in its darkness.

Sorrell. Well - I'm damned!

Fanny Garland appears from dining-room as he exclaims.

Fanny. Why damned, - Stephen ?

Sorrell. Fanny, come here. Read that.



Fanny joins him by window and he gives her the letter.

Sorrell. It's from the fellow who runs the Prep.School.

Well, read it.

Fanny reads. Sorrell, in a state of anger and distress, pulls the curtains straight, and pushes a table into position.

Fanny. The beastly snob!

Sorrell. Well, that's about his measure. Do you see - that he actually accuses me of a lack of candour, says I concealed the fact that I was an hotel porter. Well, so I am, damn him!

Fanny. He wants you to take Kit away!

Sorrell. Just because there are some other poisonous little snobs at the school who found out about me and have been barracking my boy.

Takes letter from Fanny and reads. - In the interests of the school and the atmosphere we try to cultivate, - social discrepancies of this description are distinctly embarrassing."

Sorrell. Noble fellow! I had four years of the war; I was wounded twice; I commanded a company, and yet I'm not good enough to have my kid educated with the kids of men who sell tooth-brushes by the million and make beer. - I'll take the boy away.



Fanny. (Gently). Dont be in a hurry, Stephen. - Have Kit's letters sounded unhappy ?

Sorrell. Well, no, not exactly. He's frightfully good friends with his form master, a good chap.

Fanny. Dont be in a hurry.

Sorrell. But he suggests that I take Kit away.

Fanny. Can he do that - without a good reason ?

Sorrell. I dont know that he can. - So long as I pay the fees -.

Fanny. Think it over, Stephen. I'd write the beast a letter that would make him sit up and take notice. But dont write till tomorrow.

Sorrell. (Smiling at her). You're a wise woman, Fanny. You've got more sense -.

Fanny. (A little sadly). O, yes, - I have plenty of common sense, my dear.

Bell rings, and Sorrell stuffs letter into pocket and hurries off.

Sorrell. That's Mr Blake, I expect. I always help him with his artificial leg.

Exit Sorrell. Two waitresses pass across lounge, and Fanny follows them. She is about to pass through door when Roland appears in lounge. Fanny hesitates, and then turns to him.



Fanny. Could I speak to you for a moment, sir ?

Roland. Of course, Fanny. Nothing wrong, I hope ?

Fanny. (Moving to end of lounge by windows). No, sir. - It's about - someone else.

Roland. (Joining her by window). You are not going to leave us, Fanny ?

Fanny. O, no, sir.

Roland. Good. - You are one of our - business assets. Well, what's the trouble ?

Fanny. (In a low voice). Stephen has just had a letter. The head-master at Kit's school wants him to take Kit away.

Roland. Why ?

Fanny. Because - Stephen's a porter, and the master's a snob, and some of the boys -.

Roland. Are nasty little snobs! - Well, - I would like to have a few words with the gentleman.

Fanny. Stephen's very upset, sir.

Roland. I dont blame him.

Fanny. Please dont let him know - I --. He may come to you. He's got such faith in you --.

Roland. (Smiling and wagging a finger at her). Fanny, it's your diplomacy that makes the dining-room such a peaceful place. No complaints, no tiffs. All serene. - I can take a tip.



Fanny. I was'nt suggesting, sir -.

Roland. O, no. - We are rather a happy family here -.  
I may do a little thinking about that letter.

Fanny. (Smiling at him, and moving towards dining-room door). You wont tell Stephen, sir, I told you.

Roland. You can tell himself, some day, Fanny, if you want to.

Curtain.

---



SCENE II.

Roland's private room and office at The Pelican.

Time, about four oclock on the same day.

Roland is sitting at his desk which faces the window, and the window looks out upon the inn garden, grass, flower borders, old trees. - He rises, rings bell, and returns to desk.

Enter Hulks.

Roland. Mr Sorrell in, Hulks ?

Hulks. Yes, sir.

Roland. Ask him to come here.

Hulks. Very well, sir.

Hulks closes door, and Roland spreads a map on his desk. He is studying it when Sorrell enters.

Roland. (Turning in chair). O, come in Stephen. Can you spare ten minutes ?

Sorrell. Yes, sir.

Roland. Sit down.

Sorrell sits down on chair by door, and looks attentively at Roland.



Roland. (Rising). O, come over here, Stephen. This is'nt a formal occasion. Try that arm-chair.

Sorrell changes to arm-chair. Roland passes him a cigarette box.

Roland. Have one.

Sorrell. Thanks, sir.

Roland. (Replacing box on desk). Fact is, Stephen, I have another hotel in prospect. I always study maps and motor routes pretty thoroughly before I choose a new centre. The modern hotel has to be on a main route, and yet sufficiently off the road to give people a chance of sleeping.

Sorrell. People ask for back rooms, sir.

Roland. Here, Stephen ?

Sorrell. No, in the old city coaching-inns.

Roland. Poisonous places - many of them. Shabby, no enterprise, think more of the bar and the local boozers than the people who use the hotel. One electric light bulb per bedroom, and the switch by the door. Fruit salad - tinned - the prevailing sweet. A staff that has'nt been trained not to shout up and down corridors.

Sorrell. (Smiling). And a dirty kitchen, sir, very likely.



Roland. (Walking to window and looking out). I think my next venture will be in Exeter or near it.

Anyhow - I'm going off on tour. You must know the Pelican pretty thoroughly - now - Stephen.

Sorrell. I have learnt a lot from watching your methods, sir.

Roland. They call me an enthusiastic amateur. The trouble with professionals is that they are too damned professional to have any new ideas. They thought I should crash. They thought I should be a soft fool whom everybody would exploit. Running an hotel, Stephen, is a mixture of imagination and attention to detail. One has to know to a cabbage what comes in.

Sorrell. And see that - nothing - goes out, sir.

Roland. (Laughing). I have been pretty lucky in my staff.

Sorrell. You have treated us well, sir.

Roland. I've always found that if you choose the right people they respond to generosity.

Sorrell. The right people, sir, yes.

Roland. I've always had a keen sense of smell for the rotter. So, - the situation is this, Stephen. I want a manager for the Pelican.



Sorrell. You'll have dozens of applicants, sir.

Roland. No, - I dont think so. - I am not going outside for my man. I want you to manage the Pelican, Stephen.

Sorrell sits up very straight in chair, his face surprised and intensely serious.

Sorrell. Me - sir!

Roland. Exactly.

Sorrell. (Restraining himself). But, sir, - it's a serious business. - I - I'm rather - winded. - It's such - it's so tremendously generous --.

Roland. Not generous, Stephen, just common sense.

Sorrell. Supposing I let you down ?

Roland. (Smiling). I dont think you'll let either me or the Pelican down, Stephen. I'll have a bet with you on it.

Sorrell rises from chair.

Sorrell. You really think I can do it ?

Roland. Of course you can, Stephen.

Sorrell. I - feel - like --.

Smiles, takes a letter out of pocket and hands it to Roland.



Sorrell.            Would you read that, sir. It is from the  
                         headmaster of Kit's prep. school.

Roland reads letter, while Sorrell stands by window,  
looking out into the garden.

Roland.            What a perfectly poisonous person! ~~Unctious~~  
                         humbug.

His face grows whimsical. He looks at Sorrell.

Roland.            But you have him in a cleft stick, Stephen.

Sorrell.            How, sir ?

Roland.            Write to the gentleman serenely and scornfully  
                         and suggest that there must be some slight  
                         misunderstanding. Inform him that you happen  
                         to be a director of one of the Roland Hotels.

Sorrell.            But --.

Roland.            We'll date the appointment from today. Try  
                         the snob with a googly. How's that, Stephen ?

Sorrell.            Middle stump, sir.

Curtain.

---



### SCENE III.

A cross section of the hotel bus. Sorrell and Kit sitting opposite each other. Sorrell lays his hat on the seat. Kit copies him. In silence they sit and smile at each other with amused affection.

Kit. Pater, - I'm frightfully bucked. It's great.

Sorrell. What, my lad ?

Kit. O, you know what I mean. The hotel.

Sorrell. (Smiling). I'm rather pleased about it myself. It's a great piece of - luck.

Kit. Roland's a sport, - but he's jolly lucky to get you.

Sorrell. So - everybody's pleased. By the way, where did you get that nice little decoration.

Kit laughs and blinks a right eye. The lids are still slightly discoloured.

Kit. Cricket, pater.

Sorrell. No secrets.

Kit. Well, Bluett Major. He said something rude.

Sorrell. Did he - indeed! And what happened - ?

Kit. (Brightly). Oh, - I just - licked him.

Curtain.

---



ACT III.

SCENE I.

Seven years later.

A bedroom in the Pelican Inn overlooking garden. It is large and pleasantly furnished, and more like a room in a private house. Comfortable arm-chair and occasional table by window. A vase of roses on mantelpiece.

A trunk stands open on luggage stool at the foot of the bed. Mrs Duggan has just arrived and is unpacking. She is a plump, yellow headed, well preserved woman of forty five, suggesting both smartness and opulence. She is wearing a blue skirt and jumper. There is - perhaps - a touch of flashiness about the rings on her hands.

She takes an evening frock from trunk, and going to the wardrobe places it on a hanger.

Mrs Duggan.      That's one up to Stephen's hotel. Most of them in England never think of coat-hangers as necessary furniture.

Hangs up dress.



Mrs Duggan.      This resurrection is going to be rather a shock  
for someone. I wonder what he's like these days ?

Goes to window and looks down into garden. There is the  
sound of a lawn mower at work. Mrs Duggan's attitude expresses  
interest.

Mrs Duggan.      Is it - the boy ? - White shirt, grey flannel  
trousers. - It's a nice looking lad. - It makes  
me feel quite old!

Stands contemplating the garden.

Mrs Duggan.      Well, - I suppose I may as well ring up the  
curtain.

She goes and looks at herself in mirror, crosses to bell  
and rings it, and returning to window, sits down in arm-chair.  
She picks up a book from table and turns the pages.

Knock at door.

Mrs Duggan.      Come in.

Maid enters.

Maid.              Did you ring, madam ?



Mrs Duggan. Yes, - I want to see the manager. Will you take him my compliments and say - that it is rather important.

Maid. I dont know whether Mr Sorrell is in, madam.  
Miss Garland - the house-keeper - is in her room.

Mrs Duggan. It is the manager I want. Please go and see if he is in, and if so - give him my message.

Maid. Any name, madam ?

Mrs Duggan. Just say the lady in No.3.

Maid. Very good, madam.

She goes out. Mrs Duggan leans to one side so that she can see out of window.

Mrs Duggan. It must be the boy. He's got my nose and eyes and colouring. But - why - cutting grass ?  
How - primitive!

Shrugs.

She sits, pretending to read. There is a knock at door.

Mrs Duggan. Come in.

Sorrell enters. His expression - one of impersonal politeness - changes abruptly. He stands, staring, his hand still on the handle.



Sorrell.           Dora!

Mrs Duggan.       Close the door, please, Stephen. I'm in a draught.

Sorrell closes door, and stands with his back to it.

Mrs Duggan.       (Smiling). - Well, is'nt this rather intriguing ? -  
You dont look very much older, Stephen.

Sorrell.           What are you doing here ?

Mrs Duggan.       (Amused). Do you ask all your visitors such abrupt questions, and especially those who take the best rooms ?

Sorrell.           When did you arrive ?

Mrs Duggan.       About an hour ago. My Rollys is in the garage, and I hope my chauffeur is cleaning it. - I am just doing a little tour, Stephen.

Sorrell.           I see. Was it chance, or - ?

Mrs Duggan.       (Sweetly). No, not quite fortuitous, Stephen. The son of a friend of mine is up at Trinity, and lads make friends. That's how I came to know. - But - do - sit down.

Sorrell sits down on chair by door.

Mrs Duggan.       Yes, poor Duggan died last year. Heart - and other things. He was a generous creature, - too



much so to himself. He left me - four thousand a year. - I think he rather regretted the fact that we had no children. - But - I - seem to be boring you.

Sorrell. (Rather grimly). I'm not interested in Mr Duggan, dead or alive.

Mrs Duggan. (Whimsically). He was much less temperamental, Stephen, than -.

Sorrell. He was much better off.

Mrs Duggan. (Amused). Really, - do you still regard me as a gold-digger, at my age ? - Are'nt we a little more tolerant and civilised - these days ?

Sorrell. I grant you - there is a slump in morals.

Mrs Duggan. (Laughing). O, - Stephen! - How little people change. Same old solemn Stephen.

Sorrell. (Moving restlessly in chair). You'll excuse me, but I happen to be a busy man. You sent for me -?

Mrs Duggan. I like your hotel, Stephen. You provide a light over the bed, and coat-hangers in the wardrobe.

Sorrell. (Ironically). I am glad you are comfortable.

(Rises). If there is anything -.

Mrs Duggan. How very impersonal of you, Stephen! - And I did not come here to be purely impersonal.

Sorrell. Is that so ?



Mrs Duggan. You never could take things - lightly, my dear.  
No, I admit that I was a little inquisitive.

Sorrell. Your curiosity has been somewhat - delayed.

Mrs Duggan. And do you resent it ?

Sorrell. I do not welcome it.

Mrs Duggan. Assuming wistfulness). Do sit down, Stephen.  
You belong to an age that was arbitrary, an age  
that padlocked the domestic virtues, but <sup>which</sup> that  
took its male relaxations in Leicester Square.

Sorrell. (Sitting down). Will anyone ever solve sex ?

Mrs Duggan. My dear, one does'nt solve sex, one accepts it. -  
It is just because you did'nt understand the  
simple sex in me that -.

Sorrell. Perhaps - one took the war rather too seriously.  
We suffered from illusions of sacrifice and of  
loyalty. And back in England - you <sup>a</sup> rotted.

Mrs Duggan. Thank you. Did'nt you ever go with a woman in  
France, Stephen ?

Sorrell. No.

Mrs Duggan. Did you want to ?

Sorrell. Yes.

Mrs Duggan. Poor man! - Are'nt we improving on the impure  
purities of our mothers ~~and~~ fathers ? - But -  
really, the war was rather like measles. Some



of us had high temperatures and became a little delirious. - I'm a middle aged woman, Stephen.

Sorrell. (Watching her intently). And wealthy.

Mrs Duggan. Passably so.

Sorrell. And perhaps - a little bored - and in search of - distractions.

She ignores the irony and its implications. She is silent, vaguely smiling.

Mrs Duggan. I really am quite a simple person.

Sorrell. Almost - elemental!

Her face hardens for a moment, and then resumes its dentifrice smile. She leans towards window.

Mrs Duggan. He is quite a good looking lad, Stephen.

Sorrell. (Grimly). You think so. - Where did you see him ?

Mrs Duggan. Why does he cut grass ? For pleasure ?

Sorrell observes her steadily.

Sorrell. So - you are interested.

Mrs Duggan. I - am - his mother.

Sorrell. You were his mother. - I can understand a woman betraying a man - but not her boy.



She makes a tragic movement. She faces him. She expresses pathos.

Mrs Duggan. You are very hard on me, Stephen.

Sorrell. You made no attempt to -.

Mrs Duggan. Duggan was idiotically jealous. He would'nt -.

Sorrell. I see. Your egoism had to compromise.

Mrs Duggan. I had'nt a penny.

Sorrell. But you elected to choose - the financier.

Mrs Duggan. Besides - it only happened in 1918, and you disappeared so completely. - I tried to find out -.

Sorrell. Behind Mr Duggan's back and bank-book!

Mrs Duggan. (With sudden passion). So, you are afraid of me.

Sorrell. Am I ?

Mrs Duggan. Yes. - You are just as - selfish as - I was.  
You are afraid to let me see or speak to my boy.

Sorrell sits silent and rigid.

Sorrell. Am I afraid, or for my own sake ? - I wonder ?  
Almost - you challenge me.

Mrs Duggan. Stephen, as one grows older - one goes back.

Sorrell. To what ?



Mrs Duggan. O, the old things. - Perhaps it's a sign of premature senility. - But one does yearn - sometimes.

Sorrell. Kit's an unusual person. - He's rather - better - than most modern kids. At least - I think so. He's curiously honest - without being cynical. - My the way, are'nt you a little afraid of Kit ?

Mrs Duggan. (With assumed emotion). Dreadfully.

Sorrell. I wonder.

Mrs Duggan. You doubt me ?

Sorrell. Women can be so extraordinarily - self persuasive.

Mrs Duggan. I - might - have seen him - without your knowing.

Sorrell. That's true. Why did'nt you ?

Mrs Duggan. You would'nt believe me - I suppose - if I said that I have some ideas upon - honour.

Sorrell. That's a much misunderstood word.

Mrs Duggan. So you are afraid ?

Sorrell. Fear is a mean - emotion.

Sorrell rises deliberately, walks to window and leans out.

Sorrell. Kit.

Voice. Hallo, pater.

Sorrell. Come up to No.3, will you ?

Voice. Coming.



Sorrell. (Turning to his wife). You shall see and speak with your son.

Mrs Duggan. (Displaying exaggerated emotion). I'm most dreadfully nervous. - Dont leave me alone with him. - Are you going to tell him ?

Sorrell. Of course.

Mrs Duggan. But could'nt you pretend - ?

Sorrell. If you remember - the boy was ten - when you - selected Duggan. He will recognise you.

Mrs Duggan. I'm most dreadfully frightened.

Sorrell. (Coldly). Of course - I can stop him.

Mrs Duggan. No, no, dont. I must go through with it.

There is a knock at door.

Sorrell. Come in.

Christopher enters. He is a good looking lad, sturdy, fresh coloured with frank, straight eyes. He has a very pleasant smile, and a dignity that is peculiar in so young a man. He can stand quite still without any suggestion of posing or of awkwardness. He smiles at his father.

Sorrell. Kit, - this is your mother.

The smile disappears from Kit's face. Mrs Duggan has risen from her chair. She stands facing her son who stares at her



with embarrassing fixity.

Mrs Duggan. Do you remember me, Christopher ?

Kit. (Gravely). Yes.

Mrs Duggan. (With uneasy animation). You've grown so tremendously.

Kit. One - does.

He glances at his father. They exchange smiles.

Sorrell. Your mother wants to talk to you. - You'll excuse me -.

He moves to door, goes out, closing door after him.

Kit remains standing, his eyes fixed on his mother. He betrays no embarrassment. Both his eyes and his silence suggest tacit hostility.

Mrs Duggan. (Sinking back into chair). Do sit down, my dear.

Kit takes the chair by the door, the same chair which his father had used.

Mrs Duggan. (With feeling). I - dont - think - I have ever been so frightened before. - I suppose - that - to you, Kit, - I'm a kind of dreadful ghost ?

Kit is silent, and she looks at him appealingly.



Mrs Duggan. My dear, - obviously - you have been taught to

regard me - as a wicked woman. Your father -

Kit. No.

Mrs Duggan. You mean - ?

Kit. We never discussed the subject.

Mrs Duggan. (Whimsically). Was I so completely - the outcast ?

Kit. No.

Mrs Duggan. I - simply - did not exist.

Kit. Well, - how could you ? You see -.

Mrs Duggan. (Struggling with her emotion). This - is - terrible. - But, of course, - I deserve to -. Life can be so devastating. I dont suppose you understand, my dear -.

Kit. (Quietly). What ?

Mrs Duggan. (Putting a hand to her forehead). A mother - explaining herself - to her son! - But, my dear, are'nt you young things - a little more tolerant - and understanding ? You know so much more of life - than - we did. You talk more openly, - you read -.

Kit. (Gravely). Yes, we - may look at things - more frankly - perhaps. - We are supposed to be more analytical, and rather - disillusioned.



Mrs Duggan. No ideals ?

Kit. O, yes, some of us have ideals. - I'm to be a doctor. A doctor has to have very definite ideals.

Mrs Duggan. (Effusively). Tell me.

Kit. A sort of sincerity - you know. - When one looks down a microscope one has to go on looking until one is sure of what one sees. No use humbugging. - And isn't it the same with people ?

His steady gaze embarrasses his mother.

Mrs Duggan. Am I - under - the microscope, my dear ?

Kit. I was thinking of someone else.

Mrs Duggan. Your father ?

Kit. As a matter of fact, - yes.

Mrs Duggan. Quite - the devoted son! Isn't that rather - an unusual pose ?

Kit. It isn't a pose. We are friends.

Mrs Duggan. Really ?

Kit. (Evasively). Well, it's possible - you know - under particular conditions.

Mrs Duggan jigs a foot, and with face averted, looks out of window.



Mrs Duggan. I suppose it wouldn't be possible - would it - ?

Kit. What ?

Mrs Duggan. (Impatiently). How monosyllabic you are, my dear! - I was broaching the question of friendship. - I suppose you realise that a woman may regret certain things.

Kit. I have had no experience.

Mrs Duggan. Well - she can. - She -. I suppose you don't know what loneliness is ?

Kit. One's own form of loneliness.

Mrs Duggan. (Eagerly). When people - other men don't understand. I - do - understand some things, my dear. I've suffered. I've had bad times. I might even learn to understand my son.

Kit's face seems to express silent suspicion.

Mrs Duggan. But the trouble is - you regard me as a stranger. Isn't that so ?

Kit. Well, we are strangers, aren't we ?

Mrs Duggan rises and walks up and down in evident distress.

Mrs Duggan. Strangers -. I remember the day you were born. You were such a funny little creature. - Yes, - I wept.. - And then those wonderful months when



I had you all to myself. - But I'm being a silly, emotional fool. - You cant be expected to understand - how a woman feels -.

Kit. (Chilled by her emotion and embarrassed by it).

No, I cant understand - quite - how -.

Mrs Duggan. (Pausing in front of him). How I managed to leave you - ? Yes, I was mad -. You've got my eyes and mouth - and some day you'll find out what that sort of madness is like. Women are not supposed to feel - but they do, - just like men do, and perhaps more so. Madness, my dear, and then - years of disillusionment, - and perhaps a yearning - for the things one has lost.

Kit. (Gently but coldly). Yes, - I think I understand what you mean.

Mrs Duggan. I'm trying to be honest, to put myself under your microscope. I'm forty five and alone in the world. Could'nt we try to forget and learn - to be friends ?

Kit is silent for a moment. She looks at him whimsically, appealingly.



Mrs Duggan. I'm not a bad sort - really, my dear. - It may be a tragedy to be too hot hearted and impulsive. One crashes, and then has to pick up the pieces. - But I do understand some things. Wont you try ?

Kit. (Looking up at her). I might.

Mrs Duggan. Do, - my dear. - I'm not going to be - exacting. I like to give young things a good time. - I have rather a lot of money, and money is made to be spent. - After all, one is meant to have a good time. - And I'm years and years late - in helping to give you yours.

Kit. I think I have a good time.

Mrs Duggan. Of course you do. - I can see that your father has been very generous.

Kit nods gravely.

Mrs Duggan. And you've deserved it. - You won a scholarship. - I hear - that you are doing marvellous things.

Kit. (Embarrassed). Oh, - I'm not an absolute ass.

Mrs Duggan. (Laughing). - I'm - being - the - ass. - But I'm so impulsive, my dear - No, - I wont ask you to kiss me. - I'm really quite a sensible person. I dont expect a lad to -. But cant we begin to rediscover each other ?



Kit. An experiment.

Mrs Duggan. How frightfully - scientific - you are! - Well, wont you come and spend a week end with me in town. No.311 South Audley Street. - I'll get up a show and a party. Of course - you dance.

Kit. Yes, - I dance. - But -.

Mrs Duggan. I know some really jolly girls.

Kit. Do you want me to come - alone ?

Mrs Duggan. My dear, - of course I understand - that you and your father -. If you want to ask him whether -.

Kit. He wont make any objection.

Mrs Duggan. O, but I dont know -.

Kit. We have'nt any - contract.

Mrs Duggan. Contract! How quaint! He lets you - ?

Kit. We're friends.

Mrs Duggan. (Eagerly). Well, will you come ? Not this week end - but the next ? - O, by the way -.

Goes to chest of drawers, takes out bag, and extracts notes from bag.

Mrs Duggan. We all appreciate the fact that a little spare cash makes things more fluid.

Kit. (Rising from chair). No, - I would rather not. - I have an allowance.



Mrs Duggan. (Brightly revising her attitude). Well, now - I do like you for that. - I rather hoped you wouldn't take the money.

Kit. That's all right.

Mrs Duggan. Well, - not yet. - When you have begun to believe in me - a little, - perhaps -.

Kit. Shall we - put that on one side.

Mrs Duggan. Of course.

She returns money to bag, and bag to drawer.

Mrs Duggan. Now - I want you to tell your father everything that we have said to each other.

Kit smiles at some inward thought.

Kit. We don't expect each other to confess. All the same, for that very reason -. (Restrains himself, and rises from chair). One's so apt to be too self centred.

Mrs Duggan. I suppose you wouldn't dine with me here. I can have dinner sent up.

Kit. (Gravely). The pater and I always dine together during the vac.

Mrs Duggan. (Graciously). I - quite - understand. - No, I'm not a bit greedy. - I think it will be very



generous of you, my dear, if you will give me an occasional week end. Is that asking too much either of you or of your father ?

Kit. I cant speak for the pater.

Mrs Duggan. May I speak to him myself ?

Kit. If you wish to.

Mrs Duggan. And you will give me that week end ? Unless I hear to the contrary I shall get up a party.

Kit. Dinner jacket - or tails ? As a matter of fact - I have'nt tails.

Mrs Duggan. (Laughing). A lad with a figure like yours looks best in a D.J. Has anybody ever told you that you are rather - a lamb ?

Kit. (Coldly). I hope not.

Mrs Duggan. I was just - teasing. - That sort of thing - is - rather loathsome, is'nt it ? - Well, - I think we have made a wonderful beginning. - I suppose you did not realise that I felt - petrified - when you walked into the room ? - But perhaps you did ? One talks such nonsense when one is -.

She rises and stands by the window.

Mrs Duggan. No, - I'm not going to exploit the mother touch. Friendship is the idea, is'nt it ? - Well, - I



think we are both rather - voiceless. - I'm  
going on tomorrow to Glastonbury and Wells.

Kit looks at her with unsmiling seriousness, and then turns  
to door. He opens it, and looks at her again.

Kit. I dont even know your name.

She smiles at him.

Mrs Duggan. How foolish of me. My name is Duggan. But -  
surely - you remember my Christian name ?

Kit. No.

Mrs Duggan. O, my dear! - How devastating of you! - As a  
matter of fact it is rather a silly name. Dora. -  
Just call me Mrs D. Now - remember - 311 South  
Audley Street.

Kit. I shall remember.

Goes out, closing door.

His mother sinks down in her chair.

Mrs Duggan. O, my god! - He had let him forget my name. I  
shant forget - that - in a hurry.

Curtain.

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SCENE II.

Sorrell's sitting-room at "Pelican", the room the same as that which had been used by Roland. Time - about 8.25 on a Saturday morning. Windows open, sun shining, table laid for breakfast. Two porridge plates with covers - opposite each other. Chafing dish on sideboard.

Sorrell is standing by the window with his wallet in his hands. He extracts a five pound note from wallet, and secretes it under his son's porridge plate. Taking a copy of morning paper from desk, he opens it, folds it across, and propping it against the tea-pot, sits down. He removes porridge cover, and helps himself to sugar and milk.

Kit enters, dressed in lounge suit, and looking prepared for some occasion.

Kit.                Sorry, pater. A bit late.

Sorrell.            (Looking up at him and smiling). All apologies accepted. For a father and son we really are extraordinarily polite to each other.

Kit.                (Sitting down and removing cover). Did I sound a bit casual ?

Sorrell.            (Passing across the sugar and milk). And have you ever caught me being ironical ?



Kit. (Helping himself to sugar). No.

Sorrell. That's all right then! - Is'nt it usual for young men to tolerate their fathers in public, and refer to them pityingly and in private as the old man ?

Kit. (With a pleasant smile). Some fathers are born old.

Sorrell. The funny thing about life is that one doesn't feel old.

Kit. Well, - you're not old.

Sorrell. I'm rather glad. - I should have felt rather a failure if I had found you patronising me.

Kit. (Quickly). And if I had been that sort of prig -.

Sorrell. (Laughing). We're both a couple of kids -. By the way, London just managed to beat the Germans at Henley in the Grand.

Kit. Good business.

Sorrell. (Getting up and placing porridge plates on sideboard). Pretty close thing though. Both crews cooked.

Helps himself to eggs and bacon.



Kit.                   You dont feel any bitterness against the  
                         Germans ?

Sorrell.               I ? - No. They are a damned fine people. We  
                         put the wind up each other in the war. - There's  
                         a sort of compassion that comes to one in later  
                         years. - I dont think I feel bitter about things.

Kit.                   Never ?

Sorrell.               (Returning to table). I dont think so. After  
                         all - bitterness is a confession of failure.

Kit.                   (Thoughtfully). Well, then, there is no need -  
                         for you -.

Sorrell.               (Smiling at him). Thanks.

He sits down, removes paper, and pours out tea. Kit has  
finished his porridge. He rises, picks up plate and discovers  
the folded five pound note. Sorrell is pouring out his son's  
tea.

Kit.                   I say, - pater!

Sorrell.               What ?

Kit.                   Is this - ?

Sorrell.               O, - that thing! Yes.

Kit.                   It's most awfully - decent - of you.



He leaves note lying there, carries plate to sideboard, and helps himself to bacon and eggs.

Sorrell. I thought it might be useful. Going up to town for the week end.

Kit. (Returning with plate of bacon and eggs, and looking down gravely at note). Anything to say about it ?

Sorrell. No.

Kit. But you might have.

Sorrell. O, - perhaps. I dont believe in preaching. Go and have a good time.

Kit moves note to one side, places plate on table and sits down.

Kit. Pater, is it your idea - that a fellow should find out things for himself ?

Sorrell. Well - yes. It rather depends - of course - on the fellow. - Tea.

Kit. (Reaching for cup). You are - a wise man, pater.

Sorrell. Am I ? - Fact is - one has a horror of clutching at - things.

Kit. I'm not exactly a fool.

Sorrell. That's just my feeling about it.

Kit. Thanks.



He picks up note and puts it in his breast pocket.

Kit. I suppose - it is in the nature of kids - to take things for granted.

Sorrell. And I suppose one of the most difficult jobs in the world is that of being a parent. The autocrat or the self conscious pal ? - One cant coerce - affection or buy it. Some parents work so hard, and whatever you do there's a chance of spoiling the product.

They smile at each other across table.

Kit. That's quite a long speech for you, pater.

Sorrell. Rather. I dont like oratory. When a clever fellow gets up to orate - I begin to squirm.

Kit. Absolutely. Spotty little prigs who are so furiously - it. You've always seen the joke.

Sorrell. Life is'nt always a joke.

Kit. (Looking at him with affection). I - know.

There is silence for half a minute, and then - Kit - looking at his plate, speaks.

Kit. You are letting me go to explore - what one might call - the organic sensations.



Sorrell. It is only fair that - you should see - your mother.

Kit. I think I understand. - Do you mind if I say something about my mother ? - It's rather - beastly, but -

Sorrell. Well ?

Kit. She's the kind of woman who - exploits - the organic sensations. - No, what I mean is - emotion, - the sort of thing - that a woman expects to get as a reaction. Mother - son, son - mother. Sex, youth, a good time.

Sorrell. (Strangely serious). Do - you - feel that about her ?

Kit. Yes. - I dont want to say any more, pater. Perhaps I ought not to have blurted this -.

Sorrell. I dont think there is much more to be said.

Curtain.

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### SCENE III.

The Green Cat Club about 9.30 p.m. on the same Saturday night. Decorative motife A black cat with green eyes on a cream cheese ground repeated at nauseam . Minute dance floor in the midst of a crowd of tables. An orchestra is playing, and one of its members - a swarthy and fat young man is singing in broad American. Much saxophone in the music. The room is crowded. Half a dozen couples are dancing.

Mrs Duggan's table is in a corner. It is a round table. She has Kit on her right, Mr Robert Toyle, a fat and rather foolish old flaneur on her left. Next to Kit sits Miss Lola Merrinden, a very dark young woman and suggesting a white rubber band that is always twisting and untwisting itself. Both her manner and her conversation might be calculated to place her in the category of the mildly mental defectives with an obsession towards sex. She has fastened her favours upon Kit. The party is completed by Miss Maisie Fortescue - a sour and languid blond with the eyes of a woman who is dissipated and disillusioned, and Mr Barlow Brown, a smearily smart man about town with slate coloured eyes, a sallow face, and a smudge of black hair on his upper lip.

A waiter takes champagne bottle from ice pail and goes round filling glasses.



Mrs Duggan. Are you people paralysed ? Get up, somebody,  
and perform.

Maisie. (Drawling). I've got an affair on with my  
Pêche Melba. - Until I'm through with it -.

Toyle. (Who is slightly and foolishly fuddled). Pêche  
Melba! That's rather scandalous. - Suggests  
the Lesbians.

Lola. (Sinuously innocent). Who are the Lesbians ?

Toyle. Tut - tut!

Barlow Brown. (Rising). Come on, chicken.

Maisie. Why not - hen ?

Mrs Duggan. That's right, Barlow, insist.

Brown and Maisie drift off to dance-floor.

Lola. (Looking up and obliquely into Kit's face).  
Is my great big brown boy shy ?

Kit is not responding to the evening's flow of soul.  
He is neither bored nor embarrassed. He appears to be  
concentrating his attention on his plate. His young reserve  
seems to hold aloof.

Kit. I like pêche melba.



Lola. You are a blessed babe.

Kit. (Smiling at her). Yes, so far as this evening is concerned I'm just about one hour old.

Mrs Duggan. My dear, do - dance with Lola. She's lovely to dance with.

Lola. O, - Mrs Duggan -!

Toyle. Young man, it will serve you right if I play the pirate.

Kit. (Blandly to Toyle, and looking him in the face). I'm sure you are a better dancer than I an, sir.

Toyle. By Jove - that's a challenge. Knives out!

He lumbers up, and giving a tug to his white waistcoat, bows to Lola.

Toyle. May I have the pleasure ?

Lola. (Jumping up). Yes, darling.

Playfully she tweaks Kit's ear.

Lola. Have some more peche melba.

Kit. (Quietly). It's an idea.

He is left alone with his mother. Mrs Duggan observes him rather like a benignant spider. She pats his sleeve.

Mrs Duggan. These people are really quite amusing.



Kit. O, - very.

Mrs Duggan. Quite bright specimens - and not bottled.

Kit. I should have said that Mr Toyle is just a little -

Mrs Duggan. Naughty, naughty! That's his idea of being amusing.

Kit. What does he do ?

Mrs Duggan. Do ?

Kit. Yes, - for a living ?

Mrs Duggan. Why, - nothing. He's very well off.

Kit. And that fellow - Brown ?

Mrs Duggan. Barlow's quite a genius. He's a dress designer.

Kit. Women's frocks ?

Mrs Duggan. Yes, he spends three months each year in Paris.

Waiter comes to fill up Kit's glass.

Kit. No more, thanks.

Mrs Duggan. My dear - you must.

Kit. I'd rather not. - You see - I've been in training on and off - for a year.

Mrs Duggan. You rowed in one of the May boats ?

Kit. Yes. - Keeping fit becomes a sort of habit.

That sounds horribly priggish, - I suppose.



Mrs Duggan. (Benignantly). Quite the young Samson.

Kit. (Stiffly). Yes, that sort of ass.

Maisie and Barlow Brown return to the table. Maisie opens a bag and attends to her face.

Maisie. There's a woman here whose face has run.

Mrs Duggan. It is rather hot. - Barlow, do ask them to put on one of those fans.

Kit has lit a cigarette and is watching with concentrated calmness the dancing of Mr Robert Toyle.

Maisie. (Observing his face and his subject). Rather like a bladder floating about on kid boots!

Kit. (Glancing at her). I'm not much of an authority.

Maisie. My dear, have'nt you discovered the importance of being earnest.

Kit. I'm very young, you know.

Mrs Duggan. Give me a cigarette, Maisie.

Barlow Brown, returning, offers her his case.

Brown. They are putting on the Wind in the Willows.

Maisie. I was in Garrod's last week, and one of their blessed fans got fresh, and showed my shorts.



Brown.                   How devastating for the shoppers!

Mrs Duggan.           (Playfully). You mus'nt shock my son.

Brown.                   (Drawling). Can one short circuit sex ?

The music rests for a moment. Lola and Mr Toyle return, he - smeary and beaming and showing dentures.

Toyle.                   I thought I was growing old.

Brown.                   Impossible!

Mrs Duggan.           Have some ice, Bob ?

Toyle.                   My partner's responsible. She tried to make me Charlstown.

Lola.                   (Flouncing down by Kit). It's - marvellous. - Can you kick ?

Kit.                    I have done.

Toyle.                   Stout fellow.

Brown.                   Try a drop at goal, Sorrell.

The band breaks out into a fox-trot. Lola jumps up, and tweeks Kit by the coat collar.

Lola.                   Come on. Socks up.

Kit.                    (Putting down cigarette and rising). If I barge anybody, - I'll apologise.

Lola.                   Dont be silly. Barging's the game.



They dance, while the others smoke, chatter and drink. Kit's dancing is somewhat solid and unexciting, in contrast to Lola's who presses her body firmly against his, and with head retracted like that of a snake about to strike, gazes up into his face. There is much movement of her hips.

Lola.                   What are you so scared about ?

Kit.                    I did not know I was scared.

Lola.                   Well - I do. - And I'm petrified, - paralytic.

Kit.                    Indeed.

Lola.                   You're like a wooden soldier, - and I'm a bit of twisted string.

Kit.                    I'm afraid I'm rather a dud.

She smiles up into his face only to discover that he is staring fixedly over her shoulder. Mr Toyle is growing very fresh. He has made a pierrot headdress of his serviette, and is pretending to play the guitar. He leans over and laying his head against Mrs Duggan's shoulder, looks up languishly.

Lola.                   What's the - sensation ?

Kit.                    O, nothing.

Lola.                   Found something utterly marvellous. - Let me look.

Kit.                    (Keeping on solidly). It's only an old chap making an ass of himself.



Lola. Old Toyle.  
Kit. Yes.  
Lola. With a name like that one has to play very hard.  
Kit. So, it's normal ?  
Lola. Not shocked, are you ? How priceless!  
Kit. Is one ever shocked - these days ?

Misses a step, kicks Lola's foot, and is crowded down by the couple behind him.

Kit. Sorry.

The other man glares as he passes, and says nothing.  
Kit and Lola get going again.

Kit. Sorry I trod on you.  
Lola. I simply loved it. - Say, kid, and I'd love to shock you.  
Kit. Is it worth while ?  
Lola. Three to one on the field, says I - says me.  
Kit. What's that mean ?  
Lola. Dont you go to the races ?  
Kit. No. - I've never backed a horse.

She breaks away, and with a little scream of laughter, and still holding his hand, drags him back to the table. Maisie and Barlow Brown are just getting up. Mr Toyle is



pretending to try and catch an invisible blowfly.

Lola.                    Doc, dear, the child has never had a shilling  
on a gee-gee. Is'nt it shocking ?

Mrs Duggan.            I think it's rather sweet.

Brown.                    (Insolently). I once had my last pair of  
trousers on a horse. The boy's education has  
been neglected.

Kit.                      I hope you lost the trousers.

Lola.                      O, great! - And what did you do, Barlow ?  
Get into a sack ?

Brown.                    (Piqued). No, - I won the other fellow's shirt.

He slouches off with Maisie.

Maisie.                    We're going up to the roof garden.

Toyle.                      They used to call such places the conservatory.  
Dreadful things were supposed to -.

Mrs Duggan.              (Sharply). Bob, dont be crude.

Toyle.                      I apologise. - I - erase - myself. - Darling, come  
and dance.

Lola.                      Take that fool thing off your head.

Toyle.                      Band's resting. Next instalment. - Doc, can I  
have a brandy ?

Mrs Duggan.              Not yet.



Lola. (To Kit). Do you mind if I give him the next ?

Kit. (Lighting a cigarette). Have I any say in the matter ?

Lola. My great big he-man babe.

Mrs Duggan. (Intervening). Listen, people, we'll go down to Maidenhead tomorrow, to that new place.

Toyle. I used to go to church at Maidenhead.

Mrs Duggan. Well, you can go to church there, Robert.

Toyle. And Mr Christopher can sing in the choir.

Lola. (Making a coife of a serviette). And I'll be the nun.

The music restarts, and Toyle rises.

Toyle. Abide with me, darling.

Lola. (Jumping up and laughing at Kit). Doc<sup>e</sup>, may I show him the roof garden - presently ?

Mrs Duggan. I think Robert knows all there is to know about roof gardens.

Lola. (Giggling). I dont go on the tiles with Robert.

Toyle walks her off, and Kit sits silently beside his mother, smoking his cigarette and watching the dancing.

Mrs Duggan. Lola's rather - excitable - but she is not a bad kid.



Kit. I suppose it's a pose.

Mrs Duggan. Someone once told her that she was a marvellous vamp, - and she tries to live up to it. She has been on the films.

Kit yawns very slightly.

Mrs Duggan. I suggested Maidenhead tomorrow, - but if you would rather loaf, my dear, I'll get rid of these people. Lola is staying in the house, - but I can pack her off. You and I could have a lazy day, and a good talk.

Kit. Please dont upset the party. I'd like to go to Maidenhead.

Mrs Duggan. I want you to have a good time. - I like people to have a good time, and that's why it's rather nice to have money.

Kit. Yes.

Mrs Duggan. I suppose you have a little car of your own ?

Kit. No.

Mrs Duggan. But dont all undergrads have cars ?

Kit. Well, - not quite all.

Mrs Duggan. You ought to have a carmy dear. Why shouldn't I give you one ?

Kit. (Slightly embarrassed). Very generous of you, but I could'nt afford to run it, you know.



Mrs Duggan. I dare say I could manage that for you.

Kit. I'd rather you waited a little while. You see --.

Mrs Duggan. I'm still - on trial. Is that it ?

Kit. Oh, - I should'nt quite put it that way.

He is obviously embarrassed. Lola and Toyle are seen returning, and Kit rises with an air of relief.

Toyle. I have'nt the starch in my shirt - necessary --.

Lola. Poor old darling!

Toyle. Young woman, when you reach my age -

Lola. I shant. I'd rather poison myself.

She looks at Mrs Duggan and makes a beckoning gesture to Kit.

Lola. Come on, Lamb. Let's go and look at the twinkly-twinkies.

Kit. (Eager to escape from the intimacies of his mother). I'm for it.

Lola. You are.

They race off hand in hand.

Toyle. (Sitting down). That's a very - self contained - young man, your son.



Mrs Duggan. (Watching Kit and Lola disappearing). He has been pretty well caged up, - I think.

Toyle. Well, - I should say that he is pretty well on the wing now. - I think I'll have a brandy.

Mrs Duggan. (Peevishly). Why not a couple of aspirins ?  
I have some in my bag.

Curtain.

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SCENE IV.

Mrs Duggan's dining-room at 8.30 on the Monday morning.  
Kit enters. He looks round room with the air of a young man in a determined hurry. The table is laid. There is some fruit on the sideboard. Kit rings bell, and goes to window, and with his hands in his pockets, stares into street.

Maid enters.

Maid. Yes, sir ?

Kit. (Turning). Can I have some breakfast, please ?  
Coffee and toast will do.

Maid. Nothing else, sir ?

Kit. Yes, - I'll have some fruit. - Can I get a taxi near here ?

Maid. I doubt it, sir, at this time. - But I could ring up.

Kit. Dont bother. - I can walk. - By the way, you need not disturb Mrs Duggan. I have rather an early train to catch.

Maid. I think madam is coming down to breakfast.

Kit. Is she ? - O, thanks for the trouble you have taken.



Feels in pocket, and gives her half a crown.

Maid. (Sweetly). Thank you very much, sir. - I hope we shall see you here again.

Kit. (Turning to window). Perhaps. - I'd be very grateful if you would hurry up the coffee.  
No, never mind about toast.

Maid. Certainly, sir.

Gives him a queer, amused, but sympathetic look, and goes out.

Kit walks restlessly up and down room. He glances at the clock and compares it with his own watch.

Kit. My god, what a rotten crowd!

Maid enters with coffee and hot milk, and Kit sits down at table.

Maid. Shall I bring your suitcase down, sir ?

Kit. It's in the hall.

Maid. I had'nt noticed it, sir.

She puts fruit on table, peaches, half a melon, apples.

Kit pours out coffee.



Maid. Have you everything you want, sir ?

Kit. Yes, everything, thanks.

He cuts bread and pulls butter dish towards him. He gazes at the butter, and pushes it away again.

Kit. Rather too like that chap Brown's face.

He looks at the fruit, picks up a peach and puts it back again. He selects an apple.

Kit. Hard and clean. Sugared splosh! No thanks!

He drinks his coffee and eats the apple like a boy, biting into it with strong white teeth. He has nearly finished this rapid meal, and turns to look at the clock. As he does so the door opens and his mother enters.

She is in a highly coloured dressing gown and lace cap. She looks smudgy and much older in the morning.

Mrs Duggan. My dear, why this haste ?

Kit. (Gulping coffee). Sorry, but I have a train to catch.

Mrs Duggan. (Closing door). But I had arranged --

Kit. (Rising). It has been very good of you to have me here. I'm reading pretty hard.



Mrs Duggan. (Showing signs of haggard emotion). Of course you are. Did you bring any books with you ? - You could read here.

Kit. No.

Mrs Duggan. My dear, - Lola will be so - disappointed.

Kit. I'd rather not say anything about Lola.

Mrs Duggan. (Ingratiatingly). So - that's it! You've quarrelled.

Kit. (Stubbornly). Not exactly. - I'm afraid I must be going - if I mean to catch that train.

Mrs Duggan stands in front of door. She assumes pathos.

Mrs Duggan. I think it's rather unkind of you.

Kit. I'm sorry.

Mrs Duggan. (Working herself up). Yes, most unkind, - You - you dont understand. - I'm lonely -. I'm growing old. When I saw you the other day - I felt - that something might come back into my life. Kit, - my dear -.

She approached him. He stands rigid, staring at her. His eyes have the terrible frankness of a child's eyes.

Kit. Why did you ask that girl here ?



Mrs Duggan. My dear, she's a bright young thing. - I thought -.

Kit. Do you know - that - she came to my room on Saturday night ?

Mrs Duggan. (Appearing shocked). My dear, - how -

Kit. (Very white). I ought not to have told you that. I'm sorry. - No, nothing much happened. - I wasn't feeling like -. I'll go now.

Mrs Duggan. (Interposing herself). My dear, - you cant go like this. Of course - I had no idea -. Dissolute little beast! It's - it's - incredible. - I'll never have her in the house again. - Now, do sit down.

Kit. (White and stubborn). I'm sorry, - but I must catch that train.

Mrs Duggan. (Giving way to emotion). O, this is - ghastly. You cant believe -. O, my dear, - dont be so unkind. I'm - I'm -.

She rushes to arm chair, sinks into it, weeps. Kit stands looking at her with a kind of rigid repulsion.

Kit. I'm sorry.

Mrs Duggan. I'm so lonely. - You dont know what loneliness means. O, my dear, do give me a chance -.



Kit. Mother, do you think it's quite fair ?

Mrs Duggan. Fair ?

Kit. One cant let ten years go by -. I mean - we're strangers.

Mrs.Duggan. (Rising and moving towardshim). Kit, - how can I be a stranger. Dont say such dreadful things.

She puts her hands on his shoulders. She is hysterical.  
She shakes him.

Mrs Duggan. I wont be a stranger. - You're flesh of my flesh -.

Kit. (Rigid). Please, dont behave like this.

Mrs Duggan. (With sudden anger). Behave! - You -. How dare you -.

She pushes him away, and lets her hands fall. Her face is distorted.

Mrs Duggan. (In a voice that threatens to become a scream).  
I dont believe you have any feeling. You're a cold blooded - young - prig. You take after your damned -.

Kit. Dont, please.



Mrs Duggan. (Quite out of control). O, yes, it's obvious -  
is'nt it ? He poisoned you against me. I  
suppose he told you I was everything that was -  
Kit. I'm sorry, but that's not true.  
Mrs Duggan. So - I'm a liar - as well as -  
Kit. Dont, mother. Cant you - ?  
Mrs Duggan. So - superior - are we ? - You dare to suggest  
that I - brought that wench here - ?  
Kit. (Shocked). I never suggested -  
Mrs Duggan. (Weeping wildly). You did, - you did! It's  
abominable, it's - disgusting -. My dear, how  
could you - ? - I -.

Kit looks at her, seems to flinch from her, and turns  
suddenly to door.

Mrs Duggan. Kit. - Dont leave me - like this.

Kit turns at door, looks at her again, and as he opens the  
door, the maid appears. He stares at her, walks past her.  
The maid, with a carefully sedate face, looks at her mistress.

Maid. Will madam take breakfast here ?

There is the sound of a front door slamming.



Mrs Duggan. (Rising). Get out, you fool, Smith. Do I  
ever breakfast downstairs ?

Maid. (Drawing herself up). The fool begs to give  
you notice, madam.

Curtain.

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SCENE V.

Sorrell's sitting-room at the Pelican about 12.15 on the same morning. Sorrell is seated at his desk facing the window. He is writing letters. There is a photo of Christopher on the desk, and Sorrell picks it up and looks at it.

Sorrell.           Mus'nt be sentimental.

He replaces the photo and with his elbows on desk, looks out of the window. - There is a knock at door.

Sorrell.           Come in.

Maid opens door.

Maid.           Excuse me, sir, will Mr Christopher be back for lunch ?

Sorrell.          I dont know, Betty. You had better lay for him, but not yet.

Maid.           (Closing door). Very well, sir.

Sorrell looks out into garden like a man questioning his own philosophy. His figure grows suddenly attentive. One hand clutches the edge of the desk. He smiles. He sits there watching something.



Kit appears at window. He stands looking in at his father. His attitude - self consciously casual - conceals an intense seriousness.

Kit.                   Hallo, pater.

Sorrell.             Hallo, my lad.

Kit sits sideways on the window-sill, his hands in his trouser pockets.

Kit.                   Caught the 9.33. Our bus happened to be at the station, so I chucked my suitcase into it and walked.

Sorrell.             (Observing him, but not obviously so). Had a good time ?

Kit.                   What's your idea of a good time, pater ?

Sorrell.             That's not an easy question to answer.

Kit.                   But I should say your answer would be about as valid - as that of any man I know.

Sorrell.             Thanks. - I dont know that I have ever concentrated on having a good time. - I've always had a job on my shoulders, and on the whole - I've been pretty happy with it.

Kit.                   Exactly. - Do you want me to tell you - all about - the show ?



Sorrell.           The wind bloweth whence it listeth.

Kit.               (Looking up at sky and trees). It's rather good to be back here. - I don't think I want to repeat the experiment.

Sorrell.           I'm not altogether an unprejudiced witness, my lad.

Kit.               I think I understand. - We went to a night-club. A lot of silly old men trying to be young and wicked. Young women with plucked eyebrows, - and their hair dragged off their foreheads. Such hard, shallow little faces.

Sorrell.           I have never been to a night-club.

Kit.               (Turning and smiling at him). We're both a pair of innocents.

Sorrell.           Apparently. - Did your mother give a party in your honour ?

Kit.               It may have been in my honour. - A perfectly rotten crowd. There was a septic fellow who designs frocks. - After all - one does expect women to have some dignity. I know the angel idea is dead, - but -

Sorrell.           Perhaps not quite as dead as people think. - I suppose - that if a man falls in love - and he's not quite a beast - he wants to be able to think



that there is beauty in things, in himself and in the woman - and in the sacrament.

Kit. (Suddenly). It ought to be a sacrament, pater. - This idea of picking up soiled fruit off a stall in the street - every other week end or so! - It's supposed to be clever, but isn't it filthily stupid?

Sorrell. So - it has seemed to me.

Kit gets off window-sill and stretches himself.

Kit. We had rather a row. - I'd rather not tell you about it. - I didn't know women screamed at one.

Sorrell. Not all women.

Kit. Thanks, pater. - I think I'll go and change and have a cold tub. - Is there time before lunch?

Sorrell. Plenty.

Kit moves away, turns, comes back a step.

Kit. What about a - grind - after tea? - Let's go up to Bigbury Ring.

Sorrell. I'd love it.

Kit. Good business.

He strolls off. Sorrell pushes his chair back, and stands like a man at attention. His face lights up as he smiles.



Sorrell.

Bigbury Ring - after tea. - Good business!

Curtain.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Seven years later. Time about four oclock on a June day. Sorrell's garden in front of his cottage behind the Pelican Inn. A white gate, a brick path, two little lawns, old apple trees, borders of flowers. A tea-table is laid under one of the apple trees. Cottage at back of scene.

Sorrell is standing in one of the borders tying up a delphinium. He is quite grey. As he is knotting off a piece of green twist Fanny Garland appears at white gate.

Fanny.                They're coming, Stephen.

Sorrell.             Seen them ?

Fanny.                She's -. O, well, you'll see for yourself. -  
I was picking flowers for the vases, and I'm  
afraid I peeped over the hedge.

Sorrell.             (Emerging from border). Eve! - I'm just a  
little bit - excited.

Fanny.                I'll bet you are! - Well, - I mus'nt be caught.

She disappears.

Sorrell is obviously excited about some social occasion. He inspects tea table, and rearranges the three garden chairs,



puts his head down and savours the bowl of roses. There are strawberries on table, and a jug of cream. He raises jug, and smells it. Kit and Molly Pentreath appear at white gate.

Kit. Caught in the act, pater!

Sorrell. (Putting down cream jug and turning). Hallo. -  
Yes, but the cream's all right.

Kit. (Pushing gate open). And so is - this - I  
think.

He has the air of the lover displaying his prize. Molly is the modern girl at her best, dark, tall, with a face that is both frank and sensitive. She <sup>has</sup> is easy and natural movements. Her brown eyes have depth, and she does not show too much forehead. She looks Sorrell straight in the face, and her smile is friendly.

Sorrell. (Looking at her steadfastly). I'm very glad to  
see you.

Molly. Ought I to say - glad to be seen ?

Kit. I believe that the bright thing for me to say  
would be "Old man, meet my hag!"

Sorrell. (Smiling at Molly). I have always been of the  
opinion that my son is no fool.

Molly. I hope I have'nt - shocked - the illusion.



Sorrell.           No.   Emphasised the reality.

He kisses her, and she accepts the kiss with an air of young and friendly dignity.

Sorrell.           That's quite old fashioned, isn't it ? But I'm not an old fashioned father.

Molly.            I think I know all about that. - And we are not going to be jealous of each other.

Sorrell.           My dear!

Molly.            Kit's rather a fanatic on the subject of fathers.

Kit.               (Taking Sorrell's arm). On - particular fathers.

Sorrell.           I'm happy - if you - two - are happy.

They move towards apple tree and table. Molly looks at the garden and cottage.

Molly.            What a lamb of a place! I see you've got Welsh Boy.

Sorrell.           So you know Welsh Boy ?

Molly.            I'm rather keen on such things.

Kit.               I think - I ought to have been told - about this Celtic person.

Molly.            He's a delphinium, my dear.

Kit.               I - breathe - again.



They sit down, Sorrell between them. He removes a rhubarb leaf from the strawberry dish.

Sorrell. Is it too - undecadent - to like strawberries ?

Molly. We're not a bit decadent. I'm a pig about strawberries.

Sorrell. Splendid! I'll ring for tea.

Takes small hand-bell from table and rings it.

Kit. Pater, you ought to have a pow-wow with Molly. She's awfully mixed - in her urges. - She can fly a Puss Moth, and she rather believes - in <sup>her</sup> shirts. She -.

Molly. Shut up.

Sorrell. Dont you wear trousers ?

Molly. And look like a sloppy, second rate boy! No, thank you.

Kit. As for companionate marriage -!

Sorrell. Oh, the experimental idea! - Do you mean to tell me - that something more permanent - ?

Molly. (Laughing). There's the ten minutes idea, and the ten years idea. Ten minutes doesn't give one much chance, does it - to construct an environment ?



Kit. That's quite posh and sociological. - Fact is, pater, I must be a bit of a primitive. - I've collared Molly for keeps.

Molly. Well, you be jolly careful to study my temperament.

Kit. I - have.

Molly. Well - dont stop studying.

Kit. Progress - in perpetuity. Pater, how would you catalogue - two - young things - who - ?

Sorrell. I'm not very fond of labels.

Molly. My experience is - that people are jolly keen on sticking labels on other people, and using plenty of gum.

Sorrell. Is'nt that - Eugenics ?

Kit. Absolutely. - But you have'nt answered my question, pater.

Sorrell. (Smiling). Is there such a thing as <sup>~</sup>romance with it's eyes open ?

Molly. To me - there is nothing more romantic than flying, and one has to have one's eyes open.

Kit. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings -!

Molly. You dear ass.

Kit. Thanks. I think that's quite hopeful.



Sorrell.

Even - for the woman's point of view! - Hallo,  
here's the tea.

Curtain.

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## SCENE II.

Place same. Time - a year later, on an afternoon in June. Same tree, same floral scheme. The sun is shining. Fanny Garland is sitting in a deck chair under one of the apple trees; she is a middle aged woman who does not trouble to dye her hair, and who is growing old kindly. Her face is very sad. She sits and listens to a faint sound of voices in the cottage.

Something in one of the flower borders attracts her attention. She rises, crosses to border, and raises the spires of a delphinium that have fallen abroad.

Fanny.                    His poor garden. - It seems so wrong - somehow.

Cottage door opens and doctor comes out. Fanny crosses to meet him. They stand between apple tree and gate.

Fanny.                    Any change ?

Doctor.                  I've just given him an injection. - He's awfully patient about the pain.

Fanny.                    Why should there be pain ?

Doctor.                  Bound to be some. - As a matter of fact - I don't think he will have to bear it very long. - It is one of the most extraordinarily rapid cases I have ever seen.



Fanny. Only three months ago he was working in the garden.

Doctor. But he wasn't well then.

Fanny. No. - He is the sort of man who won't give up, and who won't fuss. His own son never suspected -.

Doctor. He let them go off on that world tour -.

Fanny. Yes, without saying anything. That is the sort of man he is. He didn't want any shadow -.

Doctor. Kit cabled from Marseilles, didn't he ?

Fanny. Yes, he's coming overland. I had another wire from Dover. He ought to be here - at any time.

Doctor. Poor lad.

Fanny. Some things - doctor - are so fine - that they are beyond being sad. - They have been such wonderful friends. - It's unusual - I suppose - for father and son -.

Doctor. (Whimsically). My own particular lad gives me little lectures on endocrinology. - My fault - perhaps! I suppose it is natural for youth to assume that an old G.P. who has been stuffed away in the country for twenty years - isn't quite up to date.

Fanny. The young know everything.



Doctor. O, my boy will find out one day -. He will strike some critical case that will scare him to death. He may even shout for father. - Well, - I must be moving. Surgery-hours.

Fanny. Anything more to tell me, doctor.

Doctor. No, I dont think so. As a nurse you are better than any pro. - I shall be round last thing.

Fanny. If he can sleep - it's so blessed.

Doctor. It's our last blessedness - sometimes.

Doctor smiles, raises his hat to her, and passes out through gate. Fanny stands by gate. Then she walks across grass to cottage and stands listening outside window.

Sorrell's Voice. "Fanny ?

Fanny. Yes, dear.

Voice. Has he come yet ?

Fanny. He will be here tonight.

Voice. I think I can go to sleep - for a little while.

Fanny. Yes, - try, dear.

She recrosses grass towards gate, and just before she reaches it Kit appears from behind hedge.

Kit. Fanny.

Fanny. My dear -. I'm so glad.



Kit. I just managed to catch that bot<sup>a</sup>. - Fanny,  
it's like the end - of - everything.

He seems to be in danger of breaking down. He leans on  
gate. Fanny puts her hands on his shoulders.

Fanny. My dear, it's been a wonderful -.

Kit. I met Dr Baker. - O, yes, he told me - all that  
there is to be told. - I cant think how I was so  
damned blind.

Fanny. He didn't want you to know.

Kit. I should never have gone - on that three months  
trip. I know - it was my opportunity - before  
I got into harness for good.

Fanny. He wanted you to go.

Kit. Molly and I were so happy.

Fanny. He wanted that too.

Kit. Dont, Fanny! - I'm supposed to be one of the  
bright lads of our world. I'm a certainty for  
the next vacancy as a Junior Surgeon at Thomas',  
and yet - I couldn't see that the one person in  
the world - who had given me everything -! -  
Do you remember our wedding ?

Fanny. He was very happy.

Kit. So was I, - too - selfishly happy.



Fanny. But you have done wonderfully, Kit. Dont you know that was what he wanted ?

Kit. O, yes, - I'm a success - in a sense.

Fanny. Well, isn't that a great thing ? - He is very proud of you. It isn't often that two men -.

Kit. I know. But who made my success ?

Fanny. Both of you.

She steps back from gate and Kit enters. He looks at the cottage, and his eyes are afraid.

Kit. - I - dread - seeing him, - somehow.

Fanny. O, my dear!

Kit. It's like seeing -.

Fanny. He's most tremendously brave.

Kit. He would be.

Fanny. But - so quietly so. Not a murmur. He always manages to smile. Dont be afraid.

Kit. I'll - go.

Fanny. He may be asleep.

Kit. Then I wont wake him. - I'll wait.

Fanny. Go and see. - Where's Molly ?

Kit. She's coming down tonight. - She's been such a dear to me - about this.

Fanny. I'm glad.



Kit walks up to cottage and carefully opens the door. He disappears within, and Fanny sits down under apple tree. A minute passes in complete silence. There is no sound of voices.

Kit reappears. He leaves door open, and comes across grass. His face is tragic.

Kit.                   (Softly). He's asleep.

He looks at his father's window.

Kit.                   Come to the gate, Fanny; I dont want to wake him.

They walk to gate. Kit leans over it like a man in inward anguish.

Kit.                   The change in him! - It - frightened me -.

Fanny.               My dear.

Kit.                   I've seen so many people - who -, but then - I was just the doctor -.

Fanny.               I know.

Kit.                   (With sudden passion). This man suffered all sorts of things for my sake. I was only a kid, - but I know. He worked for me, gave me everything, my chance. And now - that he needs me - I can - do - nothing.



He leans in anguish over gate, his face stricken.

Fanny touches him gently.

Fanny.            Nothing ? He suffers terribly - sometimes -  
when the effect of the morphia -.

Kit.             (Rigid). Pain. - There should'nt be pain. -  
There should'nt be pain - for him.

Fanny.           No, dear. - You'll understand.

WATERBURY

Curtain.

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MULTICOPYING PAPER

A. P.



SCENE III.

Sorrell's bedroom in the cottage. Sorrell, a shrunken, yellow skinned Sorrell lies propped against pillows. There is a table by the bed with fruit, books, a watch, and a pair of spectacles. The window is open and a summer sunset shows through the trees. On the dressing-table is a surgical tray with a hypodermic syringe, bottles, etc.

Kit is standing by his father's bed. The setting sun streams in upon Sorrell's face.

Kit. Does the sun bother you, pater ?

Sorrell. (Smiling up at him). My son has never been a bother to me. I'd like to go out with my face to the light.

Kit. One's so dumb.

Sorrell. How's Molly ?

Kit. Molly's more than I deserve. - She'll be here tonight.

Sorrell. Happy ?

Kit. O, yes. Do you remember telling me once, pater, that what you valued most in a woman was gentleness ?



Sorrell. Yes, - and it's so rare, the gentleness of strength.

Kit. Molly's been like that to me.

Sorrell. I'm very glad.

Kit sits down by the bed.

Kit. (Gently). Why didn't you tell me ?

Sorrell. It wouldn't have made any difference - to this. I knew - that my number was up.

Kit. But - pater -

Sorrell. As a matter of fact - I did not think that the thing would be so rapid. - But - I've done my job. - I'm not afraid, my dear.

Kit. Father.

Sorrell looks exhausted. He moves his head on the pillow.

Sorrell. My mouth's so dry.

Kit. Would you like some fruit ?

He holds the dish of fruit in front of his father.

Sorrell. Very beautiful, - isn't it ? - Almost a shame to eat it. - I'd like one of those peaches.

Kit. I'll peel it for you.



He peels the peach, places it on another plate with a dessert knife and fork.

Kit. Can you manage ?

Sorrell. Yes.

Sorrell has eaten two or three mouthfuls when a sudden spasm of pain seizes him. His face becomes drawn and tragic. He puts down the knife and fork.

Sorrell. Pain, old man.

Kit. Father.

Sorrell. When - I - try - to eat anything. - It's almost too bad - sometimes. - I wonder if animals suffer ?

Kit. (Taking plate away). Does'nt morphia - ?

Sorrell. (Trying to restrain groans). O, for a while, - but -.

Kit looks at him, and then at the tray on the dressing-table.

Kit. It - should'nt be.

Sorrell. No. - After all, one - just - asks - to go to sleep. I've done my job.



Kit puts down plate and crosses to dressing table. He stands there for some seconds - perfectly still. He can see his father in the mirror. He sees the tense yet twisting anguish of the figure in the bed. He picks up the syringe and a bottle, stares at bottle, and then looks at his own face in the mirror.

He fills syringe, seems to bow his head over it for a moment, and then turns to bed.

Kit.                    This will ease you, father.

Sorrell.              (Pulling up pyjama sleeve). Blessed drug.

Kit.                    Yes.

He gives his father the injection with hands that are steady. He pulls down the sleeve, and goes back to dressing table. He replaces syringe. For a moment he appears on the edge of breaking down. He stiffens himself, looks into the mirror, and smiles a tragic little smile.

Kit.                    You'll soon be able to sleep, pater.

Sorrell.              (With relief). Yes.

Kit returns to the chair by the bed, and Sorrell lies looking at him.



Sorrell. It's a wonderful world, my dear, - I'm glad that you and Molly have seen so much of it.

Kit. - Yes, it's a wonderful world.

Sorrell. When a man makes a success of his job - his job may tie him so much to one place. - My - voyage of adventure - was - the war. - I - rather think - you'll be tied to your job, - Kit.

Kit. I hope so, - if it means -.

Sorrell. You won't fail, my dear. - The good steel of the surgeon.

Kit. (Darkly). We cannot always do - that - which we wish to do. - If I -.

Sorrell. (Smiling at him). Ah, yes, life balks us - sometimes, - and there's the urge. - After all - if one can help some poor devil who's in pain.

Kit. Yes.

Sorrell. That's a man's job - somehow.

He closes his eyes, and his face assumes an expression of soothed tranquillity. He sighs.

Sorrell. I used to carry luggage - upstairs. - There - are always stairs - of some sort, but one can get to the top.



There is silence. Sorrell's breathing becomes slow and soft. He lies there with a smile on his face, and as Kit watches it the ray of sunlight leaves it, and Sorrell's face is in the shadow. Kit waits, leaning forward on chair, his hands clasped.

Kit. (Very softly). Are you asleep, father ?

There is no reply from Sorrell.

Kit. (Brokenly). And - that - is all I could do for him!

Buries his face in his hands.

Curtain.

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